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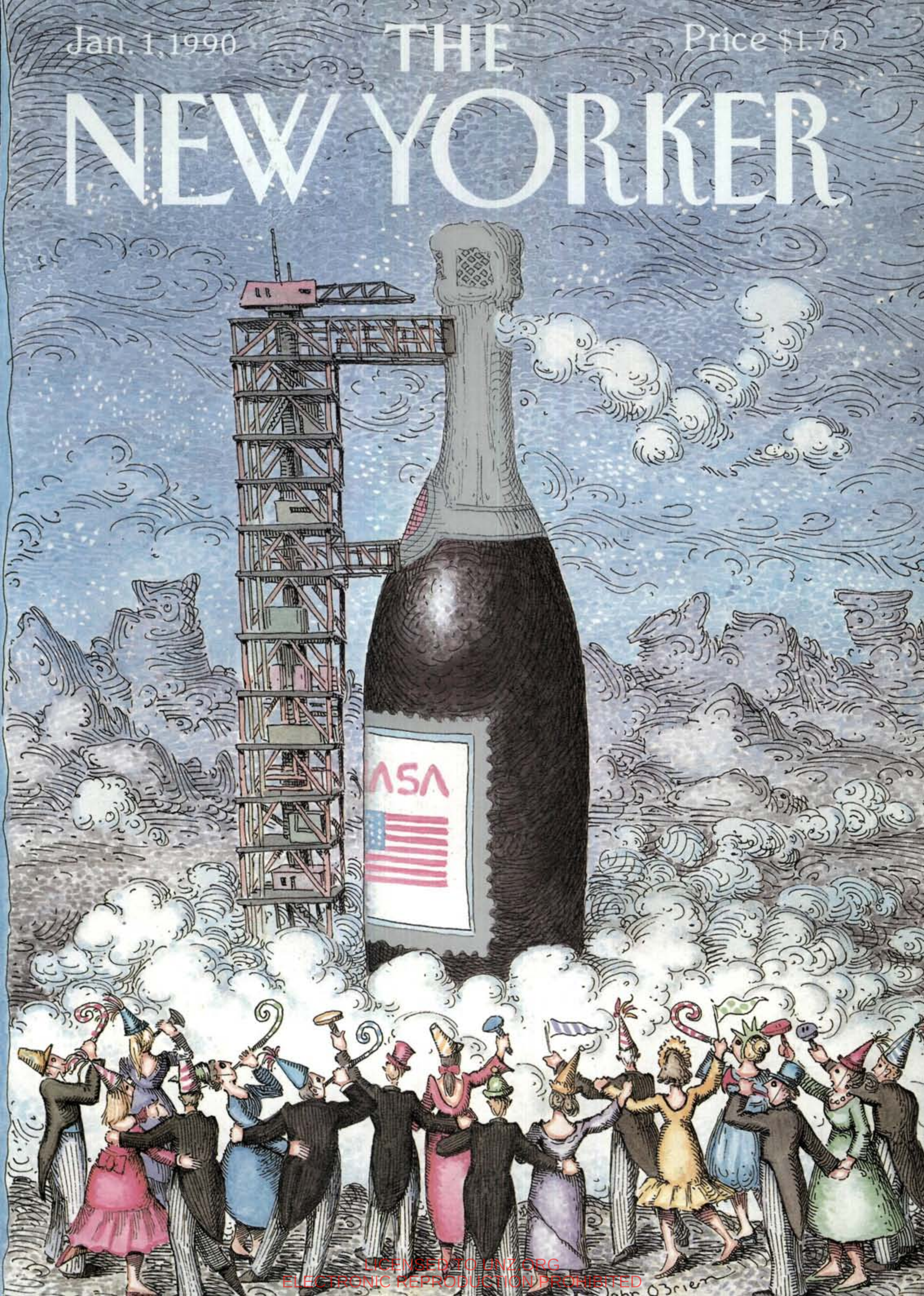
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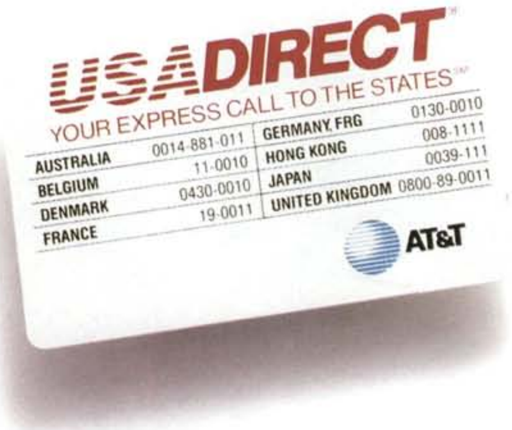
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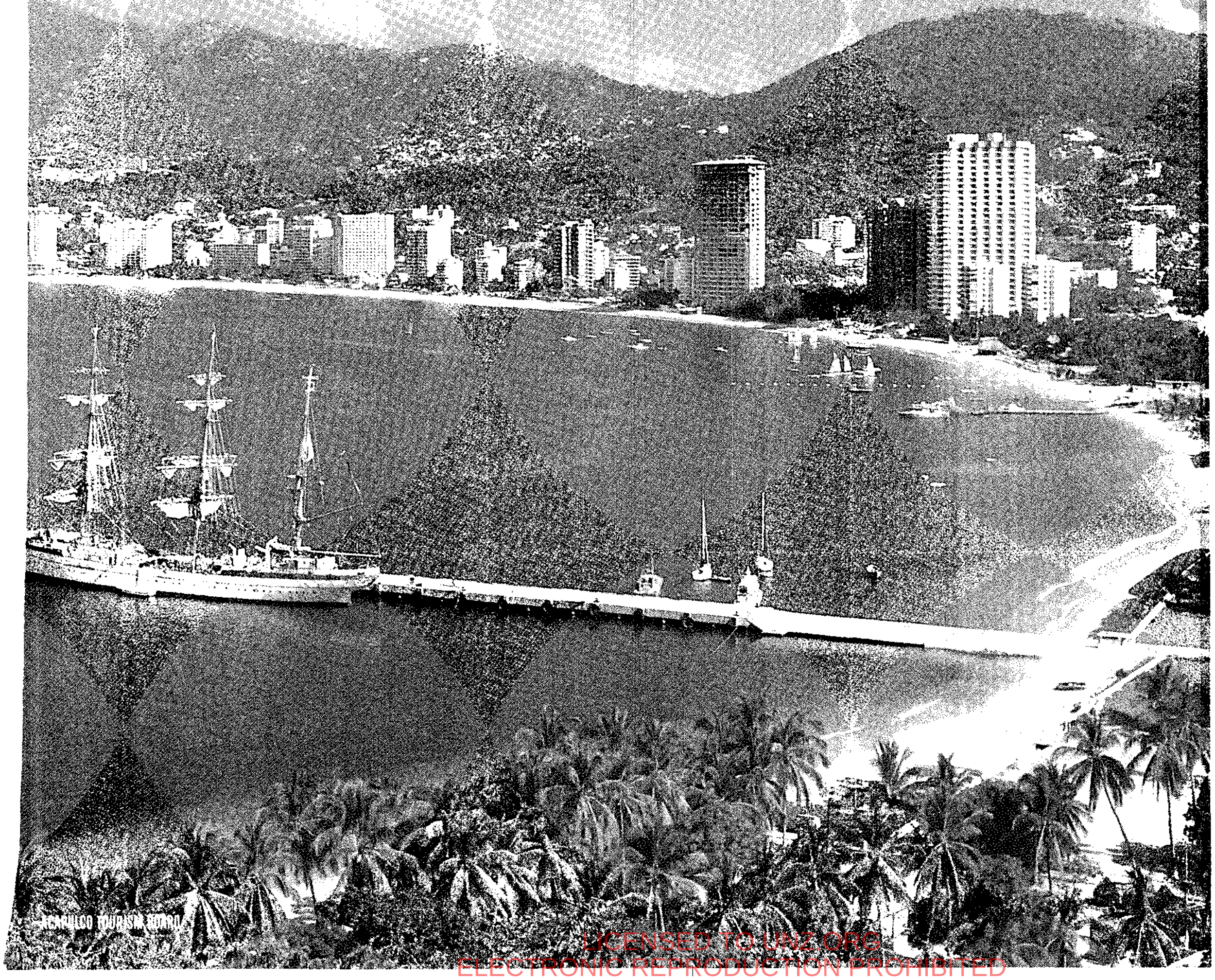

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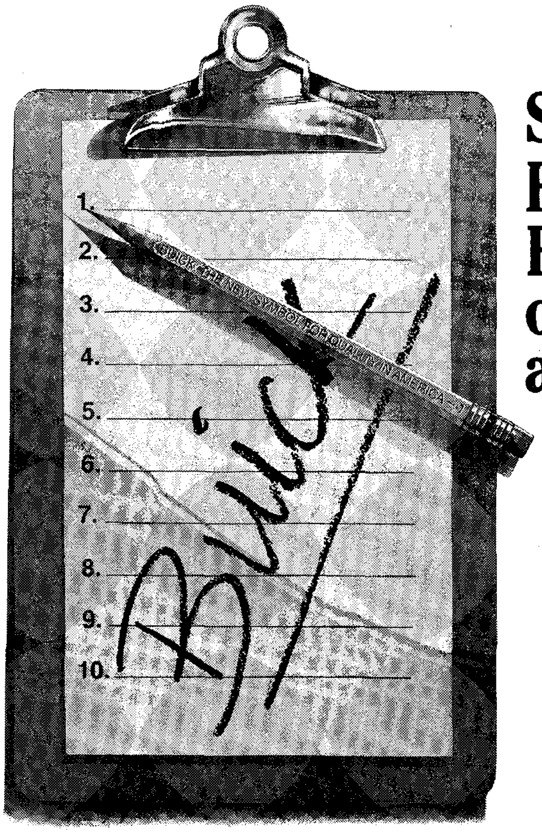

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THOSE of you who are still reeling from the post-feminist blasphemies of the Shel Silverstein/David Mamet double bill at Lincoln Center—or the vagaries of Peter Hall's male-bonding "Merchant of Venice" (see within)—may want to check into the Hudson Guild Theatre for a couple of hours of shelter from what seems to be the prevailing Zeitgeist. There, in the form of Doug Lucie's 1984 comedy "Progress," the Guild is offering a positive orgy of man-hating.

These days, left-leaning social satire in England tends (like almost everything else there) to be a good ten or fifteen years out of date. "Progress"—which was one of the hot tickets of the 1984-85 London season—is a real whiff of the seventies. There's a male consciousness-raising group in a North London house full of polymorphous perversity—and by golly do we ever find out what beasts men are! That the evening proves so consistently funny and interesting is due partly to the idiom in which the play is written and partly to the charm and expertise of Geoffrey Sherman's crackerjack cast—particularly John Curless, Joe Mantello, Edmund Lewis, and Ray Virta as some of the victimizing men, and Anne Bobby, who, as an instance of benighted, working-class womanhood, gives a spot-on performance. For all its forward-thinkingness, "Progress" is a throwback, dramaturgically: it's essentially a doorbell-and-drinks-trolley play. But that may be part of the point, given the intended irony of the title, and there's a certain moral piquancy in the way the most crudely objectionable male turns out to be the least actively reprehensible.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Juan Darién—A revival of a 1988 Music-Theatre Group production, performed by an eighteen-member company of actors, dancers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceived by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (who also wrote the music), and based on a short story by Horacio Quiroga. Opens Dec. 26 at 8, and will run through Feb. 3. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Macbeth—Raul Julia has the title role in the twelfth production of the Shakespeare Marathon. Directed by Richard Jordan. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Negro Ensemble Company—**jonquil** is the most recent work in Charles Fuller's cycle of plays about freed slaves. In previews. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

Romance in Hard Times—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. Previews through Dec. 27. Opens Dec. 28 at 6:45. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Twenty Fingers, Twenty Toes—Ann Brown and Maura Hanlon play Siamese twins on the vaudeville circuit in this musical by Michael Dansicker and Bob Nigro. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

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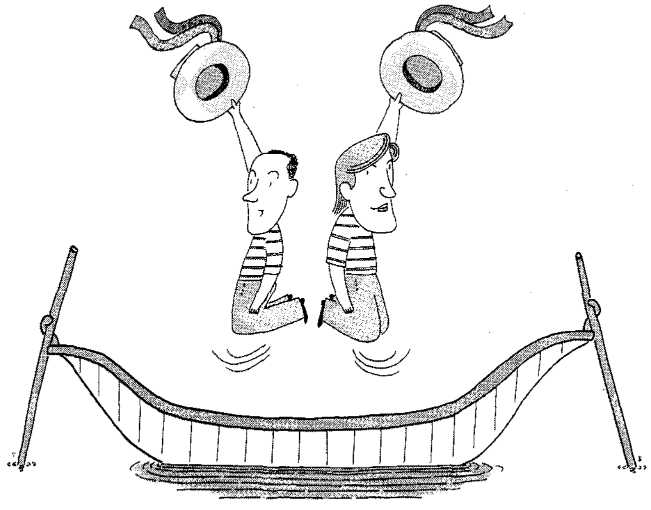
NEW THIS SEASON

Adam and the Experts—A moving play by Victor Bumbalo, about a man whose best friend has AIDS. The success of the evening comes as much from the author's ability to show the effect of the epidemic on day-to-day living as from the performances that the director, Nicholas Deutsch, has elicited from his able cast, led by John Finch. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 564-8038. Closes Dec. 31.)

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Artist Descending a Staircase—This topnotch staging (by Tim Luscombe) of a Tom Stoppard play originally written for radio lasts ninety-five minutes and probably offers more amusement and intellectual stimulation than most full-length plays around. Consider the second act the conversation over dinner. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/18/89.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Closes Dec. 31.)



"The Gondoliers" at Symphony Space

Chris Durang & Dawne—Mr. Durang and company (Sherry Anderson, John Augustine, Michael O'Flaherty, and Brad Flickinger) wind up their engagement Dec. 26-27 at 10:30. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second play of the season is **sunshine**, by William Mastrosimone. With John Dossett, Jordan Mott, and Jennifer Jason Leigh; directed by Marshall W. Mason. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Jan. 14.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire on Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The dazzling settings were designed by Robin Wagner and lighted by Paul Gallo; the dazzling costumes were designed by Florence Klotz. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to a anthology of songs and sketches by Richar Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music as sung and performed by Brent Barret Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynn Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, an lucky to have such attractive, humorous, an tender songs to sing and words to speak. Th fact that there is no amplification is an extr boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Another example of th current literary and dramatic vogue fo recasting the strange case, this time by Geor Osterman. The production has the Ridiculou Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessiv length, scattershot antics) and virtues (cleve sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton and Eureka). (Charle Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691 2271.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meet "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaro Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues like justice, honor, loyalty, and moralit with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hou comedy series, but the performances, by a ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, ar wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Foundation—A 1974 play b the Spanish dramatist Antoni Buero-Vallejo. Translated b Marion Peter Holt and directed b James Houghton. (Theatre for th New City, 155 First Ave., at 10t St. 254-1109. Closes Jan. 7.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's directio and choreography and the dazzlin scenery by Tony Walton almos make up for the inner vacancy o this show, but not quite. The stor and characters are skimpy and th music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the grea Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbin musical (directed by Arthu Laurents himself) is so delightful— and the cast (led by Tyne Daly Crista Moore, and Jonatha Hadary) so engaging—that w think anyone would be happier fo having seen it. One suggestion don't applaud when Mama Ros comes down the aisle (you'll drow out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'l have ample time to welcome Miss Daly whe she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Kingfish—A play by Marlane Meyer, with Buck Henry in the leading role. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The sixth annual presentation of **the gifts of the magi**, a musical adapted from two O. Henry short stories. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes Dec. 31.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Lynn Redgrave and John Clark Dec. 26-31, and with Polly Bergen and Robert Vaughn starting Jan. 2. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

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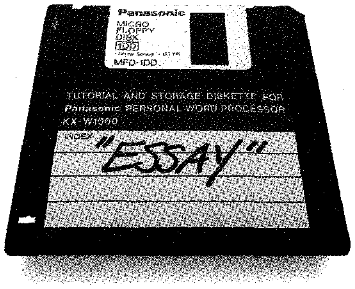
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"ESSAY"

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Treat Williams in the double bill "Oh, Hell"

The Merchant of Venice—Dustin Hoffman heads the cast of this production imported from the West End and directed by Peter Hall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

My Children! My Africa!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 14.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting **THE GONDOLIERS** through Jan. 7 and **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE** Jan. 10-14. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Oh, Hell—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." The former is probably intended as the ultimate put-off, the latter as the ultimate put-on. *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.* ("Enter at your own risk!") (12/25/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 31.)

Progress—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Joe Mantello, and John Curless. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Tenth Man—An excellent revival, under Ulu Grosbard's direction, of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who brings his daughter—perhaps schizophrenic, perhaps possessed—to his synagogue for the purpose of exorcism. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

3 Penny Opera—Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's savage fable of bourgeois capitalism packaged as a vehicle for a rock star. Were it not for the casting of Sting in the role of Macheath, John Dexter's revival would be exactly like a school production. (11/20/89) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Closes Dec. 31.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. Starting Jan. 2, Brooke Adams replaces Ms. Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco and Victor Garber are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Closes Dec. 31.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **ONLY KIDDING!:** Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. With Ralph Macchio. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

AS we looked at Alvin Ailey's "Revelations" earlier this month, w couldn't help peering through the applause machine it has been reduced t and seeing the fluent dance hit it onc was. We remember when the "I Bee 'Buked" section had a tight, armore formation, so that when the dancer erupted from it ("There is trouble al over this world") the event had th force of an idea. We remember whe the entire "Take Me to the Water' section flowed so freely between wi and grace that one wanted to bathe i it forever. We remember when th women in yellow stung their neighbor lightly with their palm-shaped fans rather than, as now, assaulted on another like grumpy straphanger wielding sections of the *Times*. W remember when "Sinner Man" ha real pirouettes, not any old spins. W remember when the sight of all thos ladies lowering their south ends t their stools at sunset had a celestia tension. We remember when all th cast members—not just Dudley Williams—would show us the differenc between direct and suggestive action between seven-league runs for you life in the bayou and a barefoot riff o joy in your own front yard.

The energy of this work still take audiences to Heaven; the company can't perform it without giving an encore to "Rocka My Soul." But why not also send the faithful out with the lesson that God is in the details? An appropriate tribute to the late Alvin Ailey, and to the generations of memorable dancers he revealed, might be a true revival of "Revelations."

New York City Ballet—Dec. 26-28 at 6, Dec. 29 at 8, Dec. 30 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 31 at 1 and 5: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "Serenade," "In the Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Serenade," "Echo," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 25.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. Dec. 26 at 8: "Landscape," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Episodes," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Sarong Paramaribo," "Vespers," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "Night Creature," "Sarong Paramaribo," "Shards," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "Streams," "Journey," "After Eden," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 3: "Landscape," "Vespers," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Sarong Paramaribo," "Episodes," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

New York Theatre Ballet—In performances of "The Nutcracker": Dec. 26 and Dec. 28-29 at 1 and 3, Dec. 27 and Dec. 30 at 3 and 7, and Dec. 31 at 1. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Momix—Presenting "Fantasy on a Variation on a Theme" (première) and twelve works from the company's repertory, including "Skiva," "Venus Envy," and "Kiss Off the Spider Woman." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 27 at 7:30, Dec. 28-29 and Jan. 2-3 at 8, Dec. 30 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 31 at 2 and 7:30. Through Jan. 7.)

Douglas Nielsen—In a re-creation of Charles Weidman's 1939 solo "On My Mother's Side" and in other works. With two guest artists. (Nikolais/Louis Choreospace, 38 E. 19th St. Dec. 28-30 at 8. For reservations, call 689-0193.)

NIGHT LIFE

"YOU'RE going to hate me for saying this," Lorna Luft told us recently, "but the best New Year's Eve I ever had was in Rio. At twelve o'clock, everybody goes down to the beach and throws something into the sea. It's just so beautiful and nobody plays *that song*." Here in New York, where almost no one escapes "Auld Lang Syne" and where people are generally discouraged from throwing things into the sea, New Year's Eve still holds a few promises. One of them is Ms. Luft herself, who will be at Rainbow & Stars, singing and competing with the Central Park fireworks as they give their own performance not far in the distance.

Downtown, at Bradley's, the lights will be somewhat lower. The sparkling bebop pianist Tommy Flanagan explained that "playing at Bradley's is the closest thing to giving a party in your home. We'll do the traditional 'Auld Lang Syne' at midnight, but it won't last long—a minute maybe." Elsewhere around town, there is still more evidence that whoever came up with the old saying "Woe is the musician who can't even find work on New Year's Eve" wasn't taking into account how stiff the competition can be. The spirited Paris-born singer-actress Liliane Montevecchi ("Maybe I learn 'Auld Lang Syne.' You think I should?") will be in residence at the Algonquin, and Anita O'Day ("I don't even know the song. The band does all that jazz") will be singing Gene Krupa arrangements at Fat Tuesday's. And, as always, there will be Bobby Short, whose twenty-one-year tenure at the Café Carlyle seems to have mellowed him a bit. "There's not much you can do when you're grown up," he told us when we inquired about New Year's Eve. "You have dinner with friends. You have a kiss and a toast, and you toddle out into the night."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** the young San Francisco-born singer whose heart belongs to the Gershwins and Rodgers and Hart, among others, and who's currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Ms. Haran's sets begin at nine-fifteen; at eleven-fifteen, **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** breezes in from her role in "Grand Hotel" and picks up the mike. Asked recently about the coming decade, Ms. Montevecchi said, "1-9-9-0. I don't know what's going to happen, but I *love* the numbers."

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The Manhattan Rhythm Kings, a singing and tap-dancing trio, are performing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine. The New Year's Eve lineup: **JEFF HARNAR** at seven-thirty, and **HELEN SCHNEIDER** at ten-thirty and one.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz people of various modern schools. The Bill Charlap quartet takes the stage on Dec. 26, followed by Sal Salvador and Chrystal Image on Dec. 27. **MILT JACKSON,** the vibraphone heavyweight who drifts in and out of the Modern Jazz Quartet, holds forth Dec. 28-31. Music nightly from nine, except Mondays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The pianist **HERBIE HANCOCK,** who has made his mark in jazz, rock, jazz-rock, and funk, leads a trio (**AL FOSTER** on the skins, **BUSTER WILLIAMS** on bass) Dec. 26-30. On New Years Eve, Hancock's trio shares the bill with saxophonist **WAYNE SHORTER'S** quartet. Shorter et al. begin a week-long run on Jan. 2. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of the sixties pop band the **TURTLES** ("Happy Together"), who'll be here Dec. 27-31. Also on the bill are Flo & Eddie, two rocking humorists who were once Turtles themselves; their varied career has also included a short-lived TV talk show. The same cast reassembles for a three-night stretch beginning Jan. 4. Shows Sundays through Thursdays, except Dec. 25-26, at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. New Year's Eve shows are at ten and one-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where, if the crowd coöperates, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **DON PATE** will be here Dec. 25-30. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**—of whom the late Bradley Cunningham once said, "Piano players are supposed to make you laugh, then break your heart, and that's what Tommy does"—shares New Year's Eve with his longtime partner, the bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** On Jan. 1, Mr. Lightsey, saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** start a week-long engagement. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Saxophonist-composer **HENRY THREADGILL** leads a septet here through Dec. 31. Music from nine-thirty, and from nine on New Year's Eve.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—This New Year's Eve, one won't find quite so many balloons floating about at the Café Carlyle, because in the past they've clung to the ceiling and disturbed the room's acoustics. One *will* find **BOBBY SHORT,** of course, singing Cole Porter and other gilt-edged material, in the last performance of his engagement. Until New Year's Eve, when he will perform at nine o'clock, Mr. Short's sets will be at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesday through Saturday. Ms. Carroll also winds up her engagement on Dec. 31.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you, inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated with an Aretha poster and remnants of a birch tree. The place brightens up considerably at ten with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **ANITA O'DAY,** a jazz, scat, and boogie-woogie pro, who sang with the Gene Krupa big band in the forties and who can still mix it up, will be here through Dec. 31. **ELEMENTS**—a quartet including former Pat Metheny Group-ers **DANNY GOTTLIEB** and **MARK EGAN**—starts up on Jan. 2. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. The lighting—blue neon, in laserlike strips and wide halos—works on the eyes like a long day in front of the PC. **AVERAGE WHITE BAND,** the funk-happy seventies outfit that won a Grammy for "Pick Up the Pieces," performs Dec. 29-30; New Year's Eve belongs to guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK.** Music after nine, and at eight on New Year's Eve.

KILIMANJARO, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A recently opened, northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name implies, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. Israel Vibrations perform on Dec. 29 at eight-thirty; on New Year's Eve at nine, the soca (soul-calypso) artist **ARROW** holds sway.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** work the room Dec. 26-31; pianist **STEVE KUHN'S** trio starts up on Jan. 2. Music from nine-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat for fusionist hoedowns. Saxophonist **JOHN ZORN** performs with an outfit called Zorn Flakes on Dec. 26; guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** will be here Dec. 29-31. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. A bleary-eyed patron here was recently heard remarking, "I don't know about you people, but I'm feeling a lot of love in this room." **ALBERT KING** is in action from nine-thirty Dec. 28-30; **BEAUSOLEIL,** a bilingual (French and English), house-party Cajun band that specializes in the two-step, takes the New Year's Eve slot, along with the Pinballs; music at ten-thirty. Dining.

FACING EAST

Like many important religious buildings, the mosque going up on Third Avenue at 96th Street has taken years to erect and has required the services of dozens of architects. It will at last be completed this summer. Neighbors who have complained about the long-standing construction fence might gain perspective by comparing the mosque with, say, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which will receive its last carved stones around the year 2140.

Most of the Islamic nations belonging to the United Nations helped fund the mosque, so its architecture does not reflect the style of any particular country. It reflects, instead, New York City: the main sanctuary looks like a Hayden Planetarium made from steel, glass, and pink granite, and the hundred-and-thirty-foot-tall minaret, now in an embryonic stage, will resemble a miniature CitySpire. Perhaps the building's closest tie to Islam is a pointed projection on the 97th Street-side façade. If you extended the point in a huge arc halfway around the globe, you'd hit Mecca.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. Singer **LORNA LUFT**, who comes from a musical family, to say the least, will be performing through Dec. 31. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen; New Year's Eve from nine. . . . **RAINBOW ROOM:** At nine o'clock on New Year's Eve, **TOMMY TUNE** headlines a black-tie affair.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A bomb-shelterish rock establishment where the customer is not always right. The incendiary Dallas-born blues guitarist **STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN** leads **DOUBLE TROUBLE** here on Dec. 31. Shows at nine-thirty and two.

Savoy Grille, 131 E. 54th St. (593-8800)—A little nest off Lexington for young people on their way home from Madison. The restaurant and bar have a yellowish light that's easy on the eyes; a small dance floor, which love-struck patrons dash to between courses; and earnest waiters who stop just short of acting out the menu. Pianist **PETER MALINVERNI** performs Dec. 26-30; the Ken Weiner trio starts up on Jan. 2. Music after nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. Drummer and hard-bop kingpin **ART BLAKEY**—whose outfit, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS**, has over the years been one of jazz's most prestigious finishing schools—goes to work Dec. 26-31. **MC COY TYNER**, the masterful pianist with the driving, stampede attack, starts a run on Jan. 2, with the able assistance of **AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT.** Shows from ten. Dining.

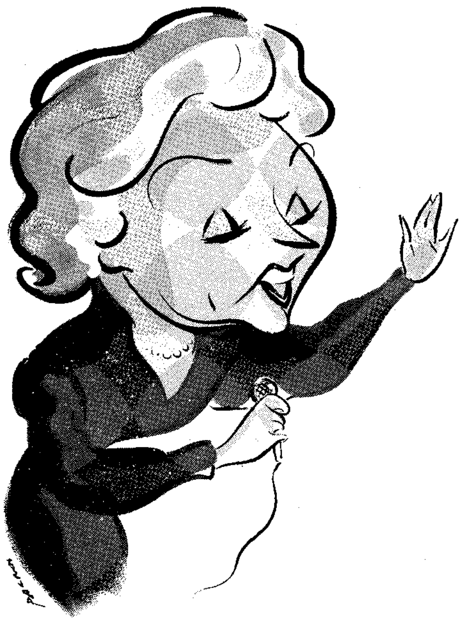
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A thirty-three-year-old three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded gentleman named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the basement, **BO DIDDLEY**, one of the few musicians to have a beat named after them, brings in his rectangular-bodied guitar Dec. 29-31. Back upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** appears through Dec. 31; Jack Wilson begins a run on Jan. 2. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS**, a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, plays the harp. One more flight up, at the Top of the Gate, the Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** goes to work Dec. 29-31. Closed Jan. 1.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon, and that Mr. Gordon, who was a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** is in residence with his Liberation Music Orchestra through Dec. 31, and as of Jan. 2 the place belongs to a quartet led by the Parkeresque saxophonist **FRANK MORGAN.** Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Singer **SISTER CAROL** comes in on Dec. 28 to preach from the gospel of reggae.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Cappellini finanziera and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **CAROL BRITTO** (piano) and **MAJOR HOLLEY** (bass) are in charge Dec. 26-30; pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY'S** trio claims New Year's Eve (they start at nine; **JUNIOR MANCE** will be at the piano from six to eight). Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Jan. 1.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3			



Anita O'Day at Fat Tuesday's

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ROCK critics readily acknowledge Paul McCartney as the source of more than a cartonful of rock's greatest songs. Then why do they treat the man as if he were John Lennon's gigolo? Too rich? Still too pretty? Too long married to the woman they all told him not to get married to, and now too content to be good copy? Tsk, tsk. Such jealousy during the season of good will is not becoming. Thank goodness there were few aficionadic spoilsports to spoil our fun in the throng of fifteen thousand—not that young and not very ethnic—who roared their delight when McCartney walked onto the stage of Madison Square Garden recently.

What we stared at in awe was not the well-chronicled light show that spectacularly encircled, divided, splintered, pinpointed, and diamond-cut the stage, nor the explosions that highlighted the rendition of "Live and Let Die," but the incredibly joyful man who still looked good enough to scream at while playing and singing and clowning as if he had nothing to prove, and wanting nothing more than a good time. What we almost couldn't believe anyone heard was the lead-singing Beatle abetted by a smashing backup band gloriously reproducing many of the sweetest memories of our past.

We stopped counting standing ovations after sixteen. Not because we lost track, but because nobody would sit down. We lip-synched every "old" song along with McCartney, sang every sing-along louder than the one before. The "na-na"s that ended "Hey Jude" were deafening. The shoutin after the first chorus of "Got to Ge You Into My Life" could hav drowned out an Eddie Van Halen sol Rock critics always want performe to break new ground, and deride Mc Cartney for staying safe in his garde That night, all we wanted to kno was if there was room there for us, to because the place sure seemed lik paradise.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

JIM MORRIS, impersonating Georg Bush, has a trademark line—"W don't need a President who can spea Spanish; we need a President who ca speak gibberish. I am that man. Morris's Bush is a wealth of blunder whether he's talking about chief c staff John Sunoco, the Palestinia Liberation Orchestra, or the Walesa on their visit to the White House—" asked Lech, 'How many of your countrymen *does* it take to screw in a ligh bulb?' " Morris, who is appearin through New Year's Eve at Stev McGraw's (158 West 72nd Street) i a show called "An Evening with th Presidents," breaks up his performance into three "acts": a Bush pres briefing; a patchwork segment i which he impersonates Dukakis, Nixon, and network-news anchors (Te Koppel singing "Light My Fire"); an a sketch on Ronald Reagan's life afte the White House. This structure allows Morris, who is a remarkabl acute mimic, to transcend Rich Little-style mugging: in the first an third segments, especially, he stays i character long enough to make th show more one-man theatre than mer imitation.

Morris is glad Bush won the election, he says, because he wouldn' want to spend four years impersonating Dukakis. And it's clear that h has found Bush to be a rewardin subject. At the mock press briefing the President stumbles through th issues of the day in a fog of doublespeak, malapropisms, clowning, an defensiveness. "Hey, we're all Americans," he says, "whether blacks Asians, Hispaniels, or others on th fringe—including women." Compare with Morris's Reagan, however, Bus comes off looking pretty sharp. Her we have a Reagan who is scarily incoherent, practically senile, who sits in his Bel Air rocker and says sheepishly, "Nancy and I enjoyed being President."

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) run through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Bill Baird's Marionettes—In "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Daily, except Christmas, at 1 and 3:15. Through Jan. 1.)

Moscow Puppet Theatre—Presenting Chekhov's "Kashtanka," a story about a stray pup who finds happiness when he joins a travelling circus. (RAPP Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-6160. Through Jan. 7.)

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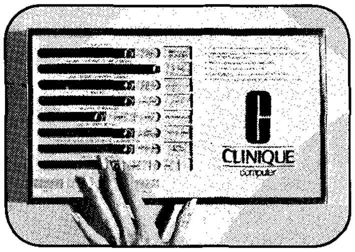

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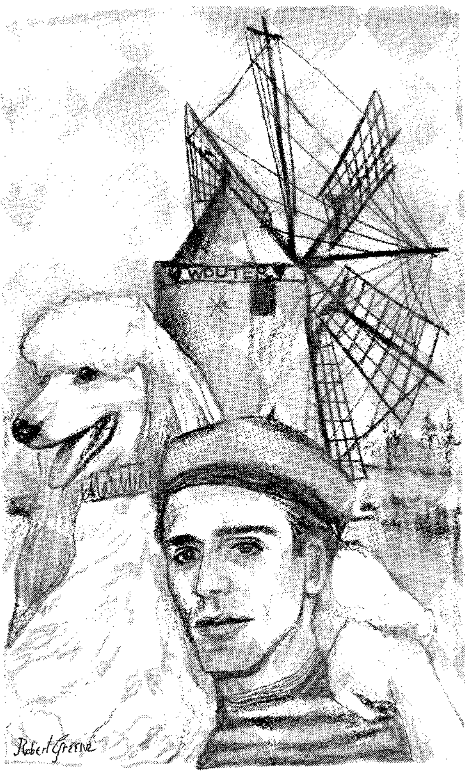
ART

"THE AGE OF NAPOLEON," now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, makes clear that the years immediately preceding and following the coronation of Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor, in 1804, are among the most interesting for fashion. They include some of the most spare and liberated clothes ever, as well as some of the most ornately official—and soldiers never looked better than in the Napoleonic era. The seventeen-nineties began with the new trousered style for men popularized by the sans-culottes ("without breeches") during the Terror, and culminated with the over-the-top fashions—bonnets, for instance, with foot-long, tunnel-like brims—of the so-called Merveilleuses, under the Directoire. This revolutionary ruling body was overthrown in 1799, when Napoleon, the victorious Army commander, became First Consul. If this title reminds you of figures from ancient Rome, you are right on track. A new look had to be established for the ascending empire, and Napoleon quickly latched onto that illustrious precedent. In the late seventeen-nineties, men once again donned ceremonial togas, and by the early eighteen-hundreds a woman such as Mme. Recamier could wear a diaphanous—in fact, quite shockingly revealing—high-bosomed "Roman" tunic on her neoclassical divan. Soon, however, amazing courtly trains, whose lavish fabrics attested to the revived luxury industries of France, would mitigate this radical simplicity.

"The Age of Napoleon" is the best costume show the Met's Costume Institute has put on in some time, certainly since the peak years of the late Diana Vreeland. Katell le Bourhis, the Institute's talented new curator, worked with Mrs. Vreeland, and it shows. The installation—including, especially, a wonderful military-campaign tent, and a room hung with spectacular handmade, embroidered silks from Lyons, in some of the amazingly vibrant colors (emerald green, Empire blue) that have come to be synonymous with the era—has terrific clarity and great aplomb. There is trompe-l'oeil wallpaper galore, and, if the mannequins are a bit literal and don't reflect anything quite like Mrs. Vreeland's sense of throwaway chic, the settings supply just the right notes of Napoleonic vulgarity and vigor.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical (dark and moody) view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ An exhibition giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "The Age of Napoleon: Costume from Revolution to Empire" presents changing French fashions from the ancien régime through the Napoleonic



Self-portrait by Robert Greene

Wars. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work, including his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural duty, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches, and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A display of about seventy costumes from three leading Belle Époque Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ The twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays and New Year's Day, fro 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Centra Park W. at 79th St.—"Crossroads of Conti nents," a travelling exhibition presente jointly by Soviet and North American muse ums, focusses on the cultures of Siberia an Alaska, and includes—among nearly fiv hundred artifacts—kayaks, drums, clothing and ivory carvings. Through March 2 (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, an Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with n admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.— show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918 the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pot "mud babies" and was so full of himself tha he gave up his art because the world did no recognize his genius. But first he produced remarkable body of funny, poetic, and pro vocative works in austere colors: demur vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes o slithering reptiles or handles that are elon gated, angulated, or looped. Other vessel have been dented, pinched, or punched Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, except Dec 26, from 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sun days, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St —A show of Alexander Calder's homemad art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings h whipped up for himself, his family, and hi friends. Included are necklaces and brooche made with precious metals, and rude ti roasting pans and spatulas. Through March 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays throug Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Seventee uncommonly good Old Master paintings o loan from Fort Worth's celebrated Kimbel Art Museum. Installed in the skylighted Garden Court, these works, by Fra Angelico Domenichino, Georges de La Tour, Le Nain Poussin, Caravaggio, Tiepolo, and Goya among others, look amazingly young an vital. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesday through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of mor than three hundred works made by or fo Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of th long period it spans—the Roman Empire t the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Ope Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noo to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admissio charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of al things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs recorded music, and all the surviving origina scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Throug Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays 10:30 to 5; Sundays, except Dec. 31, from 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89t St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University is an epicure's delight. One of the world' best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of poignant large-scale photographs on canvas, with minimal painted interventions, by Annette Lemieux. They depict the "appearance" of sound—deaf children with their heads on a piano; also, a waterfall, the bomb, Edgar Bergen and his wooden other. Even the noise from a contiguous screening of Australian videos is somehow silenced by these humbly beautiful works about memory and loss. . . . ¶ A collaborative installation by Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe that was inspired by a poem by Christina Rossetti and is intended to be about women's pleasures. However, with its use of Adirondack rusticity—paintings of bugs, squirrels, and bats, a mosaic floor, log benches, a worn balustrade, cozy country floor lamps, and much bark—it looks like an elaborate reprocessing of stick art. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Stitching Memories: African-American Story Quilts," a display of thirty quilts with narrative motifs made in the seventies and eighties by professional and folk artists. Also, Elizabeth Scott's "50 Years Quilt," made between 1925 and 1975, and an anonymous silk log-cabin quilt from the eighteen-seventies. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Glenn Goldberg—Small, intense painted panels, in enamel on wood. Goldberg's over-all compositions alternately suggest windows or editing-room screens, and his imagery—birdlike shapes that seem somehow to have been flattened or fossilized in his hard surfaces—looks trapped on the fly. While these works are bold, emblematic, and quite vivid, they are also glyphic and very private. Through Jan. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

John Lees—These ultra-thick, rutted paintings seem to have so much anxiety loaded into them that they are, paradoxically, soothing—blurred houses and courtyards that have momentarily materialized, like visions. Through Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Dec. 26 and Dec. 30.)

Cy Twombly—Beautiful paintings from 1969, with just about everything one expects from the master of the mark and the scribble. Through Jan. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

"Yoruba: Nine Centuries of African Art and Thought"—The Yoruba are an ethnic group of West African peoples who inhabited the southwestern area of what are now Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, beginning in roughly the eleventh century. Many objects in this exhibition—a gorgeous bronze head, for instance, from the sixteenth century, whose bulging eyes might make a few viewers think of Ed Paschke's faces—suggest an especially refined aesthetic and perhaps less of a preoccupation with sexuality and fetish than is generally noted among tribal societies. Through Jan. 7. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Eduardo Chillida—The first major New York show of work by this well-known Spanish sculptor. Most of the bent, puzzled shapes suggest variations on lock mechanisms, which makes a lot of sense historically if you think of the Catalonian tradition of ironwork, as exemplified by Julio González. Chillida's work is strongest when it's most self-contained—for instance, his tabletop pieces. One feels he works under very concentrated and somewhat solipsistic circumstances. Through Dec. 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. In the artist's first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above one finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jan Fabre—Like Yves Klein, Fabre, too, has his blue. It's BIC-pen blue that permeates everything on view here. The exhibition consists of two big, vaultlike chambers that might be used as a form of tranquillity therapy, BIC-ink-blot drawings that suggest Rorschach-style insects, two busts of the artist's dandyish great-grandfather—a botanical illustrator—and four manically scribbled-upon photographs, whose underlying images are of salamanders and bats. Fabre, known also for his neo-symbolist choreography, has always been a bit silly. Through Dec. 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Greene—The best fashionable artist, in the tradition of such minor masters as Florine Stettheimer and Jean Cocteau, to come along in some time. Greene's peopled and poodled pastorals—his trademark—are rendered in slightly acid pastel tones and with a gifted lyric touch. Many of his larger paintings, full of umbrellas and beach cabañas and circus acts, evoke the Lido and "Death in Venice," yet are also a pastiche of any number of other equally elegant and probably debauched secret lusts. Through Dec. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—A delightful exhibition of works by a likable and flashy painter whose strong period flavor has recently come back into vogue. Kuhn was never a particularly interesting artist, but he had a flair for hot, saturated color and an eye for clowns and Spanish-looking dancers—so who cares? Through Dec. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Dec. 26.)

Dennis Oppenheim—There's one important and bizarrely brilliant work after another in these drawings and models for environmental projects of the late sixties and early seventies. Oppenheim wasn't a pure earth artist, like Smithson. He was fascinated by language, transference, conceptual perversion, and, in an intellectual sense, the grand scale of the environment. Through Dec. 30. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—The artist has an exquisite sense of light in these large, but not large-scale, bright-colored geometric paintings. They don't have the unusual mixture of contained, sheltering geometry and grand monumentality that marks her best works. Also, a group of modest, strong drawings on papyrus entitled "Memory of the Light in Egypt." Through Jan. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Broadly theatrical new paintings on red velvet. The red is gorgeous—you get a sense of occasion just being near it. The swooshes and strokes of gesso give you a sense of continual action. These works recall Tachism. Touches of other colors, especially a sky blue, sing out loud. The theme, that "there is no place on this planet more horrible than a fox farm during pelting season," echoes that of Sue Coe's "Porkopolis" show, and confirms that this is a major season for animal pathos—or, at least, for *animalier* themes. The theme sentence turned up on some paper currency the artist was given as change, and it is written, sometimes several times, on each of these paintings. Schnabel's style of concrete poetry works best when writ large. Through Jan. 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Dec. 30.)

Dennis Oppenheim

"Cross"—It seems that practically every season has a show of paintings shaped like, or depicting, crosses. This one, timed for the Christmas season, is low on cheer, and also, surprisingly, low on social commentary, religiosity, and mortality. Instead, this exhibition is about modernism, art history, the marriage of the horizontal and the vertical. Among the fine works, those by Jackie Winsor, Frank Stella, and—surprisingly—Joe Andoe are particularly handsome. The eye-opener is a recent Lichtenstein painting, a reinterpretation of Mondrian's plus-and-minus paintings—it's quite beautiful in its own modest way. Through Jan. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—The most intriguing work in this focussed selection, at the Kent Gallery, is a dark and perplexing painting by Troy Brauntuch, of the slaughter of a boar. Leaning against the wall opposite it are ten of the twenty-five very elegant etched-granite panels by Matt Mullican that are part of his ever-compelling project "The City" and that were originally created as a floor. Also included are some handsome photographs by James Welling of details from the architect H. H. Richardson's works. Through Dec. 29. (41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**claudio bravo,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **william crozier** and **edvard lieber,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **denny moers,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **grandma moses,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **giuseppe penone,** Marian Godman, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **turku trajan,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **not vital,** Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 27).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mark Alsterlind and **Camille Revel**—Competent, color-sparked abstract paintings on canvas by Alsterlind, and mediocre post-minimalist wood constructions by Revel. Through Dec. 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Don Celender—The artist asked many other artists to identify their fantasy master, someone to whom they would have liked to have been apprenticed. Those cited include Picasso, Michelangelo, and Matisse, although a large number of respondents mentioned nobody. Wittiest response: "Marcel Duchamp. Because there would be no work to do." (Ed Ruscha.) Through Jan. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Drawings and watercolors by an Italian artist who seems to be an amalgam of the three "C"s. He uses mostly red, some black, and a little green to depict waves that look like hands, scissors, keys, little heads at the tips of smoke wisps, numbered peas, and lots of horses and rams. Drawing doesn't get more decadent, more self-possessed, or more beautiful than this. Also, some exquisite but less memorable bronzes of a tassel-edged pillow, a long spoon, and a lemon in a chalice. Through Jan. 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

Hung Liu—This Chinese émigré, caught between two cultures, partners multi-canvas paintings about subjugation and sexual and political repression—foot-binding, for example—with enigmatic found and constructed objects. Sometimes it seems the paintings would do best on their own; the artist's painting techniques, however, are always a pleasure to look at. Through Dec. 30. (Nahan, 380 West Broadway. Closed Dec. 26.)

David Mach—Five sculptures by this inspired absurdist, including a fibreglass hippopotamus head with an actual washing machine wedged into its mouth, and a taxidermic deer's head with a bicycle festooning it. Through Jan. 13. (Toll, 146 Greene St. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

ART–Cont'd

Mary Obering—New geometric paintings, composed with various metallic materials. These succinct, New Age reprises of Stella are so above it all that they could give you a very high-minded headache. Through Dec. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Closed Dec. 26.)

Gerhard Richter—This show of works on paper, including a group of little oils, painted on postcard-size photos, is really beautiful. Richter's vertiginous segues between heightened, landscape-related realism and "pure" abstraction should put all such false distinctions to rest. The colors alone, whether as tight as Venetian paper dyes or as loose as Willem de Kooning, induce such oxymoronic states as controlled euphoria. Through Jan. 13. (Nolan, 560 Broadway. The gallery is closed Dec. 26-30.)

Antoni Tàpies—When looking at these eloquent objects and assemblages by the Spanish master, one can't help but think of the political climate in Fascist Spain, where they were made, in the late sixties and early seventies. One, for example, consists of a washbasin filled with a stack of newspapers topped by a bloody, red paint stroke, ready to be cleansed. The works all resonate with references to artmaking, and the paint stroke can be read as satisfying an ancient urge. Through Dec. 30. (Cervera, 470 Broome St.)

Colin Thomson—Attractive, somewhat zany surreal-abstract paintings. Through Jan. 13. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

Tom of Finland—An artist known for contemporary gay erotica of beefy leathermen, much of it explicit and comical for all its exaggeration, and much of it innocently aesthetic. More serious fuel for the pornography-erotica debate. Through Jan. 6. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Dec. 26.)

Fluxus—A large, crowded, happily chaotic group show of recent works by many of the notoriously scattered members of this epochal, neo-Dada anti-movement, which is currently experiencing a resurgence. Highlights include a steel trash can with a built-in alarm system, by Yoshi Wada, and a vertical row of pastel terry-cloth hand towels, by Jeff Perkins, that are monogrammed with the names of several important long-standing Fluxites, including Yoko, Nam June, and Carolee. Through Jan. 13. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

"The Green Show"—A few years ago, the dominant color in Soviet art was, naturally, red. But when the curator Margarita Tupitsyn visited the studios of younger Moscow artists recently, everywhere she went she saw green: ergo, the glue for this exhibition of young artists, most in their late twenties and early thirties, all a part of the same circle. Green has many meanings—growth, dollars—in the paintings and sculptures here, and much of the work is handsome and in form not entirely alien, although to read the work as if it fit snugly within our system would do it a disservice. Through Jan. 20. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

"Before the Field"—"Color-field painting" has been the response to many a joke in the last decade or so, but, brace yourselves, it's back, and, given the art market's exhaustive search, neglected works are likely to be reconsidered—or at least that is what this show of paintings from the early nineteen-sixties is banking on. John McLaughlin's two white bars separated by a black field, Ralph Humphrey's somewhat derivative chalky-gray atmosphere, Larry Poons' dancing blips, and Paul Feeley's liturgical arches all look quite good. Through Jan. 27. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **kind**, 136 Greene St.: A great sampling of outsider art, including two watercolor-and-collage fantasies about gun-wielding prepubescent schoolgirls in their frilly little dresses, by a hospital janitor named Henry Darger; and a drawing of bizarre animals composed of abundant sexual anatomy, by a Lithuanian prison- and asylum-dweller, Friedrich Schröder-Sonnenstern, who was at various times a thief, a smuggler, and the leader of a mystical sect. Through Jan. 17. . . . **steinbaum**, 132 Greene St.: A show called "Gardens: Real and Imagined" is a mixed bag of undelightful plantings, except for Joyce Kozloff's dazzling watercolors of sexual images lovingly recycled from such validated sources as Persian miniatures and Egyptian wall paintings. Through Jan. 6.

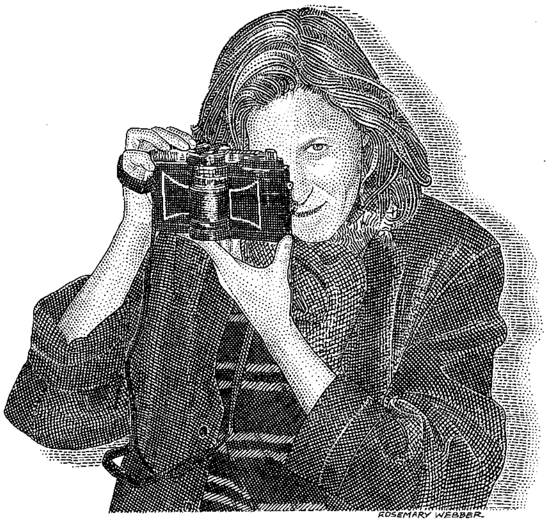
Short List—**j. s. g. boggs** and **miguel angel rios**, Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Dec. 30); **joseph di giorgio**, Walls, 137 Greene St. (through Dec. 30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Chris Burden—The artist continues to shoot peas at the art establishment in a witty sculpture called "Samson," which is a passive-aggressive rumination on permanence, control, and the symbiosis of art and, quite literally, its support structure. Through Dec. 30. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

Artists Space—The primal need to leave one's mark shines through in an unnecessarily controversial exhibition titled "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing." It is an eloquent memorial to those who are ill or have died of AIDS, and includes particularly poignant works by Vittorio Scarpati, Kiki Smith, David Wojnarowicz, Tom Chesley, Mark Morrisroe, and Shellburne Thurber. The show and its catalogue compose a portrait of a community of artists who care for each other, mourn their losses, express anger, and seek to convey the reality of the illness to a sometimes indifferent, sometimes ignorant public. Through Jan. 6. (223 West Broadway.)

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—This show of paintings is a glorious sight. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, except Dec. 31.)



Sylvia Plachy

PHOTOGRAPHY

Atmosphere bounces off the jam-packed, jazz-covered walls at Photofind, at 138 Spring Street. The abundance of wonderful pictures in this exhibition of nineteen-twenties-to-nineteen-sixties black-and-white jazz photography makes the room intoxicating and hard to leave—there's always one more shot "for the road." Some of the people in the pictures—as well as those who took the photographs—are big names; others aren't well known; still others have now been forgotten. The show, curated by Bob Shamis, is so alive and consistently rich that it brings everyone back with almost equal force. It also brings back the days when smoking and pleasure were synonymous. So many of the photographs show musicians who have cigarettes dangling from their mouths—or from between their fingers—that one notices those that don't. One such stick-out image is of Billie Holiday, portrayed by Lisette Model. This picture stops the show. It is the closest closeup we've ever seen of Lady Day and it must be one of the last photographs made of her. Model took it at Holiday's wake. There's still so much emotion in Holiday's face it's hard to believe she's dead.

If you have the same desire for more, more, more which we did when we were at Photofind, ask to see the Herman Leonard pictures, in the backroom. A better encore would be difficult to find.

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on display span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic in feeling: Abbott's eye is too tough and unsentimental. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these views—of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building—make one realize how rare it is to come across pictures that focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays and New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

Josef Astor—Small photographs, including portraits and fragments of industrial landscapes, baked into French porcelain plaques that suggest the plaques found on many European tombstones. Sombre, elegant, clever—and there's a deadpan humor at work here. Through Dec. 30. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

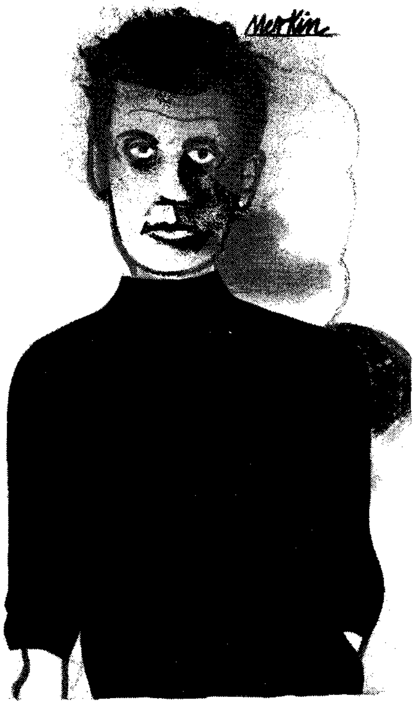
Daniel Faust—Great big, good-looking color photographs of arch-American places, mainly in Texas, such as L.B.J.'s childhood schoolhouse, the 4-H Club Agricultural Hall of Fame, a cowboys-and-cowgirls song-and-dance act, and cave formations. Wry, yet fond. Through Jan. 6. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St. Closed Dec. 26-30.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—A deceptively casual-looking show of pictures the artist took in photo booths in the mid-sixties. Some of these four-shot strips look like mug shots, others like high-school-yearbook pictures; still others were blown up into portraits. Altogether, they're an intimate portrait of an era. Through Dec. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

New Photography at MOMA—Three eccentric photographers who work in color. Thomas Florschuetz shows hyperreal blowups of details of his hands, his face, and a nail; one of Vincent Borrelli's subjects is the interior of a 1956 Ford whose décor is part disco and part Bible; and Mike Mandel, the most original of the three, fits his subjects with tiny colored bicycle lights that function as strobes—the resulting trails of light enliven such mundane actions as "Emptying the Fridge" and "Having a Talk." Through Jan. 9. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Magnum Photographers—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum coöperative—Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ "In Our Time," another Magnum-based show, includes more than three hundred photographs taken around the world by sixty past and present members. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**bernd and hilla becher**, Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, except Dec. 31, through June 17); **richard benson**, Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 2); **william eggleston**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Jan. 27, except Dec. 26-30); **jean kallina**, Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6, except Dec. 30); **sylvia plachy**, Twining, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 27, except Dec. 26-30); **herb ritts**, Staley-Wise, 555 Broadway (opens at noon, through Jan. 27, except Dec. 26 and Jan. 2); **paul rosin**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through Jan. 27, except Dec. 26-30); **andres serrano**, Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Jan. 6).



Billy Joel

MUSIC

If one must go out for music in this week that by American tradition has been consecrated to rest, conviviality, and the return or exchange of Christmas presents that didn't work out, and if one isn't attracted by the musical humorists at Carnegie Hall, or by the current operatic fare, then there is always the 92nd Street Y's annual presentation of the Brandenburg Concertos, this time under the leadership of Nicholas McGegan. The Brandenburgs aren't quite as much in vogue as they were when Bach was known to the concertgoing public by only a handful of compositions, or as they were again a decade or so ago, when all the early-instrument ensembles took turns producing new recorded versions. But they really do belong to the class of works whose infinite variety custom does little to stale, and the New York Chamber Symphony is a good trim group at its best—Mr. McGegan is a lively leader, who likes his Bach to dance. The symphony's remaining performances are December 27, 30, and 31.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**die fledermaus,** with Carol Vaness, Barbara Kilduff, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Neil Shicoff; conducted by Hermann Michael. (Dec. 25, Dec. 28, and Dec. 30, all at 8.) . . . With Karen Huffstodt, Barbara Kilduff, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Richard Drews; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 3 at 8.) . . . **wozzeck,** with Hildegard Behrens, Gottfried Hornik, James King, and Graham Clark; James Levine. (Dec. 26 and Jan. 2 at 8.) . . . With Hildegard Behrens, Gottfried Hornik, Richard Cassily, and Graham Clark; James Levine. (Dec. 29 at 8.) . . . **der fliegende holländer,** with Mechthild Gessendorf, Gary Lakes, and James Morris; James Levine. (Dec. 27 at 8 and Dec. 30 at 1:30.) . . . **turandot,** with Gwyneth Jones, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and John Macurdy; Nello Santi. (Jan. 1 at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting a new production of "The Barber of Seville." With Susan Butterfoss, Vincent Titone, and Constantine Moskalenko. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 29-30 at 7:30, and Dec. 31 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Chamber Symphony—Nicholas McGegan conducting the last three concerts in a four-concert series devoted to the Brandenburg Concertos. With John Gibbons, harpsichord. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 27, Dec. 30, and Dec. 31, all at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a program of works by Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 29 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Bach program. With Mark Gould, trumpet; Paula Robison, flute; Caroline Stoessinger and Mr. Foss, piano; and readings by Ellen Burstyn and Estelle Parsons. Also, a traditional-instruments ensemble from China, and the folk singer Odetta. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 31 at 7:30.)

Handel's "Messiah"—The annual sing-in, directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one choral conductors, including Martin Josman, Clara Longstreth, David Randolph, Harold Rosenbaum, Beverly Taylor, Daniel Grace, and David Amram. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 27 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Peter Schickele—With his alter ego, P. D. Q. Bach. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 26, Dec. 28, and Dec. 30 at 8.)

New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—Performing works by Monteverdi, Gabrieli, Frescobaldi, Senfl, Isaac, and others. With Peter Becker, baritone; Carol Wilson, soprano; Adam Gilbert, recorder and curtal; and Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord and organ. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 27 at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing the Christmas pageant "Herod and the Innocents." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 29 at 7:30 and Dec. 30 at 2 and 7:30.)

Art of the Early Keyboard—Presenting the Artek Ensemble in an all-Bach program. With Dana Hanchard, Jessica Tranzillo, and Carol Wilson, soprano; Jennifer Lane, mezzo-soprano; Jason Oby, tenor; Peter Becker and Robert Phillips, baritone; Barry Bauguess, natural trumpet; Nancy Wilson, violin; Adam Gilbert and Rotem Greitser, recorder; and the Choir of St. Francis of Assisi. (Church of St. Francis of Assisi, 135 W. 31st St. Dec. 31 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Billy Joel—The Piano Man is back, and he's once again writing the solid hitmaking material that has eluded him since 1983's "An Innocent Man." His recent chart-topping single, "We Didn't Start the Fire," has the punchy swing of this former boxer's best work. And his deservedly No. 1 album "Storm Front" is full of strong melodies and hook-laden choruses—it's a songwriter's dream. As a singer, Joel has become one of the best in rock and roll, and in concert his passionate delivery, coupled with great showmanship, is a knockout. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Dec. 27 and Dec. 29 at 8, and Dec. 31 at 9:30.)

Stephanie Mills—With Christopher Williams. (Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Dec. 26-28 at 8, Dec. 29 at 8 and 11:30, Dec. 30 at 8, and Dec. 31 at 8 and 11:30.)

Little Anthony—He was seventeen in 1958 when, with the Imperials, he made it big with the No. 4 single "Tears on My Pillow." Now, on Broadway, the week before his forty-ninth birthday, the five-foot-four Brooklyn native shows how far doo-wop has come from the high-school gym. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Dec. 26-27 at 8, and Dec. 28-30 at 8 and 10.)

Richard Lewis—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 27 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 26 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 31 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 3 at 7:30. (The stalled and ailing Rangers have a perfect chance to make some resolutions when they play an exhibition game against a Soviet team, the Wings, on New Year's Day at 1:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Jan. 2. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Jan. 2. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Orlando Magic, Dec. 30 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Jan. 2 at 8.

Nets—Vs. the Washington Bullets, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Jan. 3. (Game time, 7:30.) (The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily except Tuesdays and New Year's Day, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except New Year's Day, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30, starting Jan. 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

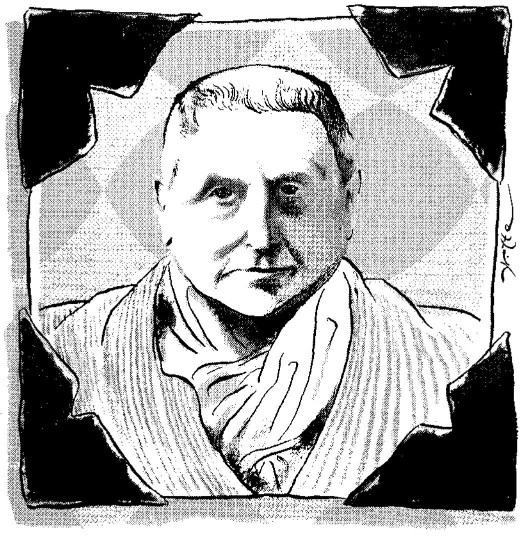
New Year's Eve Option No. 1—Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans" being read, aloud, non-stop, and in its entirety, by a hundred or more Stein fans in the Paula Cooper Gallery (155 Wooster Street). The reading will begin on Dec. 30 at noon and will end about fifty hours later. No tickets or reservations are required.

Option No. 2—Join thousands of runners, variously dressed (in sweats, in evening gowns), and in various degrees of inebriation (or lack thereof), at midnight on New Year's Eve for a quick five miles in Central Park, starting at Tavern on the Green. Aid stations will serve water and champagne.

Option No. 3—Midnight fireworks: in Central Park, at 93rd St. and the West Drive, and at the Heckscher ball fields, near 63rd St.; at the South Street Seaport; and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, near Grand Army Plaza.

New Year's Day Option No. 1—Stand by the shores of the Atlantic (on Coney Island, near Nathan's), and watch about a hundred brave souls strip down to their skivvies and dive into the ocean. (Jan. 1 at 1.)

Option No. 2—See John Cage, Allen Ginsberg, Spalding Gray, Judith Malina, Laurie Carlos, and other poets and performers in the sixteenth annual marathon reading at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. (Jan. 1, starting at 7. For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

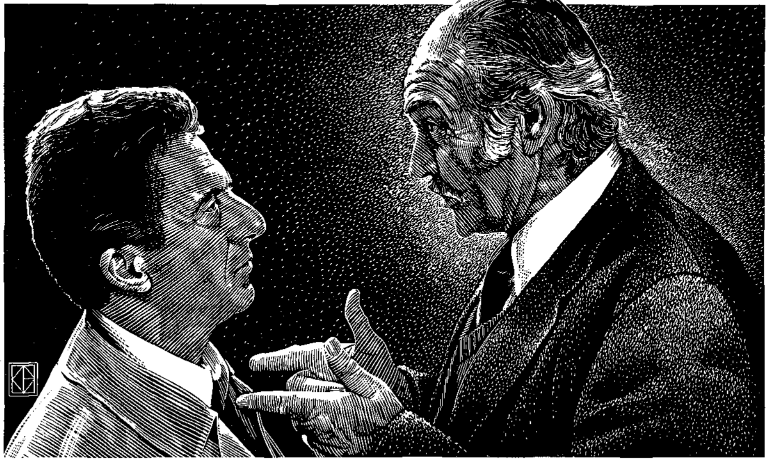


Gertrude Stein Marathon at the Paula Cooper Gallery

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3			



Dustin Hoffman and Sean Connery in "Family Business"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Sidewalk Stories" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 5: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (directed by Charlotte Zwerin).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Gang of Four" (1988, Jacques Rivette; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Benoit Regent.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, and Julia Roberts.

Second Avenue Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (673-4046)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert DeNiro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 6: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blaze" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (Costa-Gavras), with Jessica Lange, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Frederic Forrest, and Lukas Haas.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (Michael Moore), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Apartment Zero" (directed by Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Matador" 1986, Almodóvar in Spanish), with Antonio Banderas.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater; and (evenings only) "The War of the Roses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blaze" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 5: "The War of the Roses."
Theatre 6: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Always."
Theatre 9: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Dad" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise and Willem Dafoe.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young),

You and your Foster Child: A peace pact to show the world.

You care. When you see our world battered by turmoil and strife . . . when you know innocent children are hungry and hurting . . . your heart cries for them.

But what can you do?

The truth is, as a person who cares about other human beings—even a child thousands of miles away—you can do *a lot.*

You can stop the hurting for one little child—and change the conditions that cause it. And in one small corner, you can help with the healing of our troubled world.

Create a bond of peace and love for only 72¢ a day.

While world leaders hold peace talks, and spend billions on aid and arms, there's another way *you personally* can make a difference. By reaching out to a desperately poor child overseas—as a Foster Parent.

All it takes is $22 a month—only 72¢ a day—to help a child and his or her family build a better life. Through health and nutrition programs. Schooling. Disease-free water. Higher food production and other long-term help.

And along the way, you create a special bond of love. Through your exchange of letters and photos, you send real hope and encouragement, as you share your Foster Child's dreams and the family's progress as well.

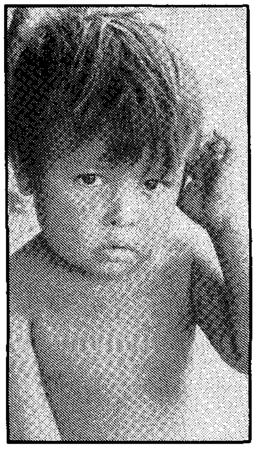
With your one-to-one sharing and caring, you help attack the poverty that breeds resentment—and help build new understanding around the globe.

See the difference your help is making.

Being a Foster Parent may not win you the Nobel Peace Prize, but with every letter and progress report you receive, you'll see the difference your help is making to one small child whose life is changing because of you.

And in a world full of conflict, you'll know that you and your Foster Child are setting an example for people everywhere to live together in peace.

Live what you believe!
Call toll-free
1-800-225-1234–today.



YES, I want to be a peacemaker.

K473

Enroll me as a Foster Parent to . . .
☐ **The child who needs my caring most.**
☐ Girl ☐ Boy ☐ Either
☐ Ecuador ☐ Guatemala ☐ India
☐ Africa ☐ Colombia ☐ Thailand
☐ Philippines
☐ Any country where the need is greatest
☐ Please send my Foster Parent Kit with my Foster Child's photo and case history. My check for $22 for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

Foster Parents Plan®
Help so complete, it touches a child for life.

☐ I'm not yet sure if I want to be a Foster Parent but I'm interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms. ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ______ Zip ______

Mail to:
Kenneth H. Phillips, President
Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
157 Plan Way • Warwick, RI 02886

A copy of Foster Parents Plan's financial report is available from the New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, NY, or Foster Parents Plan, Warwick, RI.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (Bruno Nuytten; in French), with Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
(Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Dad" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, Olympia Dukakis, Tom Skerritt, Sam Shepard, Dylan McDermott, Kevin J. O'Connor, and Ann Wedgeworth.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sand and Blood" (Jeanne Labrune; in French), with Sami Frey.
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 5: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.
Theatre 6: "Blaze" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "Valmont" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (directed by Danny DeVito, with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 3: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 6: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Blaze" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "We're No Angels."
Theatre 4: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Always" (Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 25: "The Bride Came C.O.D." (1941, directed by William Keighley), with Bette Davis and James Cagney; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley), with Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.
Dec. 26-27: "Where Love Has Gone" (1964, Edward Dmytryk), with Susan Hayward, Bette Davis, and Michael Connors; and "A Stolen Life" (1946, Curtis Bernhardt), with Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan.
Dec. 28: "Beyond the Forest" (†); and "Dangerous" (1936, Alfred E. Greene), with Bette Davis, Franchot Tone, and Margaret Lindsay.
Dec. 29-30: "The Corn Is Green" (†); and "The Great Lie" (1941, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Mary Astor, and Hattie McDaniel.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "June Bride" (†); and "Mr. Skeffington" (1944, Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, Claude Rains, Walter Abel, and Marjorie Riordan.
Jan. 2-3: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 26: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Henry Travers; and "A Christmas Story" (1983, Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Dec. 27-28: "Johnny Handsome" (1989, Walter Hill), with Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Morgan Freeman, Forest Whitaker, Elizabeth McGovern, and Scott Wilson; and "Diner" (1982, Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Rourke, Barkin, Kevin Bacon, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly.
Dec. 29-30: "Annie Hall" (†); and "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (1989, Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal, Meg Ryan, Carrie Fisher, and Bruno Kirby.
Dec. 31: "And the Ship Sails On" (†); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Jan. 1-2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (1988, Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins, Christopher Lloyd, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Yellow Submarine" (†).
From Jan. 3: "Dead Poets Society" (1989, Peter Weir), with Robin Williams, Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke, Josh Charles, Gale Hansen, Kurtwood Smith, and Norman Lloyd; and "If . . ." (1969, Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 25: "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; "My Man Godfrey" (1936, Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "My Favorite Brunette" (1947, Elliott Nugent), with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.
Dec. 26: "Jungle Book" (1942, Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932, King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.
Dec. 27: "The Scar" (1948, Steve Sekely), with Joan Bennett and Paul Henreid; "Trapped" (1949, Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges; and "Port of New York" (1950, Laslo Benedek), with Scott Brady and K. T. Stevens.
Dec. 28: "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand; and "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Dec. 29-30: "Fantastic Planet" (1973, René Laloux; in French), a French-Czech animated science-fiction film; "Testament of Orpheus" (1962, Jean Cocteau; in French); and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930, Cocteau in French).
Dec. 31: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986 Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saee Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Danie Day-Lewis; and "Cry, the Beloved Country" (1952, Zoltán Korda) with Canad Lee, Charles Carson, and Sidney Poitier.
Jan. 1-2: "Diva" (1981, Jean-Jacque Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "To Be Crook" (1967, Claude Lelouch; in French).
From Jan. 3: "The Wizard of Oz" (†); an "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944, Vincent Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margare O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 26: "It Happened One Night" (1934, Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Rosco Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentiet Century" (1934, Howard Hawks), wit John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, an Ralph Forbes.
Dec. 27: "Deception" (1946, Irving Rapper) with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, an Claude Rains; and "Beyond the Forest" (†).
Dec. 28: "Amarcord" (1974, Federico Fellini in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Dec. 29-30: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Awful Truth" (†); and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Jan. 2: "The Burmese Harp" (1956, Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "The Makioka Sisters" (1983, Ichikawa; in Japanese).
Jan. 3: "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey; and "Queen Bee" (1955, Ranald MacDougall), with Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Dec. 26 at noon: "The Pirate" (1948), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 3: "Brigadoon" (1954), with Kelly, Cyd Charisse, and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Kismet" (1955), with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, and Dolores Gray. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at noon: "An American in Paris" (1951), with Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Georges Guetary. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "Gigi" (1958), with Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970), with Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at noon: "The Band Wagon" (1953), with Fred Astaire, Charisse, and Nanette Fabray. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960), with Judy Holliday, Dean Martin, and Eddie Foy, Jr. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6 and Dec. 30 at noon: "Gigi." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3: "Brigadoon." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Bells Are Ringing." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Father of the Bride" (1950), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Jan 1 at 6: "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), with Tracy, Taylor, and Bennett. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), with Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, and Marjorie Main. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "Designing Woman" (1957), with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Gray. **Theatre 2:** Dec. 26 at 3: "Nanook of the North" (1922, Robert Flaherty), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "The Viking" (1931, George Melford), with Charles Starrett, Captain Bob Bartlett, and Louise Huntington. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3 and 6: "Born Again: Life in a Fundamentalist Baptist Church" (1987, James Ault and Michael Camerini), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "The Silent Enemy" (1930, H. P. Carver), with Chief Yellow Robe, Chief Long Lance, and Chief Akawansh. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "Nanook of the North." . . . ¶ Dec. 30-31 at noon: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird"

(1985), with Jim Henson's Sesame Street Muppets, Sandra Bernhard, John Candy, and Chevy Chase.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Dec. 26-30: John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samara" (1953, NBC), with Robert Montgomery, Edward Binns, and Margaret Hayes. . . . From Jan. 2: John Cheever's "O Youth and Beauty" (1979, PBS), with Michael Murphy, Kathryn Walker, Sigourney Weaver, and Edward Herrmann. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Dec. 26-30: An episode each from "Do Not Adjust Your Stockings" and "Ripping Yarns: 'Roger of the Raj.' " . . . From Jan. 2: "Monty Python's Fliegende Zirkus" (1973). Two specials made for West German television; the English-language special will be shown in its entirety; two segments of the German-language special will be shown, one in German, one dubbed in English. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre: Six different programs of animated short films by Bob Clampett. Dec. 27-29 at 2:30; Dec. 30 at 1, 3, and 4:30; Dec. 31 at noon and 1:30; and Jan. 3 at 2:30.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Dec. 26 at 1:30: "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1973, Jon Jost). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 3:30: "That's Entertainment!" (1974, Jack Haley, Jr.). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Silent Movie" (1976, Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, and Dom DeLuise. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at noon: "Phantom of the Opera" (1974, Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, and Gerrit Graham. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974, Paul Morrissey). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at noon: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer" (1975, Thom Andersen) and three short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "The Day of the Locust" (1975, John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, William Atherton, and Karen Black. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at noon: "Hearts of the West" (1975, Howard Zieff), with Jeff Bridges, Alan Arkin, Andy Griffith, and Blythe Danner. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Inserts" (1976, John Byrum), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jessica Harper, and Veronica Cartwright. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at noon: "Towards a New World Information Order" (1980), "The Marshall Klugman Show" (1979, Mitchell Kriegman), and "The Amarillo News Tapes" (1980, Chip Lord, Doug Hall, and Jody Procter). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "SCTV Network" and "Nightline." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 1: "Pick Up Your Feet: The Double Dutch Show" (1981, Ship Blumberg) and six other short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 3:30: The United States vs. U.S.S.R. Olympic Hockey Game at the XIII Winter Olympic Games, in 1980; and the première episode of "MTV" (1981). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 1:30: "Third Avenue: Only the Strong Survive" (1980, Jon Alpert and Keiko Tsuno). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 3:30: "Casual Shopper" (1981, Judith Barry) and three other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "CBS Reports: The Uncounted Enemy, A Vietnam Deception" (1982). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: An episode of "Dynasty." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: An episode of "St. Elsewhere" and a videotape of the attempted assassination of President Reagan (1981).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Dec. 28-30 at 8 and 10: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Sempel; in German), with Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeld, and Nina Hagen. Sempel, Cave, and Bargeld will be present on Dec. 28 at 8.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Dec. 26 at 1 and 4:30: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "Sounder" (1972, Martin Ritt), with Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Carmen Matthews. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6:30: "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (1989, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Wayans, Bernie Casey, Antonio Fargas, Isaac Hayes, Jim Brown, and Janet DuBois; "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee); and "Hollywood Shuffle" (1987, Robert Townsend), with Townsend and Wayans. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 1 and 4:10: "Carmen Jones" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Dorothy Dandridge, Pearl Bailey, and Harry Belafonte; and "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew Stone), with Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, and Cab Calloway. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 7:30: "The Education of Sonny Carson"; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads"; "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, St. Clair Bourne); and "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Lee), with Tracy Camilia John, Tommie Hicks, Lee, and John Canada Terrell. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 1, 3:15, and 5:30: "Porgy and Bess" (1959, Otto Preminger), with Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Sammy Davis, Jr., Pearl Bailey, Brock Peters, and Diahann Carroll. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "The True History of Rock 'n Roll," a three-hour film program, with a seminar conducted by Abiola Sinclair.

IN BRIEF

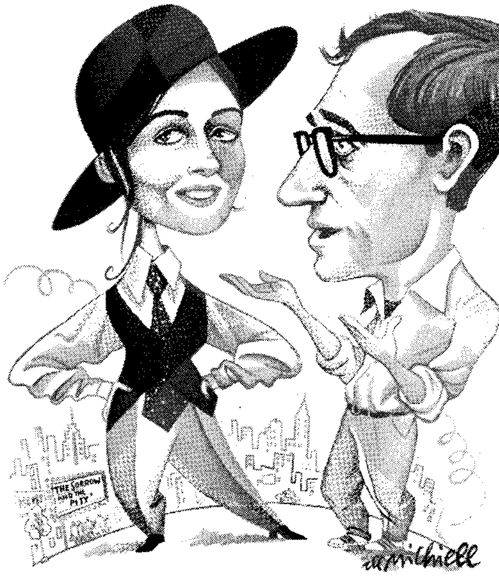
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, Penelope Gilliatt, and William Murray.)

And the Ship Sails On (1983)—First presented at the Venice Film Festival, the picture aroused in Italy exactly the sort of heated critical controversy that has raged around Fellini's work ever since "La Dolce Vita," the first of his films to adopt a larger-than-life approach to his material. The basic plot is simplicity itself. The year is 1914, at the time of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation. The trip by sea toward a mysterious destination, the variety of people and creatures on board, the juxtaposition of rich and poor, the cargo of ashes, many of the conversations and happenings, the name of the vessel itself (for Gloria N., read "*gloria nazionale*")—all set themselves up for facile critical analysis and explanation. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. *In Italian.*—W.M. (Cinema Village; Dec. 31.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton.—P.G. (Cinema Village; Dec. 29-30.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 with the shamefaced title "Let's Do It Again.")—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)


THE SORROW AND THE PITY

Diane Keaton and Woody Allen in "Annie Hall"

Back to the Future Part II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/11/89.) (Manhattan Twin, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin.)

The Bear—This French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pictures that Hollywood turned out in the silent era is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch. A whimpering orphaned bear cub tries to attach himself to a huge male bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threats, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells, and our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then tried to get animals to act out the parts of the story that couldn't be faked; they fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that never quite covers up the gaps. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. Set in British Columbia in 1885; shot in the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. Based on James Oliver Curwood's 1916 novel "The Grizzly King."—P.K. (11/13/89) (Criterion Center.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner's music cues her every stormy mood.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Biograph Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Blaze—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. With Robert Wuhl, Jerry Hardin, Gailard Sartain, Jeffrey DeMunn, Garland Bunting, and, in one scene, the real Blaze Starr.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Corn Is Green (1945)—Bette Davis was only thirty-six when she played Miss Moffat, the aging spinster schoolteacher of Emlyn Williams' play. (Ethel Barrymore had done it on the stage here, Sybil Thorndike in England.) Lacking the moral authority of age and the solidity, Davis substituted an air of pedantic refinement that is too thin-spirited for the material. The film lingers in the memory anyway. It's on the side of all our angels: education, liberalism, generosity of spirit—and in an emotionally affecting way. Miss Moffat, an Englishwoman, comes to teach school in an illiterate Welsh mining town in 1890, and discovers that one of her students, a young miner (John Dall), has unusual promise—genius, perhaps. It's a shame that the miner is importuned to become the savior of his country; it's also very apparent that Hollywood isn't Wales. But the director, Irving Rapper, rose to the occasion, and the supporting players—Joan Lorring, Rosalind Ivan, Rhys Williams, Nigel Bruce, Arthur Shields, Mildred Dunnock—have stronger personalities than in most Davis films. Adapted by Casey Robinson and Frank Cavett; music by Max Steiner.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 29-30.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews Tower East, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life: he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh. Based on the William Wharton novel.—P.K. (11/13/89) (Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. Evenings only.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone. Cinematography by Peter James.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Theatre 80 St. Marks offers a bookend look at the prime of Audrey Hepburn when it pairs "Roman Holiday" and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" Dec. 29-30. In 1953, the ads for "Roman Holiday" dubbed Audrey Hepburn "the screen's most adorable new star." But "adorable" doesn't capture the wit and winsomeness that made her a hit when she played a princess who slips her leash during a visit to Rome. At the opening royal reception, she girlishly scratches her leg and loses her shoe under her gown; at the climactic press conference, she pulls off a womanly farewell to Gregory Peck, an American newsman who's befriended her. In between, Hepburn unveils the maturing of a princess—and the blossoming of an actress—with a bounty of spontaneous humor and emotion.

The centerpiece of "Roman Holiday" is a day the princess spends with Peck doing whatever she wants; in 1961's "Breakfast at Tiffany's," a flaky but self-assured Hepburn leads George Peppard (a struggling writer) on a similar day off in Manhattan. As brought to the screen by director Blake Edwards, screenwriter George Axelrod, and Hepburn, Truman Capote's gold-digging Holly Golightly is little more than a lovable "kook" with a tragic past. But her glamorous, metropolitan silliness hit a responsive chord in the loosening climate of Camelot. Months after the film's release, girls from grade to grad school put down guys with Golightly phrases like "quel beast"—a tribute to Hepburn's elfin delivery. Hepburn also introduced the song "Moon River," which swiftly became the slow dance of choice at platter parties, proms, and sock hops.

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The cinematography is by Fred Murphy; the script is by Roger L. Simon and the director. The soundtrack features a klezmer band.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Gotham Cinema.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a Grand Guignol melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star was Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 2-3.)

June Bride (1948)—One of those straining-to-be-bright forties comedies in which the super-competent career woman (in this case Bette Davis, as the editor of a woman's magazine called *Home Life*) behaves like a prison matron and battles with a male (Robert Montgomery, as her assistant and former lover) before succumbing to him and giving up her job. In this one, the wrangling pair are covering a wedding in Indiana. Montgomery wears his hat brim turned up to show he's a reporter and keeps snapping off electric lights to put Davis in a soft, loving mood; one couldn't guess from this performance that a few years earlier he had been the best romantic comedian on the screen. One couldn't guess that Davis had much stature, either. The director, Bretaigne Windust, keeps the dialogue tight and stagy. Ranald MacDougall adapted the play "Feature for June," by June Tighe and Graeme Lorimer. With Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Barbara Bates, Tom Tully, and, in a small part, Debbie Reynolds.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and West Side Cinema.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema Studio.)

Sidewalk Stories—This low-budget first feature by Charles Lane—he's the writer, producer, director, and star—is a sweet-natured fable about homelessness in New York City. Lane plays a young sidewalk portrait artist who rescues a two-year-old girl (Nicole Alysia) after her father has been killed in a fight; the story is no more than a serviceable frame for a series of vignettes about the rigors of life on the street. Very consciously, the film evokes Chaplin: it's shot in black and white; there's no dialogue (until the last three or four minutes); Lane's character is resourceful, tenderhearted, and small (in one scene, he's menaced by a gigantic rival artist played by Tom Hoover, who was once a center for the Knicks); and the humor is of the universal variety, tending toward poignancy. Lane's not inventive enough, though—the comic adventures of the artist and the kid don't have the surprise of specific observation, and the absence of dialogue has the unfortunate effect of making all the characters seem a little simpleminded. The movie is never as bad as you fear it's going to be—Lane keeps the action brisk and lively—but you're always aware that it's a bit of a stunt. Also with Sandye Wilson.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience. With Annette Bening as the Marquise, Meg Tilly as Mme. de Tourvel, Fairuza Balk as Cécile, Fabia Drake as Valmont's aunt, and Jeffrey Jones, Henry Thomas, Aleta Mitchell, and Sian Phillips. The costumes were designed by Theodor Pištek.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Metro Cinema.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. Directed by Victor Fleming.—P.K. (Thalia So-Ho; starting Jan. 3.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop-art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and saving them from the Blue Meanies by using the weapons of love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). The bright-colored animation is so blatantly derivative that it's an amusing catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. One sequence—the dancing couple for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"—is a stunning use of stylized human figures, an apotheosis of Rogers and Astaire. Directed by George Dunning; the chief designer was Heinz Edelmann.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Jan. 1-2.)

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SAAB

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

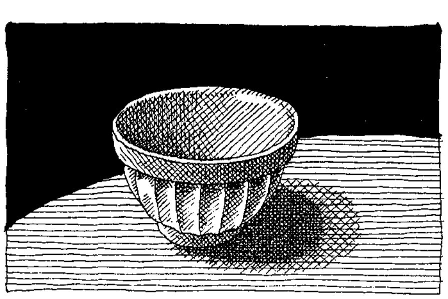
Notes and Comment

THE winding down of the Cold War is a truly joyous occasion. Conceiving of a world without the Cold War, however, can be difficult—particularly, it seems, for politicians. Congressman Bob Forehead, of Mark Alan Stamaty's comic strip, "Washingtoon," has had such trouble that a few weeks ago his wife, Ginger, took him to see a "perestroichiatrist," who told her, "The fading of the Cold War has left a terrible void inside him. He'll need a lot of care until he finds a new enemy."

Lately, many of our politicians and public officials seem to have found a new enemy to fill the void in their lives: drugs—not, admittedly, a foe as fearsome as the Soviet nuclear arsenal but a good multipurpose threat all the same. Drugs are ubiquitous, seductive, and usually bad for your health, and are popularly associated with criminals and other unsavory types. Drugs lend themselves, moreover, to dramatic presentation. They have spawned, in seemingly no time at all, an entire genre of television (we recently heard a new program being touted as "*not* just another drug-bust program"), in which the drug world is aggressively glamorized by rapid-fire images of cash, guns, cocaine, jewelry, and prostitutes in short skirts (all served up over hard-driving rock and roll), and then is just as aggressively condemned by images of the police smashing down doors and roughly arresting anyone they find on the other side.

This sort of high-volume hysteria resonates and intensifies between the converging spheres of entertainment and news, and it has begun to fill our public life. The governor of Maryland recently proposed harsh new punishments for drug users, saying, "This is more serious than the Vietnam War, it really is." A district-court judge in Los Angeles last month sentenced a twenty-two-year-old man convicted of selling five ounces of cocaine to life in prison without possibility of parole. In his remarks from the bench the judge actually called the defendant "the enemy." In fact, the symmetry between the subsidence of the Cold War and the escalation of the Drug War is eerie. On the same day that the *Times* reported a Pentagon proposal to ground an airborne nuclear command post (a proposal later rejected by President Bush), it reported, in another story, a Pentagon proposal to send special American military units into foreign countries to capture suspected drug dealers. And less than a week later President Bush gave new meaning to the term "drug war" by sending twenty thousand men backed by warplanes and attack helicopters into Panama in order to topple the government of Manuel Noriega, who was indicted in Miami in 1988 for drug trafficking, and, in the President's words, "bring General Noriega to justice in the United States."

The drug wars are not a phantasm, not merely a political convenience, as the residents of Bogotá and southeast Washington, D.C., know. The drug issue is, however, a sort of all-terrain vehicle, on which politicians may travel in many different directions. Who knows, for instance, what ends President Bush was pursuing when, last November, he announced the creation of a Presidential Drug Advisory Council with an oil-and-gas investor from Dallas as its chairman and Tom Landry, the former coach of the Dallas Cowboys, as one of its members? Seizing the issue with somewhat clearer purpose, Fidel Castro last summer charged a leading Cuban general with drug trafficking and, in what gave every appearance of being a show trial staged to enhance Mr. Castro's power, saw his longtime comrade convicted of treason, sentenced, and put to death. Here at home, William Bennett, our anti-drug chief, has spoken approvingly of beheading drug dealers, wants to build hundreds of new prisons, and calls for "a massive wave of arrests." Mr. Bennett, who is nominally a policy director, travels the country beating the war drum and questioning the courage of anyone—and especially any "liberal intellectual"—who doubts the wisdom of his campaign. His followers in the press help identify "shirkers" and "slackers" in the drug wars. Robert Novak and Rowland Evans, in a recent column, celebrated the steeliness of a ten-year-old boy in New Hampshire who, when Mr. Bennett asked him what should be done with drug dealers, said, "They should all be executed." On the political uses of the drug issue Mr. Bennett and Mr. Castro would no doubt understand each other perfectly.


Le-Tan

Still, drug policy *is* a political issue, in the sense that political leaders must make policies that they can sell to their constituencies. More than just a practical approach to a problem, drug policy is an expression of a political culture. Thus, authoritarian governments favor punitive policies, despite their generally poor results. Iran is reported to have executed hundreds of alleged offenders; Malaysia, a more easily observed case, has hanged eighty-one over the past few years. In neither country has the problem receded; indeed, in Malaysia the addiction rate has continued to rise. Meanwhile, the Dutch government, with its liberal social and political philosophy, tolerates drug use, and the local addiction rate is declining. Mr. Bush has frequently sworn to eliminate illegal drug use in this country. Since pursuing that goal to its logical conclusion would require, at the very least, martial law, we should perhaps be thankful that his vow seems to carry so little weight.

It is true, however, that the concern for our civil liberties which the current war on drugs arouses is, from the perspective of our inner cities, a luxury. The United States is not Holland. In many American communities, abandoned by the national economy and left to the ravages of drug capitalism, the quality of everyday life has sunk to unspeakably low levels. These communities have little political power—they contain no big campaign contributors. Even as the country's attention turns to the "peace dividend" that the end of the Cold War is expected to provide, our inner cities are finding their cries for help drowned out. President Bush, on a recent trip to raise funds for Republican candidates in the 1990 congressional elections, stopped off in a poor black neighborhood in Houston. He hugged a local anti-drug activist for the television cameras, and he compared the anti-drug efforts of the neighborhood's residents with the struggles of Eastern Europeans for democracy. But, according to the *Times*, he told the residents that his Administration "could not provide much more money" to their struggle against drugs. "It's not a federal problem for which there is a federal solution," he said. After the President's helicopter left (carrying him—and William Bennett—away to the Astrodome for what Lee Atwater, the Republican National Committee chairman, called "the largest political fund-raiser in history"), Beulah Shepard, a community organizer, told reporters, "I'm too old for a pat on the back to mean very much. We wouldn't have the drug problems we have now if our kids had jobs. It wa exciting to have him out here, but th President didn't make any commitmen to our community." The President' comparison of Ms. Shepard and he neighbors with the people of Easter Europe suddenly seemed rather fitting. Both groups have had to struggle against hopelessness while thei governments looked in some othe direction.

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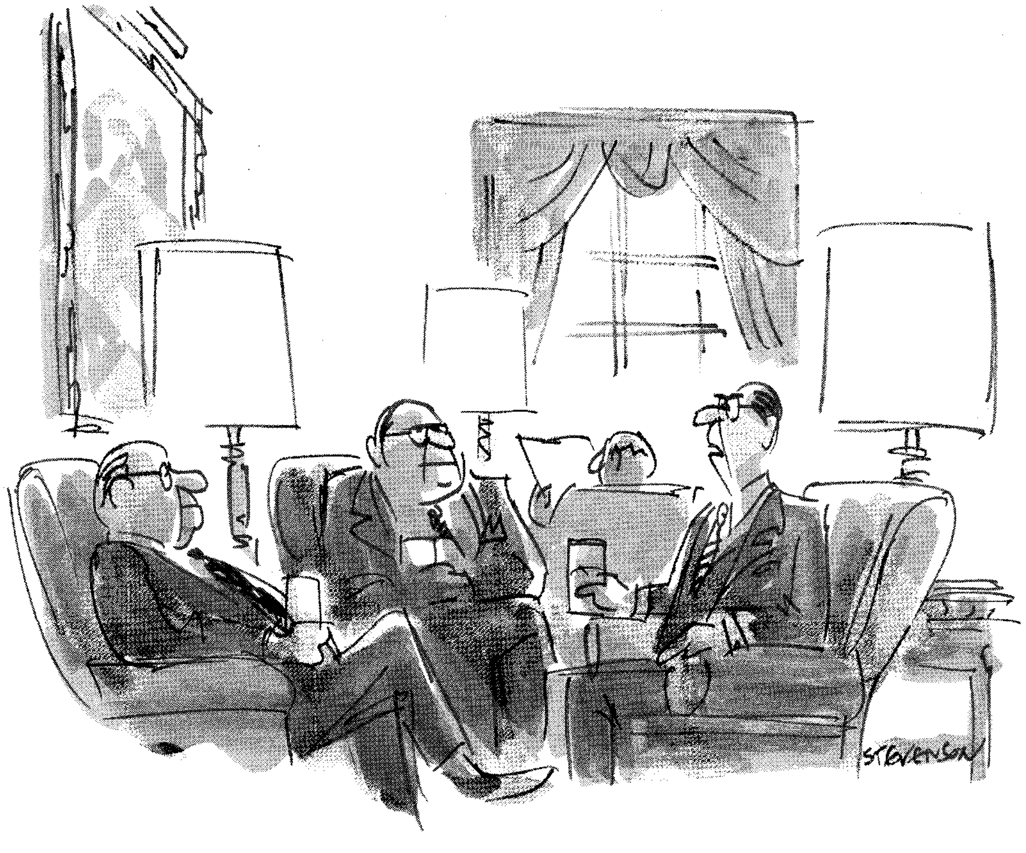
Crocker

WE didn't realize how much we' been missing "Moody's Mood' until Frankie Crocker came back t town. "Moody's Mood" is the jaz saxophonist James Moody's signatur tune, a love-crazy scat whose word tumble over one another and crow each other's heels. It's a song that ha the power to make us feel unaccountably happy, and every night for all th years Frankie Crocker was the top d.j on WBLS—which is to say the to black d.j. in town—he closed hi broadcast with that record. Withou ever trying to, we learned the lyrics b heart ("There I go, There I go There I go, Pretty baby, you ar the soul who snaps my control") But then Frankie Crocker qui New York, taking James Mood with him, and the tune slipped from our mind.

Last month, we spun the dial to the northern reaches, fetched up at 107.5, and found ourself listening to Frankie Crocke again. There was no mistaking him: the unctuous, loverman baritone and the rhyming patter were intact. "If you're down and you've got the blues, you know what?" Frankie was saying. "Tell your lady, 'If you're going to walk all over me, at least take off your shoes.' " It was vintage Frankie, pure as lard.

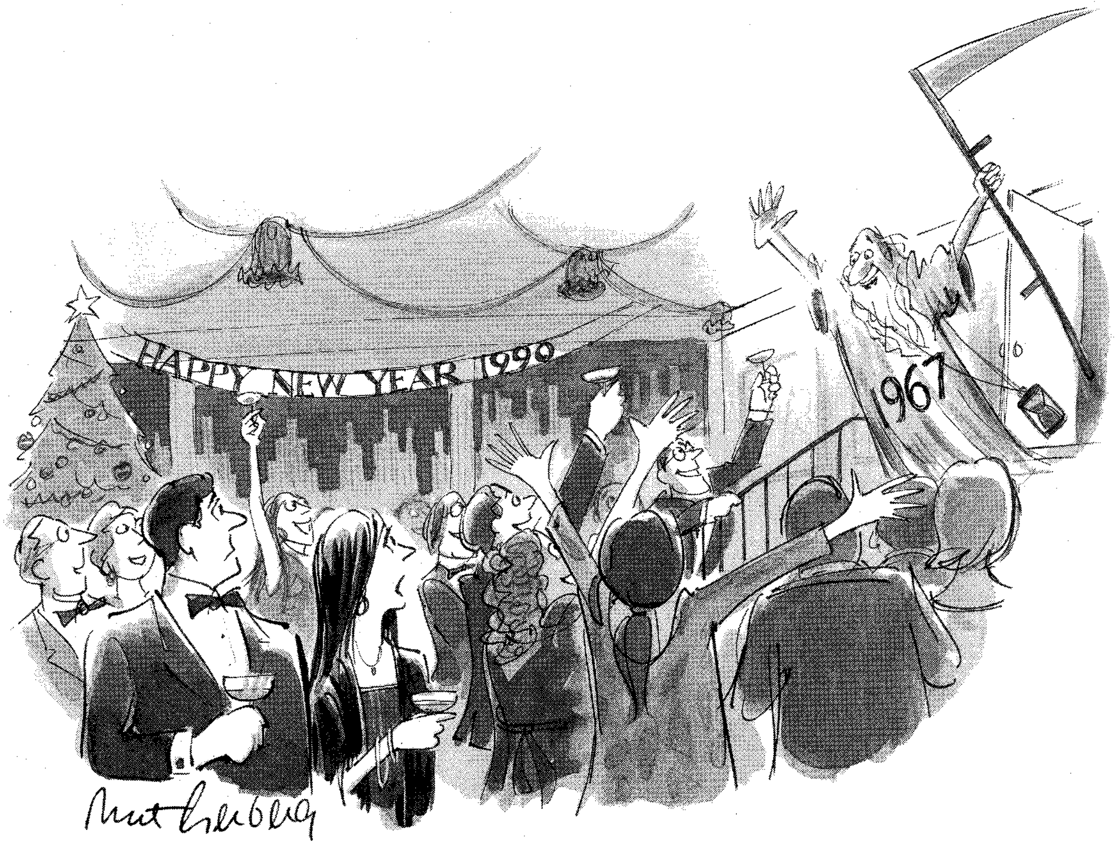
Frankie Crocker's local heyday was probably around 1975. Before that, he was a d.j. on WZUM, in Pittsburgh; on WWRL, in New York; on KGFJ, in Los Angeles; and on WMCA until it went talk. He referred to himself as Black Satin—"because I'm black and smooth," he said—until he got his own show on WBLS, and



"I haven't changed my views. I just hadn't anticipated that Dan Quayle would become my spokesman."

then he began calling himself Frankie Hollywood Crocker instead. He actually comes from Buffalo. Still, the new nickname suited Frankie Crocker's style, because it made you think of some slick, sophisticated, but slightly hokey dude. He felt that it made the producers of one blaxploitation movie think so far along those lines that they modelled their lead character on Frankie Crocker, and he filed a suit.

Unlike many d.j.s, Frankie Crocker looked like his voice. In 1975, he was a tall, dark-skinned man of about thirty, with high cheekbones and a narrow nose, which he insisted no surgeon had ever chiselled. He wore his hair processed into wavelets, which he kept long and flowing, although not as long and flowing as the tresses of Barry White or Nick Ashford—or, for that matter, Buffalo Bill Cody. He also favored Italian trousers with wide legs, and Gucci loafers, and a gold Tank watch from Cartier. He was muscular in a taut, flat-bellied way, and he once had himself photographed nude and sent the picture to newspapers and to people in the music business. His hands were strategically folded across the unpublishable parts.



"So the rumors are true—1967 is making a comeback."

• •

Frankie Crocker's act hasn't changed much over time. Neither have the musical instincts that made his show a four-o'clock-until-eight-o'clock landmark on the dial. Whenever Frankie Crocker isn't pouring love syrup over the microphone, he is playing fine music. He is, as he recently said, "an old-fashioned, eclectic kind of d.j.," and gives you the impression that he secretly spends his off-hours burrowing through the archives of black popular music. He makes his own playlists (for a while, in the mid-seventies, he had local payola investigators listening in) and draws a following whose tastes are in synch with his. A typical Frankie Crocker broadcast has the latest dance hits, but it also invariably includes a Billie Holiday rarity or a Bobby (Blue) Bland blues or a sanctified wail by the Reverend Shirley Caesar or some of George Clinton's bountiful funk.

One recent evening, we tuned in to the part of the show Frankie calls the "Evening Bath" and heard a string of killers right in a row. They included Tito Nieves's salsa hit "I'll Always Love You," a club remix of Soul II Soul's "Back to Life," Inner City's cover of Stephanie Mills' "Whatcha Gonna Do with My Lovin'," Foxy Brown's reggae version of Tracy Chapman's "Baby Can I Hold You," Heavy D. & the Boyz' lovelorn rap "Somebody for Me," a churchy tune called "Go," by Bernard Sterling, and Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald's duet of "Isn't It a Lovely Day." Frankie then played a slow grind called "Whip Appeal" and, when the singer pleaded for a love-whupping, pleaded right along. He also said, "The mind is a very powerful thing. Wherever you want to go, it can take you there." Before announcing that it was time to sign off, Frankie signalled his departure with the same words we'd heard a thousand times, and we experienced a time-warp feeling that ran a chill up our spine. "It's been real and you've been regular," he said. "May each of you live to one hundred and me to one hundred, but minus a day, so I'll never know nice people like you have passed away." A cyclone of violins swept up then to announce the beginning of "Moody's Mood."

When we telephoned Frankie Crocker during his show the following evening, to congratulate him on his return, we also asked what brought him back. Actually, we posed the question to Frankie's assistant, who must have passed it along, because shortly afterward we heard Frankie say over the air, with his old varnished sincerity, "I came back to New York radio because I believe in avoiding the rash of radio negativity. I want to give exposure to the talent that's out there and to the great forms that never get played on the stations, because they're busy giving airtime to the top thirty cutesy-cute stars. You know who I'm talking about: the mediocres in the business—the people I call the moles." It's just as likely that Frankie returned because black radio has been, to use the rap phrase, "illing." WBLS once held the No. 1 spot in Frankie Crocker's time slot; recently, it had sunk as low as eighth. Frankie Crocker was probably airlifted here from Los Angeles, where he'd been working, to doctor the ratings back to health. But if he wants to make it seem like a holy mission that's just fine.

Prosperity

A CEREMONY was held in Queens the other morning to celebrate the opening of the new Citicorp building, the tallest building between Jackson Avenue and Boston. The event, which was attended by Mayor Koch and Mayor-elect Dinkins, took place on the fiftieth floor, in a room whose outer walls were windows. The blinds were drawn. Within the room, people stood so close together that when they shook hands they extended their hands toward each other like flippers. Many of the guests were bankers, and cast glances left, right, and behind them before saying things like "The deal fell through—I'm going out on my own." Many of the rest were local politicians, of whom there appeared to be two kinds: guys who probably knew Jimmy Breslin and guys who probably didn't. They said, "What the hell," "It's about New York City," "Great suit," "Hey, Bob . . . Bob?," and "I think you should stand by his side."

The room was illuminated by television lights, which made people's faces appear polished and the people themselves perhaps more important in the life of the city than they are. A number of photographers stood around with their hands in their pockets and stared at the floor. From time to time, one or another would abruptly raise his camera and take a picture, as if he had suddenly remembered what he was there for.

When Mayor Koch arrived, he strode to a small space that had been cleared for him in the front of the room. A man told him, "You're looking well," and Mayor Koch said, "I have no cares, no worries, no responsibilities." Although there were perhaps two hundred people in the room, most of them talking, guests who were standing some distance from the Mayor were able to hear his remarks above everyone else's, because his voice occupies a register by itself. After a moment, the Mayor moved to a position behind the lectern and waited to be called to speak. He put his hands behind him and leaned against the wall. He stared at the floor. When David Dinkins arrived, and walked, with his aides, to a spot a few feet away, the Mayor raised his eyes, cut them to the right, took in the Mayor-elect, did a double take, looked the Mayor-elect up and down, then stared ahead and began chewing his upper lip.

A red ribbon was cut. More pictures were taken. The blinds were raised. The view ran in all directions. The room seemed to be in the center of a spoked wheel. To the north—past the red brick tenements, the railroad yards, the runways at LaGuardia, and the East River—the Bronx dissolved into a haze; it looked like part of a painting that hasn't been finished. To the south the water in the Newtown Creek wa the color of a leaded mirror, reflecting the buildings and bridges along i as black, shimmery forms. The only detail in view was a painted sign on the side of a warehouse which said "SELF STORAGE ROOMS FOR RENT CALL 718 BIG KEY 1."

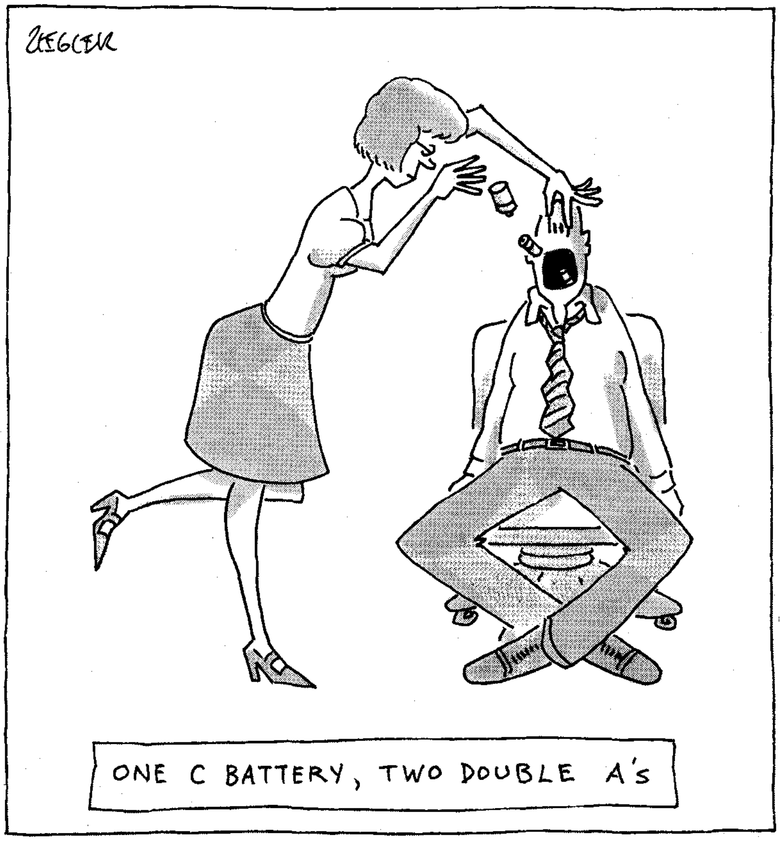
In a plaza on the ground floor, employees of the bank (three thousand o them work in the building) who had not been invited to the ceremony upstairs watched the speeches and the ribbon cutting on video screens. The bank had offered them a kind of street fair, a food-of-all-nations sort of thing. Six Mexican men wearing black suits and hats played mariach music. When they finished, they put down their instruments and removed their hats. Each then took a comb from his pocket and ran it through his hair.

Diapers

OUR friend Trish is a naturally inquisitive person who takes the gathering of information very seriously. When she had a baby, a few months ago, she began collecting data on disposable diapers, which everyone had told her were contributing to environmental catastrophe. At odd hours, she would call us up and recite statistics, gleaned mostly from *Time* and *Newsweek*. "Do you know," she asked ominously one morning, "that sixteen billion plastic diapers went into landfills last year and those diapers will just *sit* there for five hundred years?"

No, we said, and we asked if she intended to give up using Pampers.

"Every time I change my baby's diaper, I think I'm such a bad person," she said. "But then I think, This is so easy. Then I think, It's not so complicated to use cloth diapers—I should do it. Then I think,



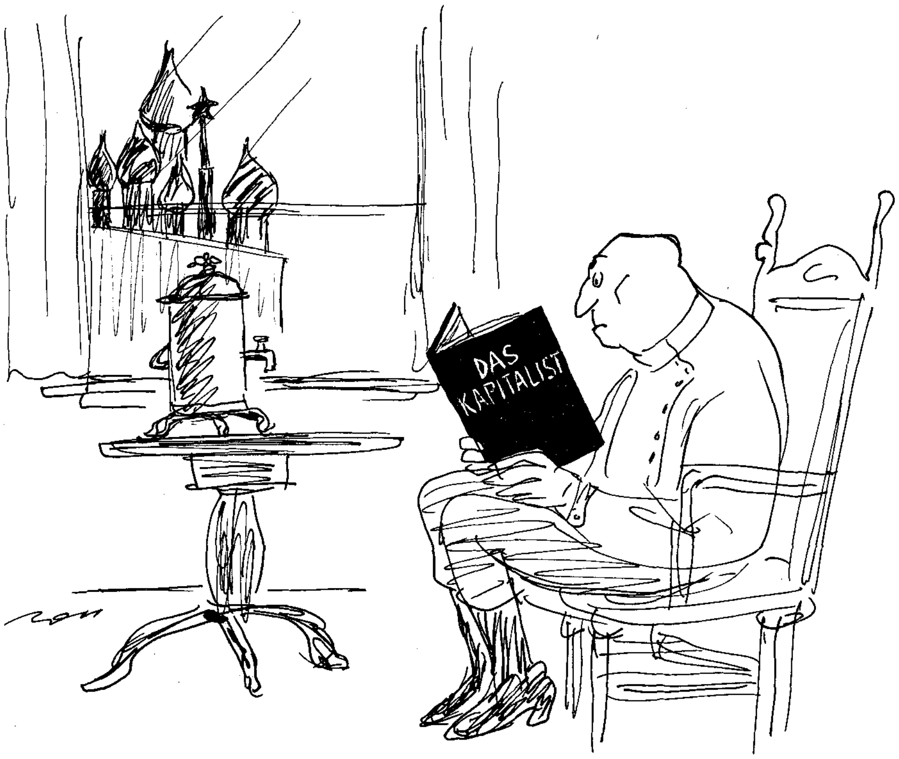
ONE C BATTERY, TWO DOUBLE A's

Oh, I use all these other plastic things in my life—plastic bags, plastic soda bottles. Why should I give up this plastic that makes my life so easy? And I think, This diaper thing is just another way to make women feel guilty."

A few days after we had that conversation with Trish, the editorialists at the *Times* managed to include in yet another complaint about the end of daylight-saving time a lament about the disappearance of diaper services. What is going on, we wondered. After some research, we found that there are only two diaper services left in Manhattan, and one of them is run out of Piscataway, New Jersey, by Jack Mogavero, a former diaper deliveryman, whose company, the General Health Care Corporation, delivers diapers in thirteen states. (The other, the Riteway Diaper Service, is based in Brooklyn.) In a serious voice Mr. Mogavero talked to us at length about "environmental concerns," and then he confided that business hadn't been this good in a long time—especially in Manhattan, where diaper deliveries were up forty per cent this year. "You should meet Tony Paratore, who makes our Manhattan deliveries," he added.

Tony the Diaper Man, which is how Tony Paratore usually identifies himself as he drops off one set of diapers and takes back another (sometimes he just barks "Diapers!" into the intercom), has been in the diaper business thirty-two years, and has been Manhattan's main diaper man for the last twelve. He picked us up one day at 7 A.M., in a white van with a decal of a baby dressed like a general, and took us on his route, which that morning covered some sixty-five stops on the East Side. The first stop was a building on Thirty-fourth Street. He double-parked, grabbed a twelve-pound plastic bag of eighty diapers, and urged us to follow him quickly. "Diaper man!" he shouted into the intercom, and was buzzed in. With us panting behind, he climbed to the fourth floor and found the customer's mother babysitting with her grandchild. "No diapers today," she said. "We have plenty left. Just take the used ones."

Tony shouldered a bag of dirty diapers and led the way back downstairs. "My favorite is when you go to a house at nine o'clock one week and come back at eight-thirty the next week and she says, 'You're late,' " he said. "They don't have any conception of time."



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"They," of course, are the customers, who, we found out, are usually dazed-looking women wearing bathrobes or sweatsuits, or half-dressed men who smile awkwardly at Tony as they stand in their doorways. Some customers just leave the keys; others prefer a more intimate relationship. Sometimes customers invite him in, kicking a path through the toys and small articles of clothing strewn around their living rooms. The previous day, Tony told us, a woman asked him in to show her how to fold a diaper. "I showed her a couple of ways," he said. "In this business, you can't be afraid to handle diapers."

At a midmorning stop, we met Maureen Miller, who was wearing a T-shirt and sweatpants and seemed eager to discuss the reason she had decided to use cloth diapers for her thirteen-month-old daughter, Meeghan. "The ecology," Ms. Miller said. "My husband and I both kind of knew we'd go for real diapers. It's nice not to have to carry those diapers home from the store. I double up the real diapers, so I calculate that they cost me a dollar-fifty more a week than disposables, but the convenience is worth it." She went on to say that she had become pregnant again four months ago, when Meeghan was nine months old. "I'm a C.P.A. and I worked for eleven years, so staying at home is a big change," she explained. "Then I thought I could handle more at home, so we decided to have another baby right away, to make more effective use of my time. But, to get back to the diapers, I have a sister who had her first child six or seven months ago in Seattle, and she tried real diapers, but her husband didn't want to work with them."

"Sometimes," Tony said, "they use the husbands . . ." He allowed the thought to drift.

Ms. Miller nodded. "That could be her excuse," she said.

"It's always an education," Tony said of diaper delivery many times during the rest of the morning. He also said that he hadn't expected to spend a lifetime in the diaper business, and that when, thirty-two years ago, he answered an ad for a deliveryman, sixty-eight dollars a week, he certainly hadn't thought he'd ever find himself in the ecological vanguard. Several years ago, he added, the company sent around an efficiency expert to give all the deliverymen aptitude tests. "You know what she told me?" he said, pulling another load of diapers from the back of the truck. "She told me, 'You're doing what you should be doing.' "

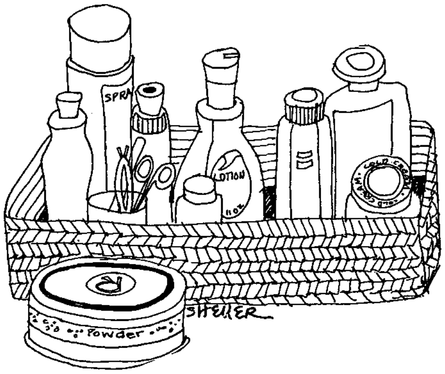
LANTERN SLIDES

“Machusla, Machusla, Machusla Macree . . .” Someone would sing that refrain before the night was over; a voice slightly drunk, or maybe very drunk, would send those trenchant lines to all the boisterous hearts who, by midnight, would not be nearly so suave or so self-possessed. At first it did not seem like a song that would be sung there, because this was a smart gathering in a select part of the outskirts of Dublin—full, as Mr. Conroy said, of the hoi polloi.

There were people from the world of politics, the world of theatre, the racing world, and the world of rock music. No rock stars were present, but a well-known manager of one group was there, and, as Mr. Conroy said, maybe one of his besequinned protégés would storm in later on. As Miss Lawless and Mr. Conroy squeezed into the big hall, she saw a melee of people, well togged, waiters wading about with trays and bottles, and, in a big limestone grate, a turf fire blazing. The surround was a bit lugubrious, like a grotto, but this impression was forgotten as the flames spread and swagged into brazen orange banners. In the sitting room, a further galaxy of people—all standing except for a few elderly ladies, who sat on a chintz-covered banquette in the middle of the room. Here, too, was a fire, and here the hum of voices that presaged an evening that would be lively, maybe even hectic. The waiters, mostly young men, moved like altar boys among the panting throngs, and so immense was the noise that people asked from time to time how this racket could be quelled, because quelled it would have to be when the moment came, when the summons for silence came.

Reflected in everything around were the signs of prosperity—hunting scenes in big gilt frames, low tables crammed with ornaments, porcelain boxes, veined eggs, and so forth—and the chandeliers seemed to be chattering, so dense and busy and clustered were the shining pendants of glass. The big flower arrangements were all identical—pink and red carnations, as if these were the only flowers to be found. Yet by looking through the window Miss Lawless could see that lilac was just beginning to sprout, and small white eggcups of blossom shivered on jet-black magnolia branches. It was a nippy evening.

Mr. Conroy, as he led her through the throng, beamed. He was the one who pressed her to come, rang up and asked if he might bring her. They had walked earlier that morning on Dollymount Strand, had left their footprints on the sand that Miss Lawless had described as being white as saltpeter. On the walk they had relived several moments of their past. Mr. Conroy had made her laugh and then almost reduced her to tears. She laughed as he described his love life, or, rather, his attempts at a love life—the coaxing and wooing of women, especially women who came up from the country and wanted a bit of an adventure. He spoke glowingly of racing women, who were always good sports. Then, in quieter tones, he talked of his first love, or, as he so gallantly put it, his first shared love, because, as he added, Miss Lawless was the other half of his heart's desire. Both Miss Lawless and a girl called Nicola had a claim on his heart, though neither of them ever knew it. Mr. Conroy, who worked in a hotel, said it was amazing, unbelievable altogether, the things that happened in a hotel, the little twists of fate, and he went on to describe how one day, returning from a weekend off, he was told there was a lady drinking heavily in Room No. 68. He chastised the barman, said didn't he know they didn't approve of female guests drinking in their rooms alone. What he had to do then was ring the housekeeper, and the two of them went up on the pretext that the room was going to be repapered shortly. Lo and behold, whom did he find but the sweetheart he had not laid eyes on for twenty years, who was now back in Dublin because her mother was dying, and who was, as he had to admit to Miss Lawless, blind drunk, her voice slurry and her face puffy.

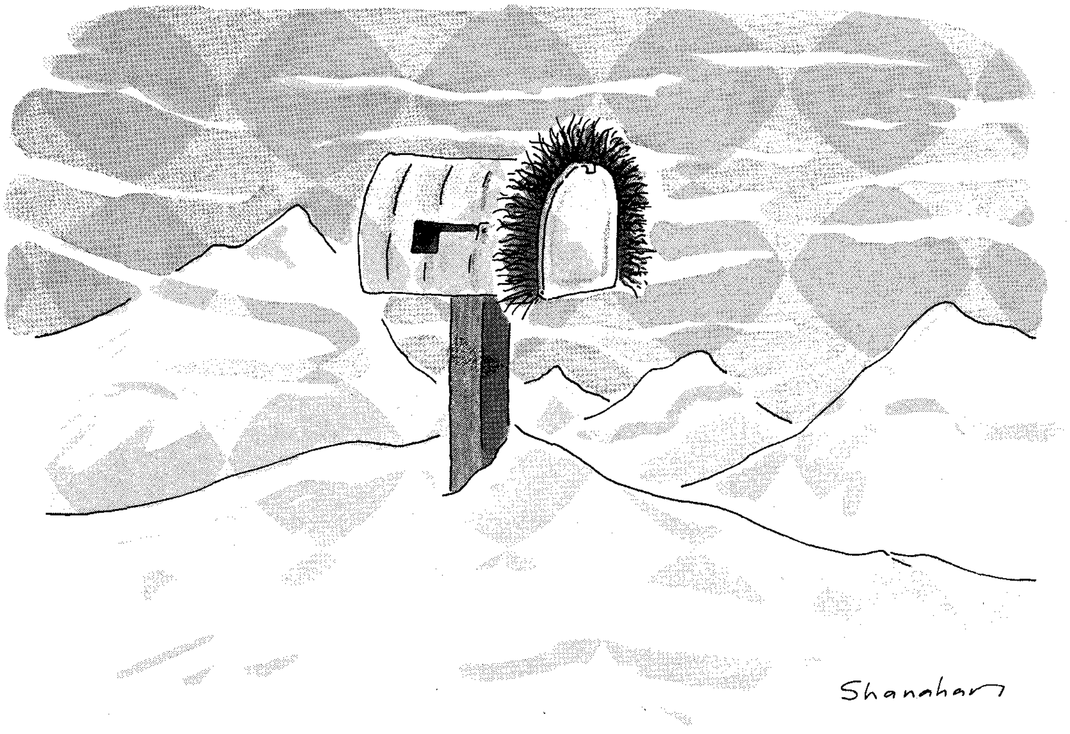


“And what did you do?” Miss Lawless asked.

“I kissed her, of course,” Mr. Conroy said proudly, and then he painted a picture of this girl as she once was, this model who wore hats and veils and always put her hand out when she was introduced and repeated the person's name in a coquettish voice. Every man in Dublin had loved her, but she married a banker and emigrated to South Africa. She had come home only for her mother's funeral, and while she was there had died herself. At her own funeral all her former friends from the fashion world and the entertainment world convened, and, like Mr. Conroy, they were desolated, bemoaning the untimely death of someone who had been so beautiful. Many made mention of her veils, and how she put an arm out when introduced to people and spoke in that unique voice, and all were shaken by the tragedy.

“We must commemorate her,” Mr. Conroy had said, and all those gathered, moved by drink and grief, repeated his words and echoed his sentiments. It was decided that Mr. Conroy would commission a bronze of Nicola to which they would all contribute. Alas, alas, when the bronze was delivered, months later, Mr. Conroy indeed paid for it but did not receive the promised donations. It was, as he said, on his own mantelpiece, for himself alone.

But that was morning and it was night now—heady, breathless night—and Miss Lawless felt that something thrilling would happen to her. She did not feel like the peevish Miss Lawless who had put her stockings on in the hotel bedroom and given a little hiss as she saw a ladder starting from her big toe; and she did not feel like the Miss Lawless who feared that her black dress was a little too dressy because of a horseshoe-shaped diamanté buckle on one side, doing nothing in particular, just brazenly calling attention to itself. She saw now that her dress was perfect and, if anything, she was underdressed. The room was a pageant of fashion, and the combined perfume of the ladies, along with the after-shave of the men, drowned out the smell of carnations—that is, if they had any smell, because, as Miss Lawless reminded herself, shop flowers were not fragrant anymore. Suddenly in her mind she saw old-fashioned climbing roses, their



ABOMINABLE SNOWMAIL

pink buds tight, compact, and herself getting on tiptoe to reach the branch in order to smell them, to devour them. This was followed by a flood of childhood evocations—a painted-cardboard doll's house with a little swivelled insert for a front door, which could be flicked open with a thumbnail; a biscuit barrel impregnated with the smell of ratafia essence; and a spoon with an enamelled picture of the Pope. Somehow the party had begun to trigger in her a host of things, memory upon memory, like hands placed on top of one another in a childhood game.

Meanwhile, coiffured and bejewelled, women looked around for the perfect spot in which to be seen, in which to appoint themselves, and their voices rose in a chorus of conjecture and alarm, repeating the selfsame remark: "What is she going to do? I mean, is Betty going to faint?" Some were affirming that she would faint—those who were her dearest friends adding that they would faint with her, so excruciating was the suspense. They vied with each other as to this orgy of proposed fainting, and Miss Lawless saw bodies heaped on the sumptuous carpet, some in trouser suits with jangles of bracelets, others in rah-rah skirts, their gauze frills, like the webbing of old-fashioned tea cozies, grazing their bare thighs, and still others in sedate, pleated costumes.

Mr. Conroy was engaged in a bit of banter with two other men. Dr. Fitz, a bachelor and long-standing friend of Betty's family, was assuring his two male companions that he had not put on weight because, like most modern men nowadays, he went to a gymnasium. Not only that, and he winked at Miss Lawless as he said this, but a good friend of his, a "widda," had a Jacuzzi, and he availed himself of that whenever he dropped by.

"Oh, the floozie with the Jacuzzi," Mr. Conroy said, implying that he knew the widow. He then said that his weight never altered, simply because he never altered his diet, having a grapefruit and a slice of toast in the morning, a salad at lunch, and a collation in the evening. He was one of the few people in the room who did not imbibe. Mr. Gogarty was younger than these two men, lived in London, but hopped back and forth, as he said, to recharge the batteries, and, of course, wouldn't have missed the party for anything, as Betty was an old friend of his. With a glint in his eye, Mr. Gogarty brought it to the attention of the two other men that the city they lived in was a very dirty city indeed. They did not blanch, knowing this was a preamble to some joke.

"Haven't we Ballsbridge?" he said, waiting for the gleam on their faces. "And haven't we Dollymount?" he said, with further relish, hesitating before throwing in Sandymount and Stillorgan. He went on to say that innocent people visited these haunts and never registered their bawdy associations.

"I believe there's a Carnal Way somewhere," Dr. Fitz said, not wanting to be lacking in a reply, and he pulled at the shirtsleeve of Bill the Barrow Boy, who stood nearby. Bill knew all these places from his early days selling oranges with his mother.

"She's here," "She's here," "She's here," voices said, and the urgent signal travelled back through the room. Lights were quenched, and those nearest the door kept calling back to those at the rear of the room to "for Christ's sake, shut up." Everyone waited, expecting to hear a little applause out in the hall, because it was those people that Betty would encounter first; in fact, the very first person Betty would encounter was the mime artist who had been hired for the occasion. There he was at the doorway, on this bright spring evening wearing a black suit—pale as a gargoyle, moving nothing but one red-painted eyebrow, which he wriggled to amuse the arrivals. Yes, Betty would see him first, and no doubt she would guess that a birthday celebration had been arranged in her absence. She had gone innocently to the races and had intended to come home and have supper in bed, but her friends and family had foxed her and devised this surprise party.

"False alarm!" someone shouted, and the crowd laughed and resumed drinking as the lights were put on again and the waiters were summoned more urgently than ever, for people reckoned there would be many more false alarms before the birthday girl showed up.

WHEN Betty did arrive, she took it totally in her stride, walked through the entryway, it seems winked at the waiters, and told one of the staff that the hall fire was smoking. Loud cheers hailed her as she came into the sitting room—a youngish-looking woman with short brown hair and sallow skin, wearing a coral suit and a coral necklace. She stood as an accomplished actress might, her hands reaching out to welcome a group that she certainly had not been expecting. She waited a moment before singling out any one person, but soon friends rushed to her, especially those women who had vowed that they would faint. People were kissing her, handing her presents, others were pulling her to be introduced to this one and that one, including Miss Lawless.

Mr. Conroy said to Miss Lawless that it was a good thing they had taken that walk by Dollymount in the morning, or otherwise he would never have thought of inviting her. She agreed. Seeing her after several years—a little aged, but still glowing—it occurred to Mr. Conroy that maybe there dwelt in some secret crevice of her heart a soft spot for him. He had seen her through love affairs. Once he had taken her to a fortune-teller on the north side of the city, saw her come out crying. Soon after, he had rung up a lover on her behalf, a married man, only to be told by the man's wife that he did not wish to come to the phone. He had had to report those uncompromising words to Miss Lawless. "He does not wish to come to the phone," he had to say, and then witnessed the hour or two of dementia that ensued. To others, she might seem composed, but he sensed that inside a storm raged and all those attachments lingered and burrowed in her.

SUDDENLY there was a loud call for dinner from the chief waiter, followed by cheers and whistles from waiters and guests alike. All were relieved. A few grumbled jokingly and blamed Betty for having taken so long to arrive. Mr. Gogarty asked where in heaven's name she could have been from the time the races ended until she got to her own house.

"Mum's the word," Dr. Fitz said, but the glint in his eye betrayed his indiscretion. He knew that she had met her husband and had gone with him as his wife to get the trophy that he had won.

The dining room was temptingly lit, and red garlands dipped from the ceiling in loops. The tables were covered with pink cloths and lit with pink candles, and all over the walls there were blown-up snapshots of Betty in a bathing suit and a choker. At the far end of the room there was a dais, where the orchestra already sat and was playing soft, muted music. Balloons floated in the air—blue, yellow, and silver orbs, moving with infinite hesitation. Miss Lawless was seated with the group she had already talked to, and Mr. Conroy introduced her to the remaining few whom she had not met. There were Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, a girl called Sinead, and Dot the Florist. There was also one empty place. Dot the Florist was wearing a pink cat suit, so tight-fitting that she seemed to be trussed. Mrs. Vaughan—Eileen, who was in a gray angora suit—made not the slightest attempt to be sociable. Mr. Conroy whispered to Miss Lawless that Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan had not spoken for over a year, but that nevertheless Mrs. Vaughan insisted on escorting him everywhere.

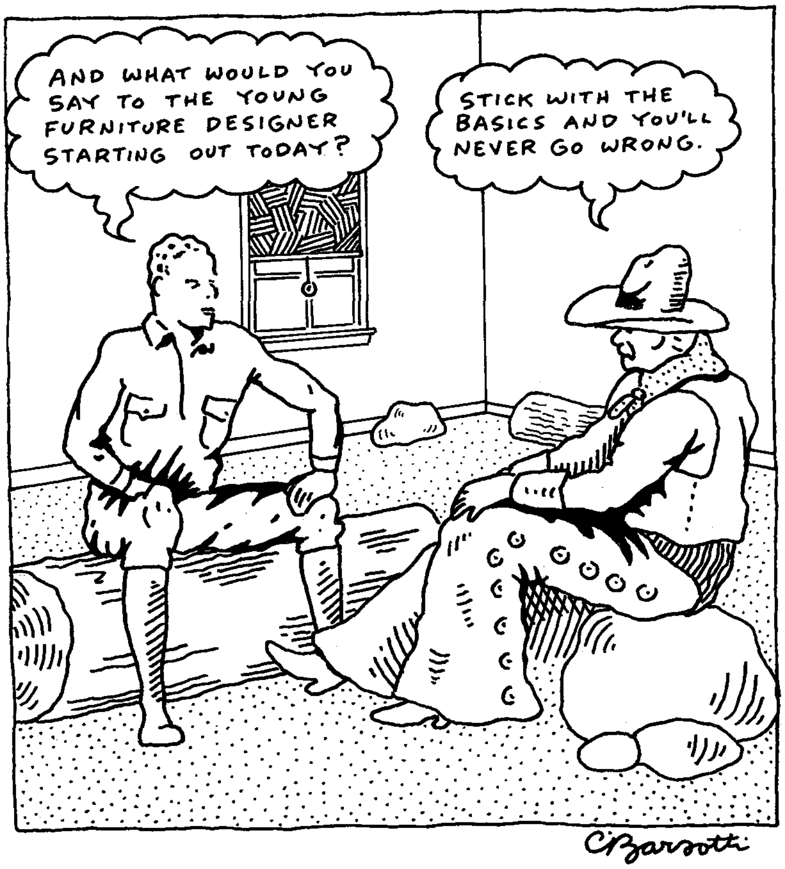
"Any windfalls?" Mr. Conroy called across, knowingly, to Mr. Vaughan. It was their code word for asking if Mrs. Vaughan had at all thawed. By his look, Mr. Vaughan seemed to be saying that hostilities were dire. Sinead, who was in a black strapless dress, told her fellow-guests, for no reason, that she was in mourning for her life.

"Cut out the histrionics, Sinead," Dr. Fitz said, and glowered at her. They were courting, but, as she was quick to tell the present company, he was full of moods. To his chagrin, Bill the Barrow Boy was not seated with his bride, Denise, a thing he could scarcely endure. He allowed himself a moment of misery as he thought of the one blot on their nuptial bliss: Denise did not want a child. Her figure mattered to her too much. "Later on" was what she said. Many's the time he slipped into the Carmelite chapel off Grafton Street and gave an offering for a votive candle to be lit.

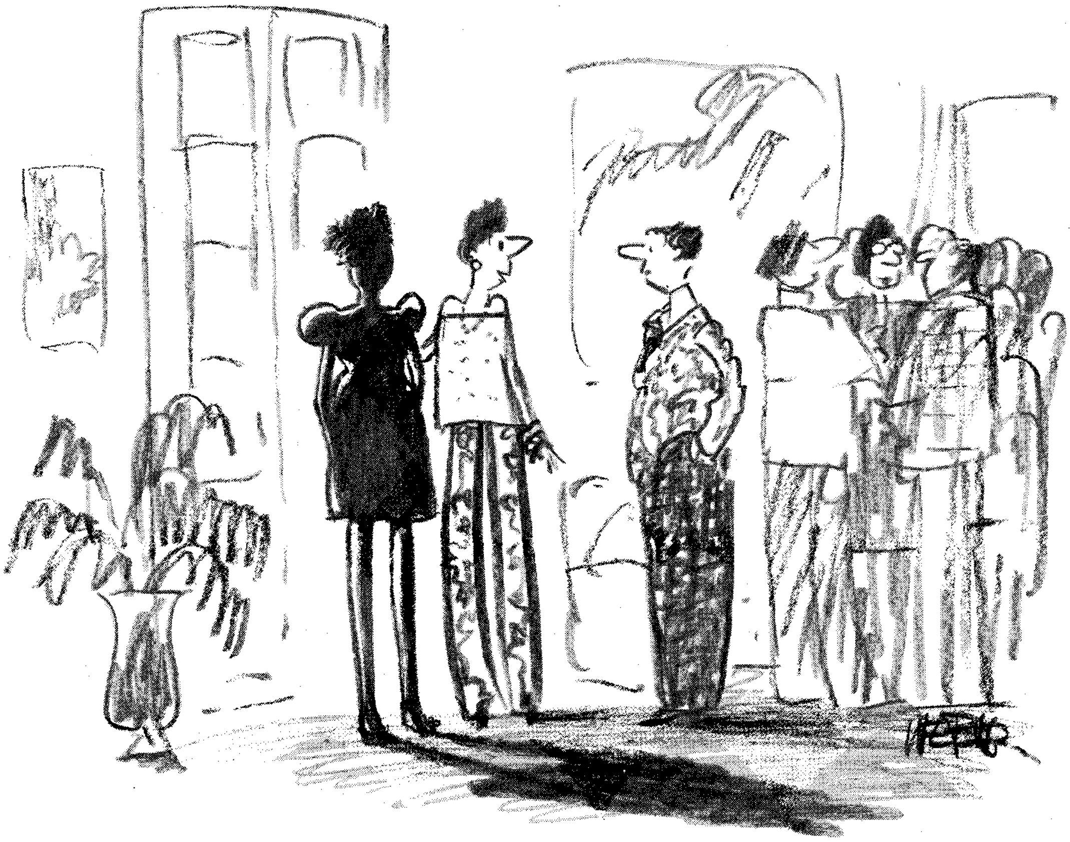
"Isn't Denise a picture?" he said to the others, and Mr. Conroy seized the moment to remark on Miss Lawless's beauty, to say that it was a medieval kind of beauty, and that he believed she was a throwback, like that Queen, Maire Ruadh, who lived in a castle at Corcomroe, and who when she had her fill of a lover had him dumped over the casement into the sea.

"Didn't Yeats set 'The Dreaming of the Bones' at Corcomroe?" Mr. Gogarty said, with a certain bookish authority. Bill the Barrow Boy said he wouldn't know, as he never read a "buke" in his life, he let Denise do all the reading, and assured them that she could read any ordinary book in a sitting.

"Oh, river and stream," Mr. Conroy


AND WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO THE YOUNG FURNITURE DESIGNER STARTING OUT TODAY?
STICK WITH THE BASICS AND YOU'LL NEVER GO WRONG.
CBarsotti

said, as plates were placed briskly on the table. Some said it was trout, others said it was salmon. In fact, things became rather heated at one moment, as Dot the Florist insisted it was trout, said she had grown up on a river in Wicklow and knew one kind of fish from another, and Dr. Fitz said that any fool could see it was salmon, its blush diminished by the subtle lighting. Miss Lawless put her fork in it, tasted it, and said somewhat tentatively that, yes, it was salmon in an aspic sauce. Dot the Florist pushed hers away and said she wasn't hungry and grabbed one of the waiters to ask for a vodka-on-the-rocks. Dr. Fitz said it was a crying shame to drink vodka when good table wines were being served, although, he added somewhat ruefully, not as good as they would be if the great man of the house were present. He boasted to Miss Lawless that they had often drunk two thousand pounds' worth of wine at an intimate dinner party in that very house.



"Arnold, this is Tina Feldman, backlit."

"Now, now," Sinead called to Dr. Fitz, not wanting the missing—indeed, the vagrant—husband to be given any mention. She was on Betty's side; Betty was her friend; she made it clear that Betty had poured her heart out to her often, and that she well knew the evenings Betty had supper alone on a tray in her bedroom, like many another jilted woman. Then, fearing that she might have betrayed a friendship, she commented on Betty's figure and, pointing to the various blown-up photos of Betty all over the room, she asked aloud, "Why would any man leave a beautiful woman like that for a slut!" Why indeed? Dr. Fitz told her to pipe down and not to talk about people she knew nothing about. Yet he was pleased to tell Miss Lawless in confidence one or two things about Betty's rival, a Danish woman called Clara. Miss Lawless somehow envisaged her as being blond with very long legs, and also as being very assured.

"Not a bit of it," Dr. Fitz said, and described a woman who was not at all svelte, who wore ordinary clothes, had never gone to a hairdresser or a beauty parlor in her life, and was overweight.

"So why did he run off with her?" Miss Lawless asked, genuinely mystified.

"She makes him feel good," Dr. Fitz said, and by the way he gulped a swig of wine he seemed to express a desire for such a woman and not the needful, tempestuous Sinead.

Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Conroy were in a pleasing exchange on the subject of Mr. Conroy's tie. Nothing pleased Mr. Conroy more than to relate yet again the story of how he came to get such a beautiful tie and what a double-edged gift it was. It had been given to him, he said, by a very generous lady, a rich lady whose baby he was godfather to. One day at the races, the tie was admired by a bloke and Mr. Conroy heard himself saying rather gallantly, "Oh, I'll get you one, Seamus," thinking to himself that all he had to do was to go into Switzer's or Brown Thomas's and fork out fifteen quid and he'd be in the good offices of this man, Seamus, whom he had reason to want to befriend. Seamus used to do night work in Mr. Conroy's hotel, but had been summarily dismissed because of incivility. Late at night when guests from overseas arrived, he would tell them to "feck off," as he was too lazy to get up from the stool and help with a suitcase or open a door. However, the fellow they got to replace him was even worse, and an alcoholic to boot, so they hoped to coax Seamus back. Lo and behold, as he confessed, the next day he scoured the shops, to find there was no tie like it, not even one approaching it. He finally had to ring the rich woman's secretary—the woman herself was always travelling—only to be told, "Didn't you know? That's a very special tie. That's a Gucci tie."

"Is that so?" he claims to have said, telling everyone at the table of his naïveté, but meaning it for Miss Lawless in particular. He added that one label was the same as another to him, and he knew a fellow in England, a foreman who worked on a building site, and so he sent the tie over for a duplicate to be bought. After a couple of weeks, back it came with its companion in a regal box, and, Christ, wasn't it forty-eight pounds fifty pence. A shocker altogether, as everyone agreed, and the other men now began to stare at the tie with incomprehension. Sinead and Dot looked at each other quite piqued, and Sinead announced that the ladies would like a bit of stimulating conversation—they had not come to a party to be treated like ornaments, as was the case with most women in Ireland. She added that though they were treated like pieces of china at a party, they were frequently "knocked about" at home.

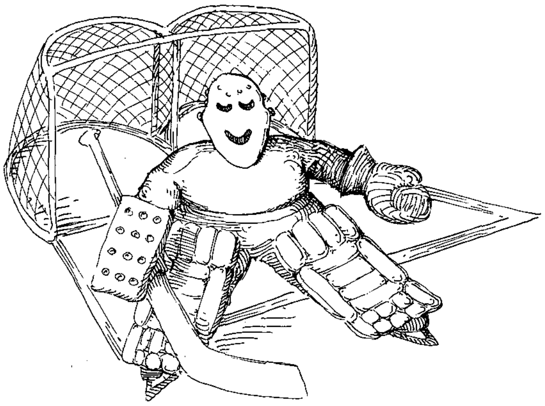
"Bollocks," Dr. Fitz said, and by the way he picked up a bottle of wine it appeared he might brain Sinead with it. His cheeks were getting flushed and he proceeded to loosen his tie.

"So set us an agenda," Mr. Gogarty, the aggrieved divorcé, said, also nettled by Sinead's remark. For some unfortunate reason, divorce was pounced upon as a subject, so the table became even more heated, with men and women shouting each other down. The men insisted that divorce was wrong, because of the way children suffer, while the women claimed vociferously that children suffered anyhow, because their fathers were always in the boozer or in the backs of motorcars necking younger women. Mrs. Vaughan was the sole female voice who took issue with the other women, adding that young girls nowadays were tramps in the way they dressed and the way they behaved.

"How do you know how we behave?" Sinead said tartly.

"What's right is right," Eileen Vaughan said, pushing her plate away contemptuously and applying herself to cutting bread into infinitesimal pieces, which she did not touch.

MUCH against the advice of Dr. Fitz, Sinead began to tell how she, as a young girl not yet thirty-five, had been the victim of a modern Irish marriage and it was "the pits." She recalled coming into her own building one evening and actually finding the chain drawn on her door, then ringing the bell but receiving no answer, having to go to the apartment below and ask a neighbor to shelter her for the night, ringing the telephone number but not receiving an answer, and a few days later learning that the person he had had in the bedroom when he put the chain on was a call girl. When she tackled him about it, she was told that he needed comfort because Sinead had gone out and he was not sure if she was coming back.

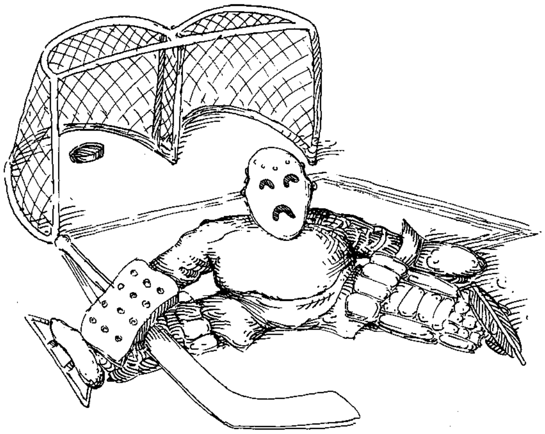


"It's bloody ridiculous the way women have to kowtow," she said directly to Eileen Vaughan, who looked like a weasel ready to hiss. Dr. Fitz began to fume, fearing above all else that the next thing Sinead would treat them to was an account of her husband's suicide, of the amount of pills he took in that hotel in the North, and of Dr. Fitz being called, because he happened to be there on a fishing holiday. Worse, she would treat them to the long rigmarole about her miscarriage and her husband beating her brutally. He was right. She was off on her favorite target. The four days in the labor ward, other women screaming and groaning, but to some avail, since they did not lose their babies. Then the bit about her husband coming to collect her, her imagining a treat—lunch out, maybe, or coffee and biscuits in that smart pub off Grafton Street—but instead their going out the sea road, her heartening at the thought of a walk along the strand, with the dunes on one side and the sea on the other, returning to the spot where they had courted, as an appeasement, a reward for all that she had been through. Hardly had they taken twenty paces along that littered seashore when he began to beat her up. Sinead became more hysterical as she described it, more dramatic—herself on the ground, her husband kicking her, first in silence, then his beginning to shout, to ask why had she lost the child, why had she been so bloody careless. His child—his, his. "You're mad," she recounted having said to him, and then told of standing up and feeling battered inside and out.

Bill the Barrow Boy leaned across the table and tried to stop her, but the other men turned from her in dismay and toward Dr. Fitz, who was appraising the nose of a red wine that had just been brought in dome-shaped decanters. On the surface, the wine had a violet hue. The main course was also being served. It was duck with roast potatoes and applesauce, which, as Mr. Gogarty said, was far preferable to steak on a spring evening. The light had faded, and in the dining room, what with the balloons, the waving wings of yellow candle flame, and the high-pitched voices, the atmosphere was fervid. Many were popping streamers from the little toy pistols that were on their side plates, and these colored wisps of straw, weaving and wandering from table to table, shoulder to shoulder, formed a web, uniting them in a carnival chain.

"Now, what is the difference between Northside girls and Southside girls?" Mr. Gogarty asked with pride.

Answers were proffered, but in the end Mr. Gogarty was pleased to tell them they were all dullards. "Northside girls have real jewelry and fake orgasms," he said, and laughed loud-



John O'Brien

ly, while Eileen Vaughan repeatedly blessed herself and, as if it were a maggot, lifted the streamer that joined her to Mr. Gogarty.

Mr. Conroy, in order to bring harmony back to the proceedings, recounted the morning's walk that he and Miss Lawless had taken, gloated over what a sight it had been, what refreshment, the air so bracing, not a ruffle on the sea, the sand so white—or, as he said, white as saltpeter, to quote Miss Lawless.

Yes, Miss Lawless had asked him to take her there, but it was not so much to retrace her steps as to find them for the first time. Twenty-five years had gone by since that momentous occasion on the dunes. It was there she had surrendered herself to a man that she likened to Peter Abelard. He was tall and blond, with a stiff, almost wooden body—a sternness and yet a seducer's charm. The first time Miss Lawless had sighted him was in a newspaper office where she had gone to deliver a piece that she had written for a competition. Readers had been asked to describe a day by the sea. She could not remember precisely how she had described it then, but today, when she walked there with Mr. Conroy, she saw patches of sea like diagonals of stained glass, the colors deepening as the water swerved from the shore to the Hill of Howth far beyond. Mr. Conroy had said that if she waited a week or two more the rhododendrons would be in bloom over in Howth and they could go there for an excursion. She knew, just as Mr. Conroy knew, that the red rhododendrons he conjured up were mostly in the mind—talismans, globes of memory. On the walk, Mr. Conroy often stopped in his tracks to draw breath, said he was getting on a bit and was easily winded, then pointed to his elastic stockings and spoke of varicose veins. But in telling the story to the guests at the table he spoke only of a glorious walk where they linked and strode together.

Yes, the traces of her and Abelard were there, because of course he had cropped up again in her mind. On the evening when she had first met him, when she took her little essay to the newspaper office, she had had a premonitory feeling that something was going to happen between them, just as this evening, sitting at that table, she felt that something was pending. She remembered clearly how Abelard had taken her essay, asked her where she worked, and how he diligently wrote down her address and her telephone number—as a formality, but from the way he smiled at her she knew that he had some personal interest. When her piece was featured in the paper as having placed first in the competition, the editor had got her name wrong, so the flush of her winning was a little dimmed. But Peter Abelard pursued her. They began to meet. She tasted her first gin-and-tonic and thought not much of it, but afterward there was a floaty feeling inside her stomach, and then she took off her gloves and touched his hand and was not ashamed. One night they met far earlier than was usual for them, took a bus out to the sea, got off at Dollymount, walked over a bit of footbridge and then down a road and into the labyrinth and secrecy of the dunes, with the high swags of coarse grass and the sandy mounds serving as beds. It was there among those dunes that she gave herself to this Abelard. Although she knew she had, she could not remember it; it was like something experienced in a blur. It appalled her that she had in a sense detached herself at one of the more poignant and crucial moments in her whole life. Nor could she remember much of the hotel where they went later on, except that it was a dingy place near the railway station, and that the bathroom was out on the landing and, having no nightdress or dressing gown, she had to put Abelard's blazer on when she went out of the room. They were near and not near. He would embrace her but he did not want to know anything about her. She wanted dearly to tell him that this was the first time, although he must have known.

It was not long after that that he introduced her to his wife at some party, and his wife, maybe sensing that she was the type of girl her husband might like, or else feeling extremely lonely, invited her to come to their house for an evening, because her husband was going away to England on a job. She could remember clearly her visit to that house, and three children in ragged pajamas refusing to go to bed. Then, later, her sitting downstairs in the big drafty kitchen with his wife, eating mashed potatoes and sausages and thinking what a lonely house it was, now the rowdiness had died down. They drank quite a lot of whiskey, and while they were drinking and talking about the mysticism of Gerard Manley Hopkins the telephone rang, and so great was the wife's excitement and alacrity that in jumping up from the table she turned her ankle and knocked over a lamp but still raced. She knew or hoped that the phone call would be from her husband, and indeed it was. She told him how their youngest son had bellowed his daddy's name all over the garden, bellowed for him to come home, and that at that very moment she and Miss Lawless were having a chinwag. Miss Lawless had wanted to confess her wrong there and then to this woman, but she balked. Instead, they continued to ramble and drink a bit, and later she kicked off her shoes and asked if by any chance she could sleep on the sofa. In the very early morning when she wakened, she saw the garden through the long uncurtained window, saw clothes on a line and a tree with tiny shrunken apples that looked as if they had some sort of disease, some blight.

The secret affair with her Abelard ended, and in a welter of choked emotion Miss Lawless spent half a week's earnings—she worked in a shop and was paid very little—purchasing a book of poems for him, a secondhand book. So determined was she to be discreet, and so certain was she that the good God would reward her for her discretion and her sense of sacrifice, that she slipped a little greeting card not into the book itself but between the brown paper cover and the frittered binding of the book. She felt sure that he would remove that cover and find the greeting, that he would be touched and immediately restored to her. He would come to the shop where she worked, he would whisk her away, maybe even take her to a restaurant. The lines she had copied onto the card were from one of James Stephens' poems:

> And we will talk, until
> Talk is a trouble, too,
> Out on the side of the hill;
> And nothing is left to do,
>
> But an eye to look into an eye;
> And a hand in a hand to slip;
> And a sigh to answer a sigh;
> And a lip to find out a lip!

As it happened, her Abelard did not find that note for many years, but when he did find it he wrote to tell her, saying also that he had lately been dreaming of her, and that in one dream he cherished they were at the races together, and he wished he had never wakened from it. She had not answered that letter. She did not know exactly what to say. She believed that someday she might bump into him and then the right words would come.

Today, as she and Mr. Conroy walked along the strand, she had in fact asked him how her Abelard was, and was a little disappointed to hear that he was almost blind now, and that he walked with a stick. Unthinkable. Much as Miss Lawless wanted to see him, she did not at all like the idea of meeting a blind man with a stick. Mr. Conroy, who knew that she had had this fling, kept suggesting that she phone him. “Or I'll phone him for you,” he said.

She said she would think it over. In another part of her mind she actually just wanted to find the spot where she had lain, as if finding the spot would redeem the years.

Anne Burgess

“Dollymount is ideal for courting couples,” Mr. Gogarty said, as if reading her thoughts, yet winking at Mr. Conroy, thereby implying they both had caroused there.

“I declare to God,” said Mr. Conroy, “I was with a girl out there at about one in the morning not so long ago when a geezer tapped the window of the car and asked me for the right time. The pair of us jumped out of our skins and I told the blasted Peeping Tom where to go.”

“End of a lovely . . . ” Mr. Gogarty said, but did not finish the sentence, because of ladies being present. Eileen Vaughan suddenly exploded, thumped her husband, and said that never in her life had she been subjected to such smut.

“Ah, the Meat Baron,” Dr. Fitz said, ignoring the tirade and pointing

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COUNTRY RADIO

It will be late (maybe too late, this worry
 keeping you from falling back to sleep)
when from around the corner or up the alley some
 convergence of bright voices
will rise to your window, cries of, what, fear
 or laughter, nothing coming clear to you

in your bed, the heart of winter, the refrigerator
 shuddering on or off.
Or they will have crested already by the time you've
 come to completely, the flow
stalled, turning outward, out from the muffle of
 bedding, the cold room, away from you,

further and further. And in their wake you'll tune
 in a signal, clearer and clearer:
midsummer, long past midnight, how the milk train
 would come dragging its dim racket out
between the farms, the passengers slumped and gently
 rocking, one man still wide-awake,

spark-lit, gazing ahead into the humid dark, a
 cool brilliance spilling over
the dry fields and cinders of the only world you
 knew. “From New York,” your forbidden
transistor whispered, the audience rustling like
 grass between breezes . . . And the baton

will rise over a piece that refuses to play itself
 out as written, reworked
some nights to the point of madness, fragments
 lunging and leapfrogging in their frenzy
for resolution— Then listen, listen to me, and
 you'll hear the entire passage.

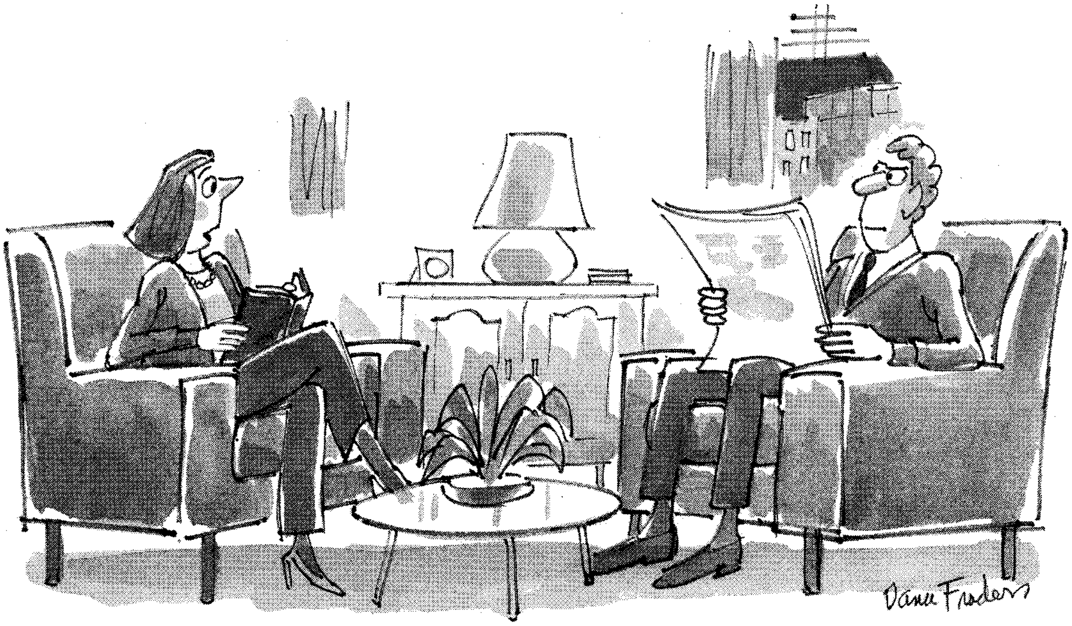
—Daniel Hall

• •

to a tall, bulky man who had come into the room. He was wearing a light suit and a very jazzy tie.

"Hawaiian," Mr. Gogarty said with a slight sneer, declaring how money betrays itself on a man's puss.

The Meat Baron looked around smiling, realizing that he was being alluded to. Dr. Fitz told Miss Lawless that the man had a great brain—a brain that could be used for music or mathematics, could have succeeded at anything, but that it happened to be meat he got started on, because of going down to the knacker's yard as a young lad and buying hooves to make rosary beads with. Dr. Fitz said that his admiration for self-made men was boundless; he said it showed real originality; he said that people who had inherited money were often scoundrels, drifters, or drug addicts. Money, he attested, could either forge character or weaken it. He calculated that, now that the Meat Baron had arrived, and including the other various tycoons already present, there was easily billions of pounds' worth of money up for grabs in that room—enough money to support a Third World country. Bill the Barrow Boy leaned across and said that he would not want that kind of big money, that those people who had their own yachts and their own jets often came a cropper—went out in the morning in one of these yachts or one of these jets and by noon were in a Black Maria, stripped of every personal belonging even down to their Rolexes. The Meat Baron stopped for a moment, looked down at the uneaten duck on Dr. Fitz's plate, and said, "She'll never fly over Loch Dan again," and laughed. Dot the Florist pulled him by the sleeve, but he was already walking on and did not notice.



"Are you still mad? I thought I felt an aftershock."

• •

Dot had a plan of her own that night. She had vowed that before the night was over she would dance with one of the rich men, whichever one didn't have his wife with him. The bank was foreclosing on her. The little flower shop that she had opened a year before was still a treasure garden as far as she was concerned, but the novelty had gone and people went back to buying dull things like carnations and evergreen plants. Where else, she asked herself bitterly, would they find mallows and phlox and Canterbury bells; where else were birds' eggs and moss and miniature roses tucked into rush baskets like nests; where else were the jugs of sweet peas like crushed butterflies? Where, but in her shop that was really half a shop? The other half was a newsagent's, and she could hear the ringing of their cash register all day long, while with her it was a question of people coming in and asking if she had any cheap flowers. It had been such a success in the beginning: she was written up, photographed in her little jalopy bedecked with boughs and branches, coming from the market. But now—that very afternoon, in fact—a cow of a woman had arrived in a jeep and bought half the shop, for next to nothing, asking if she could have a guarantee that these were not refrigerated flowers, that they would not wilt once she got them in her drawing room.

Dot eyed the Meat Baron; she had met him before, and felt that with enough vodka she could perhaps coax him. She would have to do it. Otherwise it was a "For Rent" sign above the door, with the newsagent taking over the whole place. Galling. Galling. Some would say she was lucky to be there, that she was there only because of being a friend of Betty's daughter. But she believed she was still dishy, and an asset at any party. A Gypsy who had come to her shop had told her to make the most of her Mediterranean looks. When the time came for the ladies' choice, she would ask the Meat Baron up.

"AH, the arms of Morpheus," Mr. Conroy said, nudging Miss Lawless as they both looked at Mr. Vaughan, who had fallen fast asleep, his head on the table. Mr. Conroy then began to whisper to Miss Lawless, describing Mr. Vaughan's ghastly life. His wife hid packets of biscuits so that he could not find them; she put his dinner on a tray at six o'clock promptly each evening and left it there even if he was not home for days, so that the poor man had cold boiled potatoes and tough meat most of the time. Mr. Vaughan, like many an Irishman, as Mr. Conroy conceded, had an eye for the ladies, and had met this beautiful lady—English, mark you—at Leopardstown races and assisted her, it seems, in stepping over a puddle. As a result, he repaired with her to the trainers' bar, and as a further result coaxed her to pay a visit in the fullness of time to a rural hotel in the South of Ireland. The English lady turned up with two suitcases, was given a suite, and later in the evening was visited by Mr. Vaughan, who spent two nights with her, wining and dining her in the suite, having the occasional drive to the seaside with her to get a blow of air, and having cocktails galore and even the little farewell gift of a Waterford rose bowl from the hotel boutique. Mr. Vaughan naturally told the manager to send the damages to him, as he would pay the bill at the end of the month, when his wages came through. Mr. Vaughan was a dealer in motorcars and was paid monthly. It was in his capacity as salesman that he had first met Betty—sold her a sports car. The manager, a religious man and a teetotaller, condoned the illicit weekend, chiefly on the ground of Mr. Vaughan's being married, as everyone knew, to a harridan.

"No problem," the manager said, and passed on the instructions to the girl in Accounts, a snibby girl, who at that time was planning to leave the place and go to England to work in a health spa. The time came, and Miss Snib, having paid no attention to the instructions she was given, sent the bill for the wining, the dining, the suite, and the Waterford bowl to the English lady—Miss Beale by name. Miss Beale, it seems, was indeed taken aback at receiving it, and doubly taken aback at the huge amount that had accrued. But being a person who prided herself on her dignity—she worked in the City for a company of financiers—she paid the bill, then put pen to paper and sent Mr. Vaughan a letter that was nicely balanced between umbrage and desire. She expressed mild surprise that he should prove to be so lacking in gentlemanly courtesy, but, being a sport, as she reminded him he had often called her, she had decided that the cost was trifling compared with the pleasure, and she went into some very accurate and fulsome detail about his hairy body on the peach cushions of her flesh, and luxuriated on the tussle waged between these two bodies—their all-night combat, and, as she said, his little black thing getting its way in the end, and then morning, which brought them not fatigue but fresh vigor, fortified as they were by a gigantic breakfast. She was glad to have paid for such a romp, she teasingly said in a postscript; she would pay again for it.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Mr. Conroy said and looked up at the ceiling, where shoals of balloons were on their happy circuit.

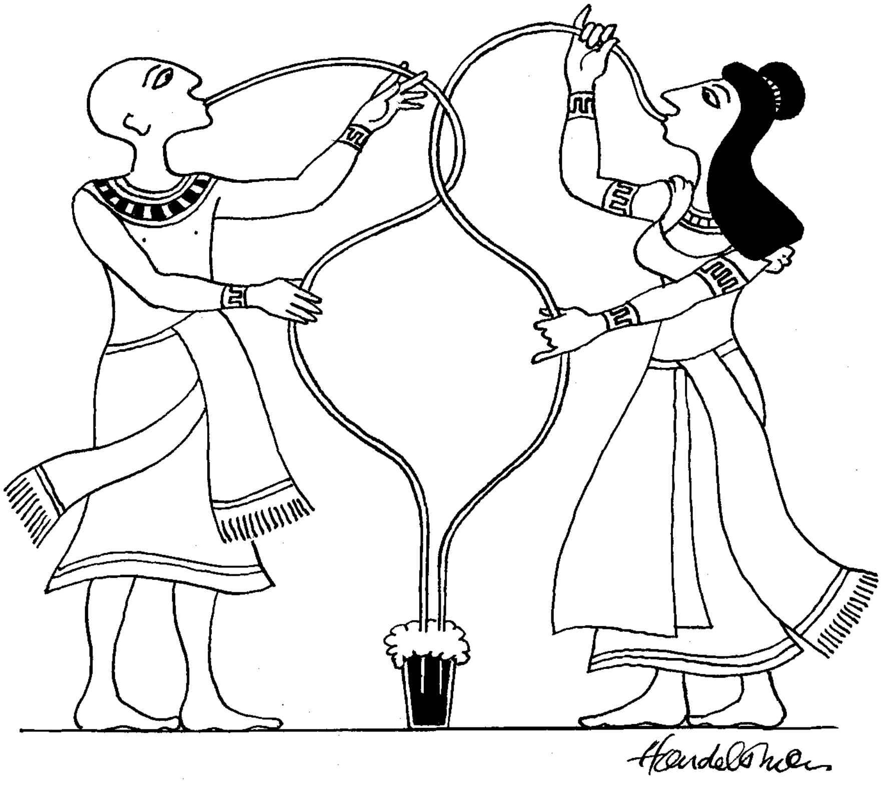
The letter did reach Mr. Vaughan safely, and, once over his shock—having rung the bookkeeper at the hotel and made a complaint—and maybe feeling nostalgic for Miss Beale, he put the letter in his suit pocket and went on a bit of a binge. He was away for several days and nights, seeing friends up and down the country, and returned to his own house and his wife, Eileen, a sickly man who had to spend two days in bed, with porridge and cups of weak tea. Unfortunately, when Mr. Vaughan rose to resume work he was in something of a dither, having express word from his boss in Dublin that unless he got moving and got his act together and sold at least one foreign motorcar down in the windy hills of the Shannon Estuary he would be drawing the dole by the following Monday week. Mr. Vaughan dressed hurriedly and set off with the zealousness of a missioner, even on the way composing a short rhyme that would further the sales of the car. There was going to be a display of these cars in a week, and he knew how to get the public interested. The rhyme he invented was borrowed from "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and went something like:

I will arise and go down to Kinsale,
Agog in my brand-new Ford Fiesta;
I will eat fresh oysters there
And in the afternoon have a siesta.

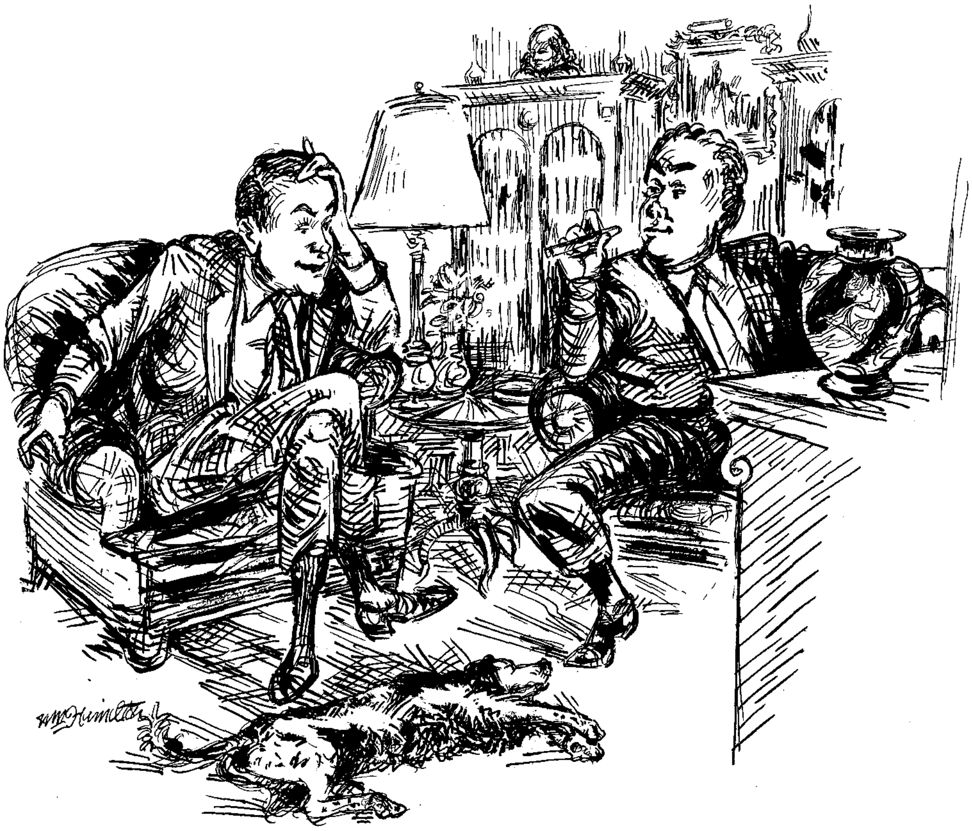
In his haste, Mr. Vaughan forgot to remove various items from the pockets of his other suit, and he was hardly at the crossroads one mile from his house before his wife, Eileen, was reading a description of his prowess, which, after eighteen years, came as a shock to her. She lost no time. She had the letter copied on the new machine in the post office, making sure that she oversaw the copying herself, and soon after all of his friends, plus his family, including his sister the nun, plus Eileen's family, plus his employers, were party to the ill-fated billet-doux.

Soon after, Mr. Vaughan suffered his first heart attack, going down the steps of a hotel, where he had presided over a sales conference that had boosted his standing—principally, it was rumored, because of his versifying.

WHILE she was listening, Miss Lawless suffered a slight shock. Before her very eyes there appeared a modern-day Abelard. It was eerie. He was wearing a black dress suit and a cream shirt with frills that reached all the way down the front, like jonquils. The suit seemed to be not of serge or



ANNALS OF TECHNOLOGY
The first crude drinking straws appeared in ancient Egypt around 1200 B.C.



"*Who would ever have guessed that there'd be a golden age of debt?*"

wool but of silk, and the sleeves were wide, like the sleeves of a woman's kimono. He was blond, with fair skin and blue eyes. The blue was like that glass that has been rinsed again and again and for some reason emanates a private history, a sorrow. He was obviously a man of note, because various people waved, trying to induce him to come and sit at their table, but he just stood and smiled, determined not to be stuck anywhere he did not want to be. "There's a place here," Miss Lawless said, but under her breath. She was not usually so flagrant; in fact, she prided herself on her reserve. Betty ran and kissed him, and Miss Lawless experienced a flicker of jealousy as she watched this newcomer squeeze Betty's cheeks while they laughed over some little private joke they had. Miss Lawless thought that, as he strolled with Betty, he had something of the quality of a panther. She felt that his shoes, which she could not see, were made of suède, or else they were slippers, because he seemed to walk so softly; he padded through that room. Mr. Conroy suddenly referred to him, called him Reggie, and said how he knew him for the pup he was—chasing young girls, his wife hardly cold in the grave. There had been a drowning accident the year before, and this husband was now swanning about in Italian-style clothes, getting sympathy off ladies for his tragedy, leading a game life of it, flying to London twice a week, where, it was rumored, he had a flat.

Dr. Fitz looked up and was not at all pleased at the attention Betty was giving to this Reggie.

"Too much of a blush in that woman's cheek," Dr. Fitz said as he looked after them, and then he turned to Miss Lawless to tell her about the day Betty's husband had left her and how he, he was the one to hold her hand. A party of them were just getting on the jet to go to Spain when the husband—John was his name—suddenly said to Betty, "You go on ahead. I've decided it would be better if we lived apart." Here Dr. Fitz hesitated in order for Miss Lawless to take in the brutal significance of the remark, which indeed she did. He then painted a picture of Betty, the pretty and ever-cheerful wife who dressed always as her prominent husband liked her to dress, which was smartly; who rode to hounds at her husband's wish; who rarely complained if he failed to turn up at a theatre or a concert; who organized lunches, dinners, breakfasts for fifty or more at the last minute; and who even overcame her fear of skiing —all for his sake. Betty, suddenly a husbandless, stranded woman. Dr. Fitz dilated further on the pity of it, the shock the poor woman got, and how she went berserk on the little plane en route, going mad up there in the filtered atmosphere, with the pilot wondering whether he should turn back or keep going or what.

"If I'd had an injection with me," Dr. Fitz said, lamenting even now how he had set out that day without his doctor's bag—a thing he had never done since. He described again the plane soaring through the cloudless upper atmosphere, having to undo the buttons of her blouse, having to undo her shoes, holding her down, telling her that the whole thing was a bad dream from which she would one day awaken.

"You two are like a pair at confession," Sinead called across the table rather tartly. Dr. Fitz went on talking to Miss Lawless, ignoring the gibe. Sinead, who hoped to marry Dr. Fitz, had thought for a few weeks now that she was pregnant, and knew that if she was she would keep it a secret until it was no longer possible to abort. She would then use every trump card of sentiment and religion to make him ashamed of even the word "abortion." She believed she was doing good by keeping this pregnancy a secret. Marriage would steady him. He still had the schoolboy notion of winning over every new female, which he was now trying to do with Miss Lawless, for which Sinead could happily wring her white neck with its collar of gold. Yes, a baby would settle him, preferably a boy.

Miss Lawless did not look back after Abelard and Betty to see where he was being seated, as that would have been too noticeable. The fact that this stranger was in the room was enough for her and made her think, with a wan smile, how slender, how delicate, people's dreams are. Suddenly her lips, her fingers, the follicles of her hair began to tingle, and she knew that if she looked into her little tortoiseshell mirror the pupils of her eyes would be dark and glistening. That was how it always was when she admired someone, and she had not seen anyone she admired for a long time. Her excitement was utter.

"Your eyes are like rhinestones," Mr. Conroy said to her, but he believed it was the general gaiety that made her look like that. As for himself, he was thinking that, with the help of God, he would take her home, and on the way he would suggest that they have another sea breeze; out there, with the dark sea, the misty emptiness, and the Hill of Howth, with its rhododendrons about to burgeon, who knew? He did not think she would go the whole hog, but he felt she would yield to a kiss, and to kiss Miss Lawless was a lifelong dream. Miss Lawless and Nicola had caused him many a sleepless night. He had a pinup of each of them in his mind, constantly, these opposite girls—Nicola so dazzling, with her veils and her husky voice, Nicola so sophisticated, and Miss Lawless so shy and so awkward, with that big crop of hair and a bosom that swelled under her shabby clothes, the man's dress scarf with the fringing, which she wore for glamour, and her always spouting snatches of poetry to layabouts and drunkards who had only the one interest in her. To kiss her would be the realization of a dream, and, as he thought, maybe a disappointment at that. He well knew that emotions often blur pleasure, especially for a man. He had been married, but had buried his wife some years before. It had not been a happy marriage, and he often thought that an excess of emotions was at the root of it. "Too much love," he often said to those who sympathized with him on the untimely death.

SINEAD, now quite tipsy, was becoming even more miffed with the Doctor for the way he concentrated so utterly on Miss Lawless, and so she piped up and asked him if he loved her.

"Never say soft things to a woman or it will be thrown back at you," Dr. Fitz shouted. Young Mr. Gogarty had to agree. Mr. Gogarty had his own reason to be disenchanted with the opposite sex. There he was, a divorced man, quite well off, taking women to the theatre, giving them pâté-de-foie-gras picnics on luxury trains, taking them to Glyndebourne to hear opera, and all he got when he brought them home to their front doors at midnight was a peck.

"Jesus, there's the queer one," Dot the Florist said, and they all looked up and saw standing in the doorway a strange creature who looked around, gaped, appearing to be deaf, blind, and listless. The newcomer had cropped hair and was wearing a miniskirt and a big woollen sweater. It was clear she had just come through the open front door, and Mr. Gogarty remarked that it was shocking altogether that no member of the staff had impeded her.

All eyes were on this strange girl, some even supposing that maybe she was invited as part of the entertainment. Miss Lawless felt pity for her. There was something so trusting about her, so simple, as she looked around with her big gray sheeplike eyes, mesmerized by the crowd and the balloons and the orchestra and, now, the huge bowls of pink confection that waitresses were carrying about, along with plates of sugared biscuits that were shaped like thumbs and caramelized at the edges. Why not give her one, Miss Lawless thought.

ANIMAL
CRACKERS
B. Seese

"It's a damn shame," Dr. Fitz said, and castigated those outside who had let her in, because in his opinion she had put a kind of shadow on the room, as if she augured some trouble. Mr. Conroy said they shouldn't worry unduly, because although the girl looked a bit odd she was no trouble at all; she often called at his hotel for a gaze, especially when any notables came to stay and the red carpet was out. She walked the city all day and half the night, but never begged and never said a brazen thing. He went on to say that it was a tragedy, really, because the girl had come from a good family, and that her aunt had been a certain Madame

THE TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE A CROWN FOR HIS HEAD

January day. Cold: bright vinegar rinsing clear
The East River water and sky, Welfare Island's brick,
And the winking mirrors of Queens. Clear as this month's
Particular vision: one head, two faces, which look
Forward and back to a time I count on my fingers
To remember the year, licking peach jam off them
On this Sunday morning as I sit in my pleated robe
Watching your wise Janus face looking at time—
I pray you are not otherwise two-faced—
While through the window behind you
A schoolgirl's wartime river tries to shove back
Destroyers and cruisers making their way home.
Forty-five years. *Can you count your lovers*
On the fingers of two hands? you asked last night.

Nostalgia the schoolgirl felt watching the sailors cram
The deck, waving to all of us who'd stood at the windows to
Greet them—nostalgia not for what had been experienced
But for the flood of what had not is always a threat,
A form of mild depression. Now, in first love,
For new love is always first love, the past struggles
To assert itself. My sleeve brushes the hair on your arm
As I pour coffee into your cup, the green vine pattern
Your wife picked just before she died. Only
This moment with the Dvořák quartet moving
Toward its joyful tumultuous conclusion, threatening
To break the window glass, to merge air and air—
Only this moment I insist: the room and the river
Scoured clean of memory's sweet, invidious oils.

—CYNTHIA MACDONALD

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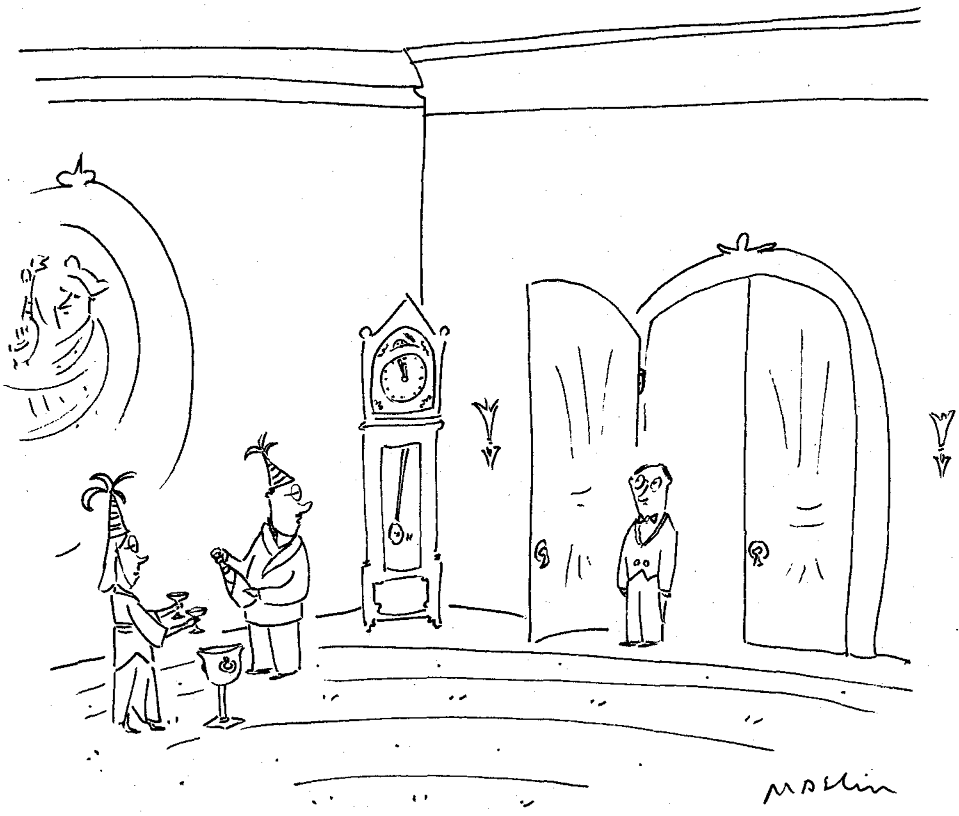


"Would you see the nineteen-eighties out, Harrington?"

Georgette, who made corsets and had a shop in Dame Street. It seems that the girl had been orphaned and the Sisters of Charity had taken her in, but that her particular quirk was to keep walking, always walking, as if looking for something. This sent a shiver through Miss Lawless. The strange girl stared into the room intensely and then made as if to move forward to join the party. A waiter stopped her. He was joined by two waitresses, who spoke to her quietly. Then the waiter reached up and took down a big silver kidney-shaped balloon and handed it to her, and she clutched it in her arms as if it were a baby as she moved off.

ONCE again Dr. Fitz asked them to consider the pluck and individuality of Betty. He said that nobody would believe it, but that he could assure them that that very afternoon Betty had stood beside her errant husband after his horse won and had accepted the trophy with him. He then leaned across and said that he could tell them something that would shake them. She had not only accepted the trophy with her husband but had gone to the champagne bar with him to have a drink.

"You're not serious," Mr. Conroy said.

"God strike me dead. I saw them," Dr. Fitz said, whereupon Sinead tackled him, said she had not known he had been to the races and asked him in an inflamed manner to account for himself. Then it was why hadn't he taken her, why had he lied, why had he pretended to be doing his hospital rounds when in fact he was drinking and gallivanting. "I'm not putting up with this," she said, her voice cracking.

"No one's asking you to," he said, but by his expression he was saying much else, such as do not humiliate me in front of these people and do not make a fool of yourself.

She was asking loudly if it was with Betty he went to the races, and now it was dawning on her that maybe Betty's friendship with her was also to be questioned, was another part of the grand deceit. Suddenly, unable to contain herself, she rooted in her crocodile handbag and flourished the first love letter that he had ever written to her. It was on ruled paper and had been folded over many times. The color in his face was beetroot as he reached across and tried to grab the letter from her. They grappled for it, Sinead grasping the greater part of it as she rose and ran through the room crying.

"Ah, it's the hors d'oeuvres that's at her," Bill the Barrow Boy said, meaning the nerves. But he was the one to get up and follow her, because he pitied her on account of the story she had told them about losing that baby. He caught up with her at the doorway and dragged her back onto the dance floor, where people were already dancing. Betty waltzed with the Meat Baron, her head lolling on his shoulder, and Dot the Florist feared that, after all, the Meat Baron might not be the one, that she might have to look elsewhere. Dr. Fitz, feeling that it was necessary to apologize somewhat to the people at the table, said that Sinead had a good heart, and that all the beggars in Grafton Street knew her and chased after her, but that she should never touch drink. To himself he was thinking that, yes, admittedly he had befriended her after her husband's death, and it was true that he had fallen for that soft swaying bottom of hers and the plait of black shiny hair that she sucked on, but it was also true that she had changed and had got possessive, and now, as far as he was concerned, it was two evenings a week in bed and no questions asked.

All this time, Eileen Vaughan kept looking around the table wondering if at any moment someone would throw a word to her. None of them liked her, she knew that. Hard, hard was what they thought she was. Yet the day her world fell apart, the day she lost her last ounce of faith in her husband, what had she done? She had drawn the curtains in her bedroom, the mauve curtains that she had sewn herself; she had lain on the floor and cried out to her Maker, cursing not the errant husband but herself for being the sour, hard fossil of a woman that she was, for never throwing him a word of kindness, and for not being able to express an endearment except through gruffness. She had prayed with all her heart and soul for a seizure to finish her off, but she just grew thinner and thinner, and tighter and tighter, like a bottle brush.

AT that very moment, Miss Lawless was picked up from her chair and swept away from her own group. One of the ladies who had picked her up told her that she was taking her to another table to meet an eligible bachelor. In fact, it was this new Abelard. He did not turn to greet Miss Lawless when she sat down, but she saw immediately that she was right about his eyes—they were a washed blue and they conveyed both coldness and hurt. His voice was very low and when he did turn to address her his manner was detached.

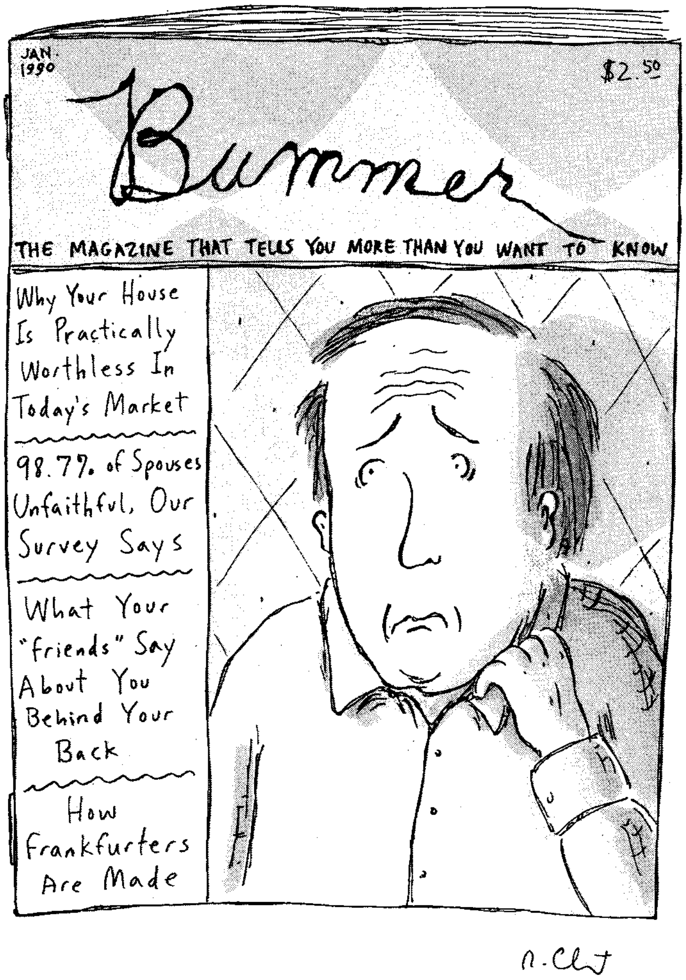
"I suppose you know my whole history," he said, a little crisply. Miss Lawless lied and said that she did not, and, Dublin being Dublin, he disbelieved her but began anyway to tell her how he had lost his wife less than a year before, and while listening to the story and falling a little under his spell Miss Lawless was also wondering if he was not a cold fish indeed. Although there were shades of her first Abelard, he was a more ruthless man, and she could see that he would be at home in any gathering—had sufficient a smile and sufficient a tan and sufficient savoir-faire to belong anywhere. He recounted, with a candidness that made her shudder, the terrible accident and the celebrated funeral that he himself had arranged. It had happened over a year ago. It was winter, and his wife, who was always restless, had decided to go riding. There had been a heavy storm, and the fields were flooded and many boughs had fallen from the trees, but as soon as the storm lifted she had decided on this outing. He had rung her from his office and she had told him that she was about to set out with her friend. She went and, as he said, never came back. Mystery and conjecture naturally clouded the incident but, he was telling Miss Lawless, as far as he was concerned she and her friend had decided to ford a stream that normally would be shallow but owing to the storm had swelled to the proportions of a sea; that the horses had balked; that one of the riders, her companion, was thrown and his wife had jumped down to try and rescue her. In their heavy gear, both women had been carried away. The horses, meanwhile, crossed the stream and galloped hither and thither over watery fields into other parts of the county and were not traced until nightfall. He said that he knew about it before he was actually told; felt creepy while driving across the wooden bridge that led to his house, going into his house, and finding two of his children watching television with as yet no signs of emergency. Then darkness fell and the groom came into the hallway in a great state to say riderless horses had been seen. It was like a ghost story. He became animated as he described the funeral, the dignitaries that came, a song that a famous singer had composed and sang in the church, and then the fabulous party that he threw afterward. As he was telling her this, Miss Lawless was thinking two opposite things. She thought about how grief sometimes makes people practical and frenetic arrangements keep them from losing their grip; but she also thought that he had dwelt unduly on the party, the dignitaries, and the newly composed song. He told how he had not lost his composure—not once—and how at three in the morning he and a few close friends sat in the den and reminisced.

"Was she dark-haired?" Miss Lawless asked, unthinkingly.

"No. Fair, with freckles," he said, summoning up a picture of a girl bright as a sunflower. He added that she liked the outdoors and was really a desert girl.

"And what do you feel about her now?" Miss Lawless asked.

"She was a good friend and a good lover," he said quietly. It sent a chill through Miss Lawless, and yet his features were so fine, his manner so courteous, and his eyes so sensitive that she found a way within herself to excuse him. Leaning very close to her, he said that he liked talking to her and that perhaps if she was staying on in Dublin they might have a drink or a bite. That thrilled her. She believed his resemblance to the other Abelard to be significant and that, whatever happened between them, she would not be detached from it, she would not blot it out, she would hold it dear. She imagined going home with him and sitting in one of his rooms, which she deemed to be enormous, with gray, billowing curtains, like a gauze sea, and their talking quietly but ceaselessly. She wanted him to be human, to be seared by the tragic event. She wanted to peel off his mask; that is, if it was a mask. Now her imaginings were taking a liberty, and she thought that if they kissed, which they might, it would not be a treachery against his dead wife but somehow a remembrance of her, a consecration. She wanted to lie close to him and be aware of him dreaming. Foolish, really. It was the night—hectic, amorous, intoxicating night. She felt the better for it, felt better toward him, toward herself and all those people in the room. She was making her peace with the first Abelard now, because it was true that for these many years she had borne a grudge—angry with him for ignoring the significance of their affair, and with herself for allowing him to. What she thought now was not of the aftermath with that first Abelard but of the ex-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citement and freshness when it was beginning—the shy, breathless feeling they each imparted when they met, realizing secretly that they were bewitched. She suddenly remembered little moments, such as having her hand in his overcoat pocket as they walked down a street, and looking up at the sky that was like navy nap, so soft and deep and dense was it.

BETTY'S was the first speech, and it was very witty and plucky. Betty said that being "of a certain age" was not the worst time in a woman's life, and then she made some light references to previous parties when she was not nearly so spoiled. Taking the cue from Betty, Dr. Fitz walked slowly to the dais and deliberated a bit before speaking. He said that while wanting to wish her well—indeed, wishing her well—he could not forget "the terrible day" when he had been lucky enough to be by her side. Several voices tried to hush him, but he went on, insisting that it was all part of the tapestry of Betty's life, it proved Betty had guts, and that she could stand there tonight and knock the spots off all the other women in the room. People cheered, and Betty herself put two fingers between her teeth and let out a raunchy whistle. Another family friend recited a poem that he had written, which made several guests squirm. Miss Lawless felt uneasy, too. The speaker, however, seemed very proud of it and grew more and more emotional as he declaimed:

> When I look down at the soil in
>   our troubled land,
> I see its forty shades of green
> And say to myself, Why isn't our
>   fourth green field
> As green as the other three?

A few began to heckle and say it was songs they had come for and not drip stuff. Abelard left the table, but by a signal—indeed, a colluding wink—he indicated to Miss Lawless that he would be back. She assumed that he was going to phone someone and thought that possibly he was cancelling an arrangement. Even his absence from the table made her feel lonesome. He had that lit-up quality that gave off a glow even though his manner was cold. Mr. Conroy, seeing her unattended, rushed across the room and asked her if she had had any advances from the playboy. Shaking her head, she asked in turn what the man's wife had been like. Mr. Conroy described a thinnish woman who drank a bit, and who always seemed to be shivering at parties and having to borrow a jacket from one of the men. Meanwhile, the last verse of the poem was being heard and people were listening with some modicum of courtesy because they knew it was near the end.

> But when I look up into the vast
>   azure sky
> Irish politics and history recede from
>   my mind,
> And in their place the glory of the
>   Creator comes flooding through,
> And the sky and the stars give a
>   promise of eternity.

Though the people were still cheering and letting out catcalls, they were also surging onto the floor to make sure that dancing would now continue, and to satisfy them the music was hotting up—in fact, it was deafening. This did not deter Mr. Conroy from telling his rival, who had returned, that he had known Miss Lawless for many years, that he had driven her to beauty spots all over Ireland, and had copied out for her the words of the ballads that were so dear to her heart. Then he embarked on a story about how, a few years before, he had taken her for tea to a renowned hotel in the west. He had gone in search of the proprietress, Tildy, whom he found in the basement, ironing pillow slips. He told her how he had a lady friend upstairs in the lounge and wondered if Tildy could spare a moment to come up and welcome her.

"Oh, Mr. Conroy, I'd love to but I haven't a minute," he reported the proprietress as saying, and added that he went away a bit crushed, but hadn't mentioned it to Miss Lawless; and that later Tildy came up, in a sparkling blue gown, her glasses on a gold cord, and that she looked at Miss Lawless and said in a sort of sarcastic voice, "Who do we have here, who is it?" Miss Lawless could see that Abelard had no interest in the story but was polite enough to suffer it. She felt that each of them intended to take her home, and she wished that it would be Abelard. Yet she could not refuse Mr. Conroy; she had been invited by him. She hoped for some confusion, so that the threesome would be interrupted and Abelard might at least whisper something to her alone.

AT that moment, the lights were quenched and the guests treated to a fresh surprise. Miniature trees with tiny lights as thin as buds dropped from the ceiling, so that the room took on the wonder of a forest. The tiny evergreens suggested sleigh rides, the air fresh and piercing with the fall of snow. Then four waiters ceremoniously carried in a gigantic cake. It was iced in pink and decorated with angels, and crenulations surrounding Betty's name. They placed it in the center of the room, and Betty was led across to cut it, while two eager photographers rushed to capture the moment. The great clock in the hall outside struck midnight, but the pauses between the chimes seemed unnaturally long. Then the dog barked outside—a whole series of yelps, growing fiercer and fiercer, reaching a frothing crescendo, and then suddenly stopping as if overwhelmed. This dog, Tara, had never been known to be silenced by any but its master. If it were a stranger who was now entering, the dog, even on its fetters, would be ungovernable. It must be its master. Who else could it be? Such were the words that people spoke, whether by a look or by expressing them directly.

"It would be awfully inconvenient now if it was John," Betty said very loudly, the knife still poised in the big cake, the icing beginning to shed from the impact of the blade. And yet everyone hoped that it was John, the wandering Odysseus returned home in search of his Penelope. You could feel the longing in the room, you could touch it—a hundred lantern slides ran through their minds; their longing united them, each rendered innocent by this moment of supreme suspense. It seemed that if the wishes of one were granted, then the wishes of others would be fulfilled in rapid succession.

It was like a spell. Miss Lawless felt it, too—felt prey to a surge of happiness, with Abelard watching her with his lowered eyes, his long fawn eyelashes soft and sleek as a camel's. It was as if life were just beginning—tender, spectacular, all-embracing life—and she, like everyone, were jumping up to catch it. Catch it. —EDNA O'BRIEN

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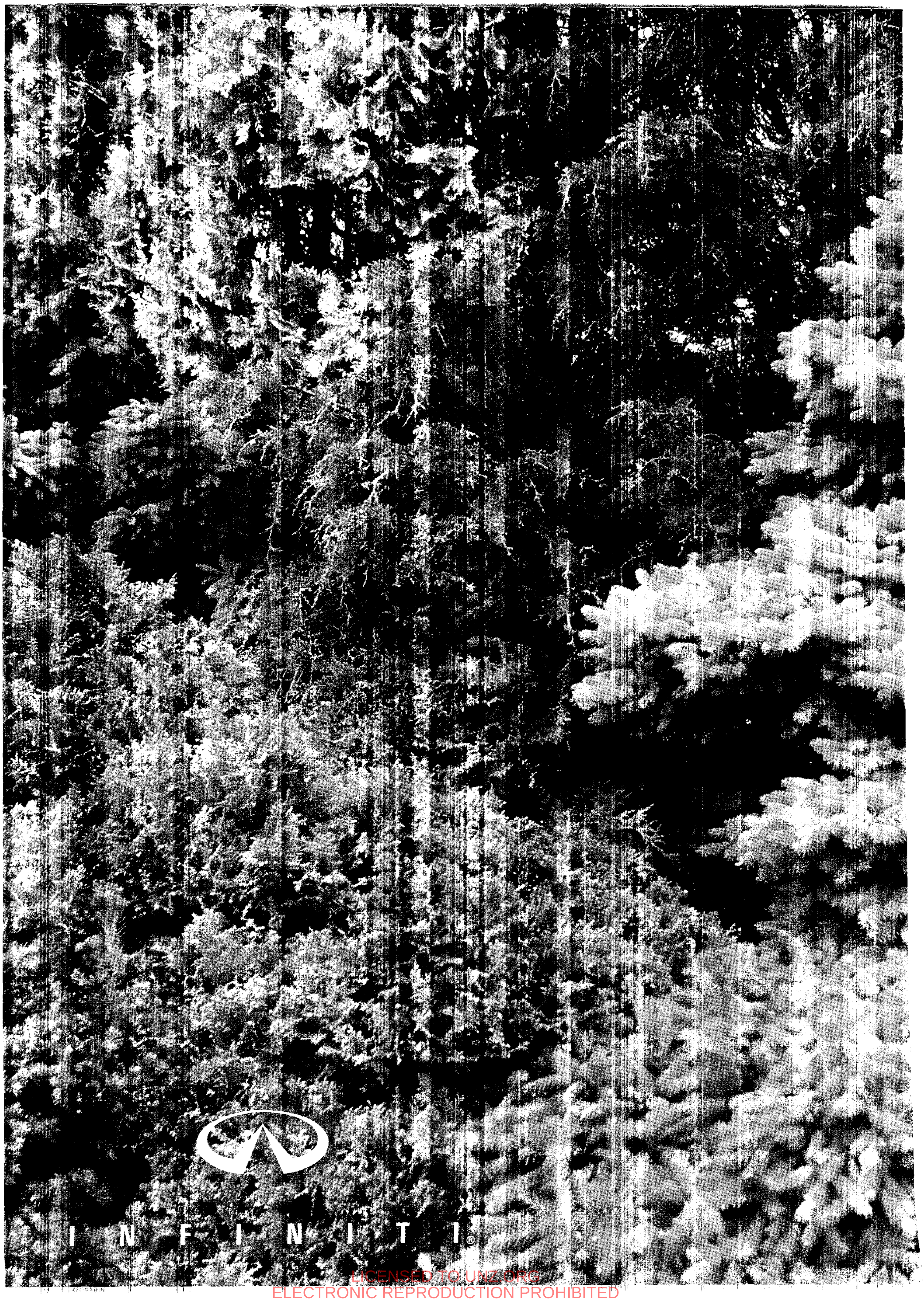

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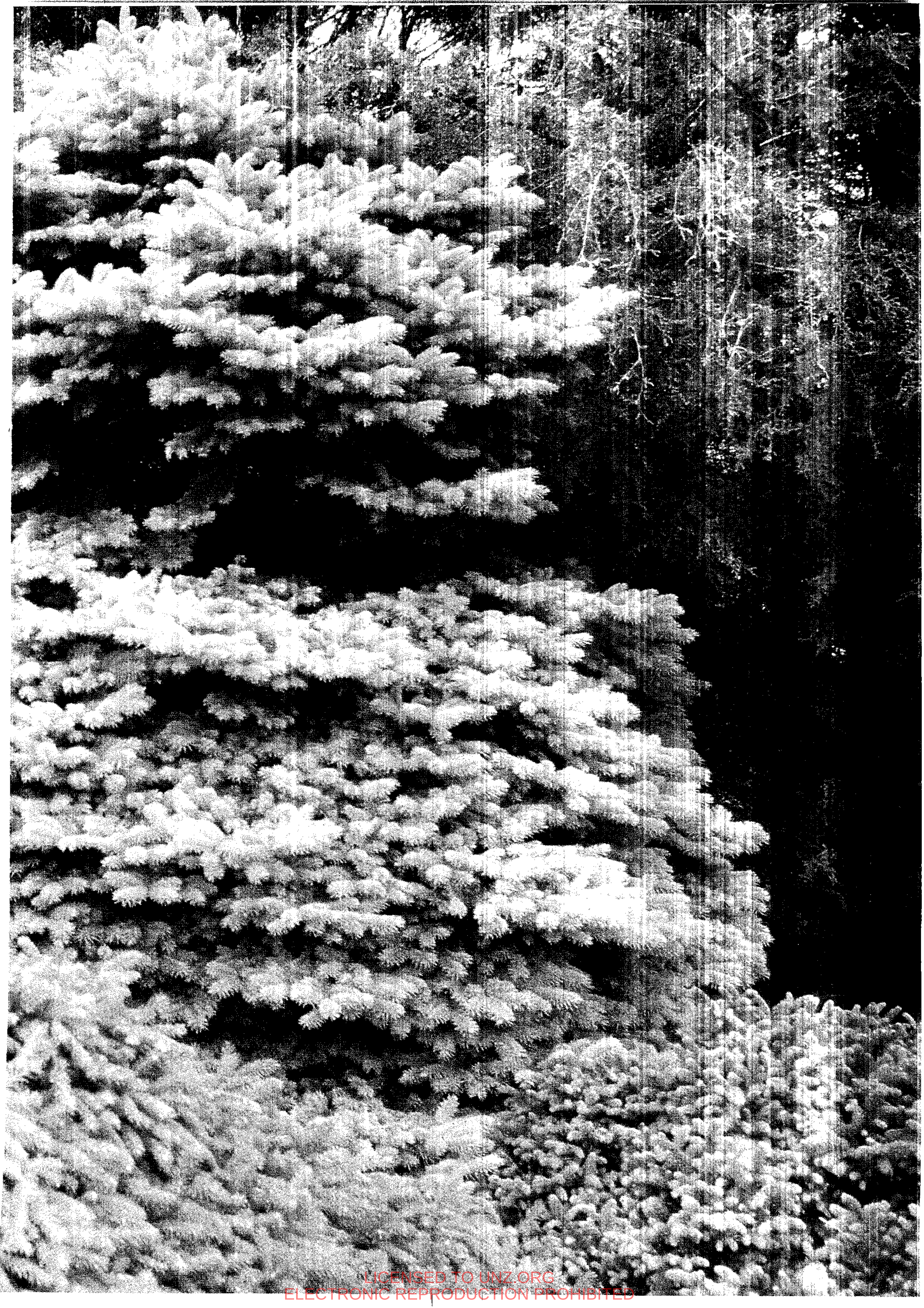

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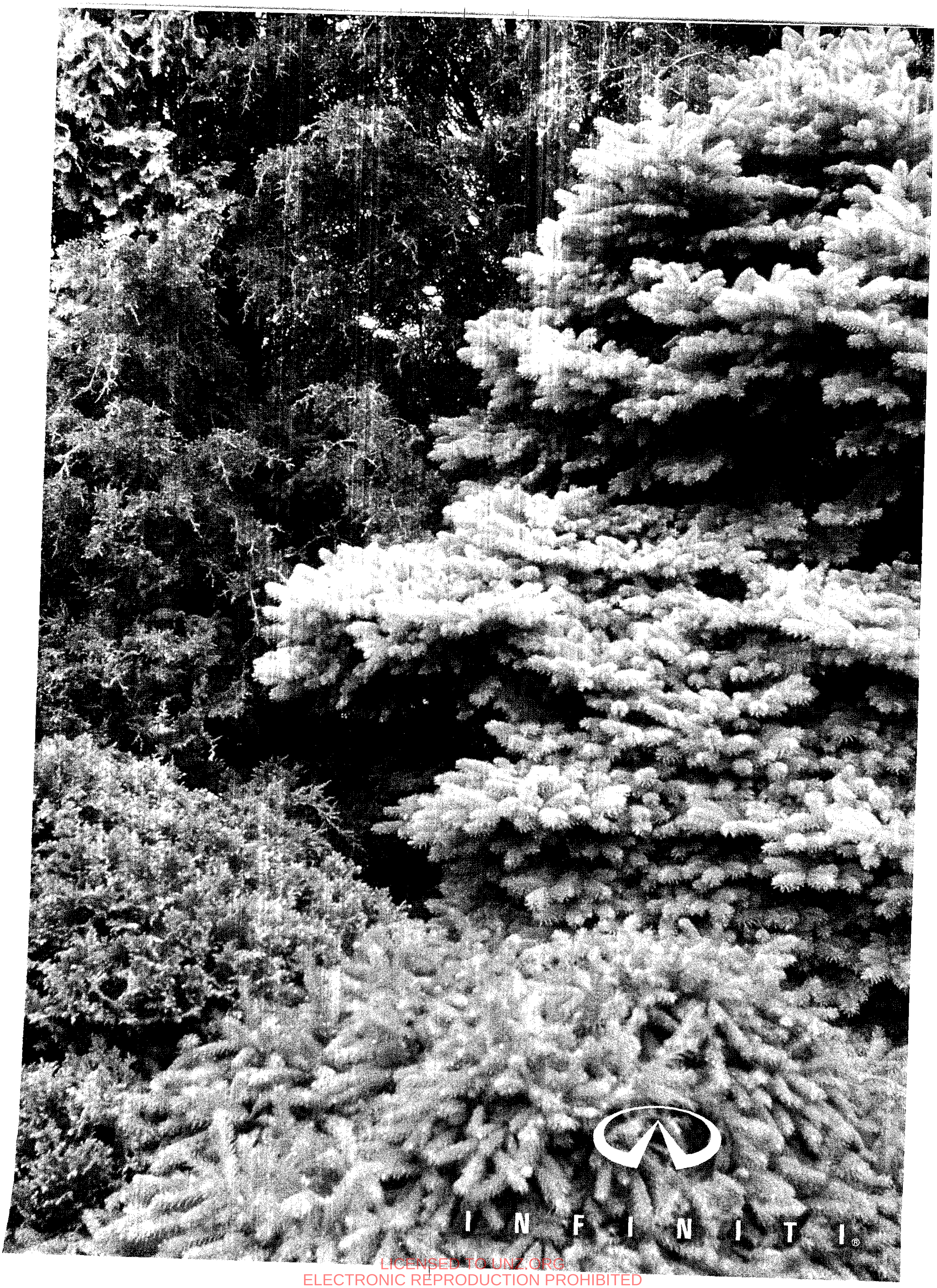
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LETTER FROM EUROPE

MONTHELIE, DECEMBER 19

ARMANDE does not go down to her cellars much, now that she is eighty-three and has a titanium pin in her hip and needs a cane for walking. She never liked the cellars anyway. There were treacherous stone steps and dangling spiderwebs and mold all over the 1906 Volnay that her father reserved from the *millésime* when she was born, thinking, perhaps, to open it for Armande's wedding, or the birth day of her first child. She says that the damp, yeasty smell of the wine *caves*, ten feet underground, always made her sneeze and that tasting gave her hiccups and then, too, as far as Armande is concerned, there was something unpleasant about the rituals of tasting—the men standing in a circle in their suits and ties, shivering in the chill, rolling the tart new wine around their mouths, like mouthwash, and spitting it out between the barrels and into dark corners. She does not think that a lady should have to watch men spitting wine into corners. "*Ça ne m'apporte rien*," she says. "It does nothing for me." When clients come to the village now, wanting to taste her Volnay or Pommard or her special Meursault-Santenots—or just to talk to Armande, who has a reputation among wine people and is known in Burgundy simply as Mademoiselle—she will greet them in her parlor, sitting on a rubber tube, her cane at hand, and even offer them a cheese biscuit and a glass of the ratafia she produces, on the side, from her marc and the must of the pressing, but unless she knows them well and likes them she does not go down to the cellars with them. When it is time to taste, she calls Francis, her tractor man and new *caviste*, to escort them—to rinse the glasses and siphon the wine from the casks and take the orders and sometimes, in the end, to fill a pail and splash some water onto the splattered floor near the tasting table.

Armande does not walk easily at all. She has a bad left leg, and a year and a half ago she fell and broke her right hip and needed an operation—which, she says, is how she got enough titanium inside her to send her straight to Heaven. She has a lot of stories about her broken hip. She likes to tell people that she broke it dancing with a handsome African she met in Senegal during the *troisième âge* tour she took with the widow of a winegrower from Auxey-Duresses, off Route 973, toward La Rochepot. Or she says that she had her accident reaching to switch channels from "Les Enfants du Rock," on Antenne 2, to the pornographic movie on La Cinq. Her stories make her clients uncomfortable—which may be why she tells them. She has no patience with the sort of discreet and embarrassed conversation people reserve for old women, and especially, as she puts it, for plain old virgins like herself. Armande is smart. She knows that everybody in the village—and, indeed, everybody in Burgundy who cares about wine and vines and vineyards—is waiting to see what Mademoiselle decides to do with her property. Armande has fifteen acres in vine here. She has fifteen acres of Volnay, Pommard, Meursault, and Monthelie, her own *appellation village*—which means that she has fifteen of the most coveted acres in the world. There were never any children or grandchildren to inherit them. She has one sister, in the south, with a retarded daughter, and, in a village where there are usually ten or fifteen families bottling, as she does, under the Monthelie name, she has no cousins left—and, in fact, no relatives at all. Armande was not courted as a girl, but she is courted now—too much, she says, for a spinster of eighty-three who was never, as she puts it, "*gracieuse*." She gets Christmas cards from Japanese businessmen and family news from California ranchers. German millionaires send her expensive patent-leather belts (she has a weakness for good black patent leather), and Belgian doctors send cases of her favorite beer, and there are Sunday afternoons when some of the most important priests in Beaune drive out to Monthelie to promise her Heaven if she gives her vines in charity to the Beaune Hospices. In age and indecision and discomfort, Armande has become powerful in Burgundy. People are careful around her now. They try to ingratiate themselves. They are relentlessly respectful, and have lost the wit to amuse her. Even the neighbors are careful. They have stopped swearing too much and telling the terrible jokes Armande loves and the terrible dirty stories, and Armande has to amuse herself with stories of her own. Her stories give her courage. They are small acts of defiance, a whistling in the dark of her own solitude, a way of saying, "Attention! Mademoiselle Douhairet is still in charge of her own life and her own cellars and her own vines."

TOOTH PASTE

EVERYBODY who loves wine loves Burgundy, or claims to love Burgundy, or knows, at least, that loving Burgundy is the mark of a worldly *amateur.* The Burgundians think that Celts settled what is now Autun in order to be near the vineyards here, and that Romans stopped and built a great city for the same reason. Armande, as a schoolgirl, read all about the Romans in Burgundy. She liked the Romans much more than she liked the Merovingians and Carolingians who ruled Burgundy after them. She suspects that, Germans being Germans, those Frankish clans were like the clients from Stuttgart and Cologne who arrive at all hours of the day and night and ask for tastings and then, when they have got drunk at her expense, leave without buying anything. She suspects that they were rude and proprietary and more interested in plunder than in the old Burgundian arts of viticulture and vinification. People are always asking Armande how it feels to be the custodian of land like hers, land with so much history attached to it. They want to know what she thinks about Romans and Merovingians in her back yard, or about owning the kind of vines Petrarch had in mind when he was trying to talk the Avignon pope into coming home and wrote to say what a terrible thing it was—keeping the Church from Rome because of an unholy fondness for Burgundy. Petrarch did not approve of people like Urban V, who couldn't live without Burgundy—"*qui beatam sine Beuna vitam agi posse diffidunt*"—and Armande agrees with Petrarch. She likes to say that she can live quite nicely with her Belgian beer, some Alsatian table wine, and an occasional Bordeaux, and, if it comes to choosing Burgundies, she prefers a good Échézeaux to her own Pommard, which most people think is wonderful but to her mind is too aggressive, something for Belgians and Germans. It may be that, having no heirs, no issue, no one to inherit, she has dismissed history, and, with it, her own failure to account for herself with another generation of winegrowers. She is fierce about her land, but the fact that it has probably been in vine for two thousand years does not intimidate her at all. She is much less reverent than the wine merchants and the wine writers who gather in her *caves*, gargling and sniffing, to compare her Volnay '83 and her Volnay '85 or discuss the qualities of her two new Monthelie Premiers Crus—her Monthelie-Duresses and her Monthelie-Le Meix Bataille—hoping all the while for a taste of one of the 1949s in the small *cave* where she keeps her private stock.

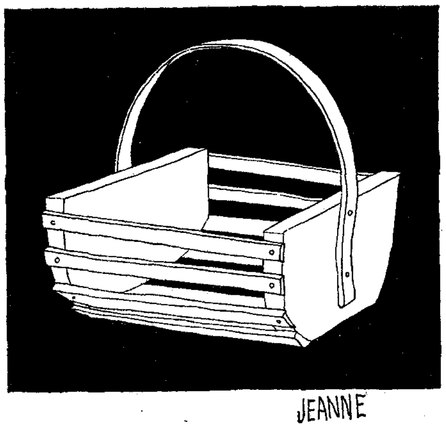
Armande likes drinking. She drinks, by her reckoning, about a bottle of wine a day, but she does not go down to the *caves* and choose a 1959 Volnay or a 1978 Monthelie from her reserve. Toward six, she opens the window and shouts down to Francis to bring the open bottles from the day's tastings, and then she empties them into a kitchen pitcher and stirs everything around and fills her glass. She calls it her *petit cocktail.*

THE village of Monthelie once belonged to the Benedictine abbey in Cluny. The village church, where Armande goes to Mass, was built by a Cluny abbot in the twelfth century—it has a square bell tower and a pretty, patterned, tile steeple, like other churches in the style that has come to be known as Cluny Romanesque—and, as far as anyone in the village knows, the vines in what are now Armande's vineyards were cultivated for six centuries by monks and vassals of the abbot and of the local bishops and monsignors who were the *seigneurs en partie* and, like the abbot, made fortunes from the wine they sold. Armande's family—her mother's family—arrived in Monthelie in the sixteenth century. Armande does not know where they lived before, or how they made their money or got their land. She knows only that they came when Monthelie passed out of the abbot's hands, and that they took the village name (which, depending on whom you ask, is either Celtic and means "the hill by the road" or Greek and means "the mountain of the sun god"), and that they built their house and bought their land and started vinifying well before the French Revolution—which is when most of the other vineyards in Burgundy were divided and sold. She is not much interested in ancestors. As far as Armande is concerned, the interesting Monthelies are the Monthelies she has known, and the interesting villagers are the villagers she knows now. Henri Meyer, who lives across the road and is sixty-nine and used to make the most beautiful wine barrels in Burgundy. Germaine de Suremain, who lives in the local château and is eighty-five and cruised the fjords with Armande on one of her best vacations. The two sisters who visit regularly in the afternoon and always sell Armande four bars of lemon soap and give the money to a charity for disabled dogs.

There are two hundred people in Monthelie. At election time, anyone who wants to join the town council signs his name on a list of candidates at the *mairie*, and the villagers with the most votes run Monthelie until they are tired of the meetings and can persuade their neighbors to replace them. The only politics that most people in the village care about are wine politics, although Armande herself has a weakness for Margaret Thatcher. She suspects that women are better at running things than men—she is, by her own admission, very good at business, very talented and very crafty—and then, too, she has heard that Mrs. Thatcher does not believe in "1992" and European unity and all the other *gigantesque* projects of the Common Market and the European Parliament. Armande says that a country where winemakers from Beaune do not talk to winemakers from Nuits-Saint-Georges is not likely to settle on a common currency with the Germans or agree to an English quarantine for its dogs or adjust its pensions to keep the Italians happy. Burgundians are proprietary. Burgundians from the strip of red, gently sloping soil that runs for thirty miles from Marsannay through Santenay and is known as the Côte d'Or, and, by *appellation* and common wisdom, produces the great Burgundy wines, are particularly proprietary. The thirty-two communes of the Côte d'Or are the only communes in France that refuse to let the government's agricultural-land board (it is called SAFER, after Société d'Aménagement Foncier et d'Établissement Rural) intervene in arguments over vineyard sales and land prices, and they are always arguing. They even argue about whether the wine is more agreeable on their northern slope, which they call the Côte de Nuits, or on their southern slope, which they call the Côte de Beaune. Armande's father, Louis Douhairet, married into the Monthelie vineyards and thus into the Côte de Beaune. He came from Joncy, in the Charolais, where the arguments were about cows, but he took up the cause of the Côte de Beaune, and Armande remembers that he would not let a Côte de Nuits in the house, let alone into his cellars. He used to say that when a boy from Beaune married a girl from Nuits-Saint-Georges it was a marriage of foreigners, and there is some of that same stubborn loyalty in Armande, despite her trips to Senegal and her fondness for a good bottle of Échézeaux and her spotty sense of history. Armande belongs to what people here call *la France profonde*—Deep France. She has chosen her corner of the earth, and she is profoundly located in it. She says that once—she was eighteen or nineteen, and romantic—she wanted to take orders and become a nun and put on starched medieval habits, like the *bonnes sœurs* at the Hospices, and belong to God and do gracious deeds among the poor, but her father told her she was too eccentric, too particular, *trop personnelle*, for convent life, and after that, she says, the land claimed her.

It is not beautiful land—Stendhal took a trip through Burgundy in 1837 and kept a journal, and when he got to Armande's neighborhood he wrote, "Without its admirable wines, I would say that nothing in the world is uglier than the famous Côte d'Or." It is scrubby land, with no trees to speak of and no real color to it—which may be why the miniaturists of medieval Burgundy preferred to paint it in winter, when a veil of snow lit the landscape into a fragile patchwork, and gave it contrasts. And the soil is dry. In Monthelie, it is so dry that the locals like to describe it by saying that a Monthelie chicken is the only chicken in the world that can die of hunger at a harvest. The things that make it wonderful for vines—the tough, chalky subsoil and the fossil base and the clear, bare, easterly tilt as the Côte d'Or drops from the Hautes Côtes to the alluvial valley of Dijon—are precisely the things that make it inhospitable and plain. Stendhal said he filled it up, in his mind, with the immortal names of the vineyards—with Chambertin and Romanée and Clos de Vougeot—and made it glorious. In a way, it is like the people who tend it and the wine they make. They mark it, and it takes their character. Eccentric, particular, personal. Like Armande.

Armande was born in the Douhairet family house in Joncy. The house was only thirty-five miles from Monthelie, but it took the better part of a day to get here when you were in a wagon drawn by a couple of fat farm horses, and Armande thought of Monthelie as a kind of country place, a place to play, somewhere for weekends and summers. Joncy was different. Joncy was a serious plains town, with wide, straight streets and a *place* with chestnut trees, and the Douhairet house in Joncy was a serious house. It sat in a square garden on the *place*, and it was clearly the important house in town—the house where the doctor lived, or the dentist, or the *notaire*, and kept an office with a Louis XVI desk and dark, musty velvet curtains. Louis Douhairet was, in fact, a doctor. He had a big practice of his own and six hundred acres of Charolais farmland and pastures and one of the first cars in Joncy *or* Charolles. Dr. Douhairet was a paterfamilias in what could be called the French-provincial style. He thrived on the ceremonies of small-town life. Whenever there was a speech to make or an official gift to give or a war memorial to dedicate or an important visitor to welcome to Joncy, it was Dr. Douhairet who presided. Being a doctor suited him, because it added so many ceremonies of its own. Births, deaths, measles, whooping cough, and the 1918 flu—he made them all small state occasions, occasions for his high hat and his black frock coat and his brocaded vest, occasions for a slick of pomade on his twirled Burgundy mustache and a trim at the barber's for the pointed Burgundy goatee he wore until his beard turned white and he let it grow and kept it forked and Biblical. Armande says that her father was a *grosse bête*—a *personnage*. He believed in his life and his prominence. Every year, he would summon the best photographer in Beaune and call the family together for a portrait. They would gather by the car—the first was a stately, open De Dion-Bouton—and, at the count of three, point appreciatively at one of its splendid features, at the leather seats or the spoked wheels or the sweep of the walnut running board, and the year was thus recorded, and joined the other years in the top drawer of a lemonwood Charles X secretary in Dr. Douhairet's study.



Alix Douhairet began her married life with her hair rolled into a tight brown topknot and her waist laced into a trousseau of high-neck, leg-of-mutton-sleeve summer dresses—beautiful white lawn dresses, with lace insets and embroidery. Twenty-five years and two daughters later, she was a plump, glaring, corseted bourgeoise—a column of thick, pale crêpe and dangling bugle beads and T-strap shoes digging into swollen ankles. Armande and her sister had what Armande calls the Monthelie face, which was a small, sharp, bright-eyed, Burgundy face, and the Douhairet shape, which was the squat, solid shape of Charolais plains people. They had high, broad shoulders and high, thick waists and solid calves, and they looked embarrassed in their cloche hats and their ripply flapper frocks, as if the pretty, frivolous new clothes they always wore for their photographs betrayed them, and made them awkward and mannish. Armande had, to her mind, one good point. She was a *rousse*. She had beautiful red hair, which would have been lost under the nun's coif of her girlhood fantasy and was in fact lost to the bobs and hats of her short, mild blooming. Her mother tried to show her off. She looked for suitors. She took the girls to summer at the beach and bought them bathing suits—navy maillots with no sleeves and racy pant legs—and rented cabañas and umbrellas for them, but she was not successful. Then she tried Paris. She sent Armande, at seventeen, to spend a year with her brother, Louis Monthelie, who was an important Paris doctor and kept an apartment at 87 Rue de Passy and entertained a lot of glamorous Parisian people. Louis Monthelie's specialty was stomachs—livers and intestines, Armande says—and he was known as a scientist. He spent his time at the Passy flat consulting with other scientists and peering at cells under his brass microscope, and it was believed by all the Douhairets in Joncy and all the Monthelies in Monthelie that a year in his instructive, sophisticated company would give Armande an edge on the local girls in the matter of husbands.

In the end, it was her sister who married. Armande came home, and thought about the *bonnes sœurs* at the Hospices, and then she started thinking about Monthelie—started counting the years in *millésimes* and the seasons of the year by the winegrowers' rituals of pruning and turning and trimming and picking. She never talked about her Paris year. She says now she never really liked Paris. She can tell you about the day the vines flowered in 1929, but she cannot remember what she did in Paris or whom she met or what she saw. She has shaken Paris from her memory the way you shake the dust from a dry mop—in a kind of mental tidying. She is always shaking out her memory, making it neat and acceptable, something to live with. She was in love once. Some of the neighbors talk about a young man—a suitor, maybe—who called on Armande between the wars and then died in an accident, but none of them except Germaine de Suremain is old enough to remember Armande well between the wars, and Mme. de Suremain does not gossip. The neighbors do not ask Armande. Armande's lapses are unconditional. She has armored herself in a kind of topsy-turvy senility, and breaks the rules of her own old age by recalling the present in limpid and precise detail and forgetting almost everything about her childhood and girlhood and, indeed, her first thirty or forty years.

Armande was thirty-four when the Germans occupied Monthelie. The line between Vichy France and Occupied France had cut through Burgundy at Givry, and it separated Monthelie from Joncy and the Monthelies from the Douhairets, and most of the village men were either prisoners of war or conscript labor in the wheat fields of the plains or in German factories. Every other Saturday, Armande and her mother (her father had died in 1933) would travel from Joncy to Monthelie to see the man who managed the estate for the family, and, if there were no Germans in residence, spend the weekend at the Monthelie house. Usually, there were Germans. There was a cavalry company of a hundred and twenty men and fifty horses quartered in the village, and over the years of the Occupation five commandants set up housekeeping in the house and policed the neighborhood from the winemaker's office. "*Il y avait de la boue*," Armande says. There was filth in Monthelie. The Germans took everything they liked, and what they liked in Monthelie was the 1923s and the 1929s in Armande's cellars. Armande likes to describe the German officers, in their high boots, marching down the stone steps to steal her wine. They always banged their heads on the second arch—the stairway has a rare double-vaulted ceiling—and Armande made up her mind, right away, not to warn them. She calls it her Resistance. When she sends a client to the *caves* to taste, she will say "*Attention la tête!*" and tell him about that second arch and her Resistance, and begin to laugh, remembering all those Germans and their banged heads, seeing them, in her mind's eye, unconscious in a great heap at the bottom of the treacherous stairs.

It was during the war that Armande decided to run the family vineyard. She says she was the first Monthelie in a hundred years to do it, family tradition

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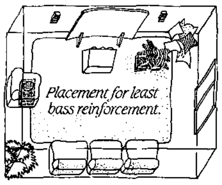
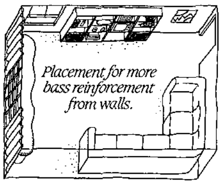
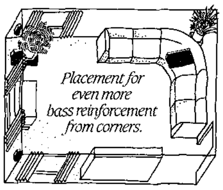


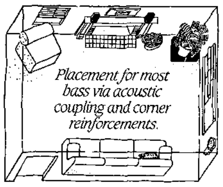
Placement for least bass reinforcement.



Placement for more bass reinforcement from walls.



Placement for even more bass reinforcement from corners.



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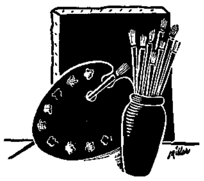
being for the men to go to Beaune and practice law, the way her grandfather had, or to go to Paris and practice medicine, like her uncle, leaving a winemaker in charge and a *caviste* living in the courtyard—one with a wife to keep the linens changed and the kitchen stocked and the house ready for a family visit. The Monthelie men came home to harvest, and they enjoyed the vinifying, but it was a matter of pride for them to have what in Burgundy is called a double profession. In Burgundy, you had vines for your "*côté paysan*," Armande says, and a respectable profession for your "*côté gentilhomme*." No one, though, had thought of educating Armande to a profession. She was educated to wine, *faute de mieux*, by the boredom of spinsterhood, by the war, and by her Uncle Louis, who had decided one day to apply "scientific method" to the family wines, and had installed a little laboratory in his bedroom at Monthelie, with a microscope like his Paris microscope and a Bunsen burner and a stack of test tubes, and started analyzing soil and studying grape sections and mixing nutrients and trying to discover the perfect temperature for fermenting Pinot Noir in order to produce a perfect bouquet and a perfect *robe*—which is to say a perfect color. Armande could play Ravel on the piano and she knew whole passages of Saint-Simon by heart, but she had no other competence, and no real experience of the world, despite her summer at the beach and her Paris year and the terrible daily strain of German soldiers falling down the cellar stairs. She says now that she wanted to be like Victor Hugo. She wanted to drain the world in great, long, thirsty gulps, as if it were a glass of Échézeaux, or a Richebourg '34. When she was a girl, and people asked her what she wanted, she would quote Hugo, and tell them, "*Il est, je crois, temps que je désemplisse le monde*," and nobody then had thought to tell her there were more ways to drain the world than as a nun gliding among the beds at the Hospices, which was still the only way she could imagine.



She began the year the war ended—the year her uncle died and her workers came out of hiding along with the other local *résistants* who had managed to stay alive during the Occupation. Her idea was to leave the vines to her winemaker and to take over the accounts and the clients and the marketing for her mother. Being a Leo—August 14th is her birthday—she never doubted she could do it. Her sister, who was a Scorpio, had no interest in the vineyard. She lived near Beaune then with her family, but she only came home to Monthelie once or twice a year, to check the books—to check on her inheritance, Armande says—and, little by little, Armande took over. When their mother died, in 1958, she put the house in Joncy on the market. She packed the family photographs and the three green Nevers tureens with angels for handles and the lace collars and fichus left over from her mother's trousseau and invited the neighbors in to say goodbye. There are still people in Joncy who reckon time according to the day Armande followed the movers to Monthelie in her car. "That was before Mademoiselle moved to Monthelie," the butcher will say when he is reminiscing. Or "That was two Easters after Mademoiselle went away."

Armande was the last Douhairet in Joncy. The first was a knight who arrived with his lord five centuries ago, and stayed to farm, and the locals say that there were always Douhairets in Joncy until Armande moved. Armande is not a sentimental person. Her regrets are practical. She regrets the five hundred bottles of 1947 Volnay-Champans that popped their corks and the two hundred bottles of 1986 Meursault-Santenots that fell and broke and the 1987 Pommards that seem to have skipped their malolactic fermentation. She regrets the land she could have bought and didn't, and the clients she chased away because they came at lunchtime and she was cooking *pommes frites* and couldn't be interrupted while the oil was hot. But she does not regret the life she left when she added a hyphen to the family name and registered her vineyard as the Domaine Monthelie-Douhairet and moved her narrow lemonwood bed into the master bedroom of the Monthelie house and added a chaste canopy—like one a nun would have, only purple satin.

THE house is near the end of the village, at the edge of the Volnay massif, looking out over a valley known to geologists as the Auxey-Duresses fault and to wine people as a stretch of chalky soil planted mainly in Pinot Noir and producing some nice village reds—not very distinguished, Armande says, but punchy. It is a pretty, postcard village, with its church and its small château and its terracing of old stone houses with fat chimneys and red tile roofs. The vines start almost exactly where the houses stop. There are a couple of fruit trees, for *crème de pêche* and the other Burgundy liqueurs, and then the vines, the rows of vines, slipping down onto the plains and disappearing. Wine villages are like that. Quaint, practical, and unadorned. "*Pas d'histoires*," Armande would say. No nonsense. The land is too valuable for nonsense. No one in Monthelie would think of taking any of it out of vine to build a shop, say, or a new house—which may be why the village stays so picturesque and is a little strange, as if time had stopped here in some other century. It has not changed much in three hundred years. The roof of Armande's house is still covered with its first red tiles. The walls still turn, following the old Auxey road, to meet the barn and form a courtyard that you still enter through a pair of creaking wooden doors, wide enough for an ox-drawn barrel wagon. There is a pale-blue 1988 Renault sedan in the barn now—Armande likes big cars, and she especially likes buying new ones—and Francis and his girlfriend are moving into rooms next to it that must have housed a *femme de la basse-cour* back in the days when there were chickens and geese and pigs in the stalls and coops that Francis uses now for bottling and labelling and filling orders. There is a freight elevator now, too. Armande ordered it for her old *caviste* when he was nearing sixty and, to her mind, getting on. She called an outfit in town that specialized in freight elevators, and a few days later some men appeared in hard hats and shook the village drilling from the labelling room past her private *cave* to the cool, deep vault where Armande keeps the barrels of her new wine.

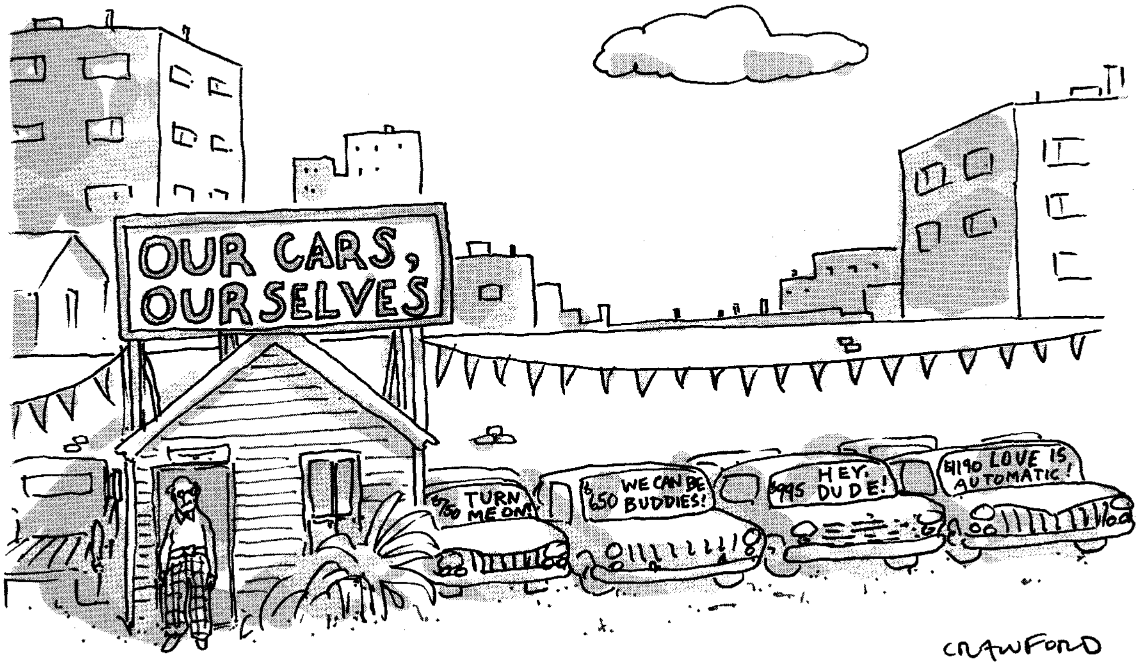
The elevator doesn't bother Armande. She keeps a kind of upstairs-downstairs relation with the working winery below her in the courtyard. She communicates with the courtyard through an open window, and the courtyard communicates with Armande by way of a steep outdoor stairway that runs up the wall of her house to her front door. The stairway confirms the hierarchies in a small, close world. There are times when all the people of a vineyard meet on common ground—the harvest, say, and the harvest feast, which is traditionally a wine feast, with rich Burgundian wine dishes like *œufs en meurette* and *coq au vin* for the pickers. Armande used to produce a grand feast in the days when her pickers worked for the estate, but she stopped cooking when she started using day labor. First she used Gypsies who were moving north, following the harvest. Now she calls a contractor in Dijon, and he sends her a busload of itinerant farm workers and local university students, earning extra money before the semester starts. She gives them their *grand vin ordinaire*, and she drives to Beaune twice a day and collects their meals—copious meals, which start with charcuterie and go on to stew and flageolets and then to cheeses and dessert—from something called a production kitchen, and after the harvest she sends them home. She does not romanticize the people who work the land for her, although she likes it when students come to harvest. A group of students picked for her this year, and brought their girlfriends, and she let them camp all over the house and, on the last day, called her butcher in Meursault and ordered them her favorite cold cuts—headcheese and rillettes and jellied ham and sausage. She says that she prefers a student's sharp mind to a peasant's strong arm and is not much moved by the sight of peasants "toiling in the vines," the way the poets and novelists are.

Every year at the Paulée de Meursault, which is a big winegrowers' banquet where everyone spends the afternoon eating and gossiping and singing and getting drunk on everyone else's best vintages, a visiting writer is presented with a plaque and a hundred bottles for his contribution to what could be called the French agricultural novel, and Armande buys the novels and reads them and gets her sentimental satisfactions that way. She has read Jacques Chapus and Jean Raspail and the Burgundy writer Henri Vincenot, whose peasants are pious and noble and earthy and wise and so strenuously good that they read like Tolstoy cast in argot. She has a weakness for genre—but not at home, tracking mud on the living-room rug. She prefers it in books and berets and an occasional exchange of weather forecasts at the butcher's. Like most French people, she believes, at heart, more in common etiquette than in common ground. She is at home to the butcher and the barrelmaker and the old sisters selling soap, but the peasants who pick her grapes do not sit down if they have business "upstairs" in Armande's house. They stand and state that business with their caps in hand, and once they have stated it they go downstairs.

Armande runs the Domaine Monthelie-Douhairet from the dining-room table. It is not her favorite table—it belongs to a set of gloomy oak dining-room furniture that her grandfather bought, and no one ever bothered replacing—but when people describe her it is usually at that table, sitting straight in a tall, carved chair, with her ledger open and her papers and waybills all spread out around her and a *petit cocktail* by her right hand. She has never used the office. She says that maybe the Germans spoiled the office for her. One of the German commandants kept his bed there, and another used it for interrogations, and after that no one in the family managed to restore it, so to speak, to the rest of the house. Armande tried once, after her mother died. She took an old picture of her father (he was dedicating a monument, and Armande thought he looked intrepid) and had it enlarged and hung it up and waited for the ghosts of the five commandants to disappear, but nothing happened, and, besides, by then she was beginning to like working where she was.

Armande did not bring much of her own to Monthelie—no dowry, no nursery furniture, none of the things that refresh a house and a heritage when a young woman takes it over and starts a family and dispels the tyranny of other, earlier women with new plates and new curtains and a new man and a change of wallpaper. In France, in Armande's day, being a spinster meant being a kind of custodian. Armande did not decorate her life. She did not really replace anything or restore anything or throw anything away or have a barn sale and start over with a lot of empty rooms. It was considered unseemly and aggressive, and even a little suggestive, for a mademoiselle like Armande to announce herself, like a bride. The price of her plainness was to look after another woman's household until a real bride—a niece, or a nephew's wife—could claim it, and this, mainly, is what Armande did. At fifty-two, she dug herself a secret garden—fitted her bedroom out with purple satin and old lemonwood and crystal perfume bottles—and closed the door and put the key in her pocket, and then she turned over the rest of the house to the conventions of spinsterhood, to the mixture of bric-a-brac and decorum, of fringed velvet and chairs in circles and coy tourist souvenirs, that marks the houses of old women who live alone. The things she buys now are mostly the objects of illness and age and solitude. The new, raised toilet. The color television with its remote control. The reclining orthopedic chair that covers the Chinese rug between her grandmother's statue of two children on a marble couch and the inlaid fruitwood chest with the Empire clock and candelabras. The laminated plastic-wood tea tables, easy to clean, for serving ratafia to clients. The gift-shop pottery—the pitchers and coliseums and minarets from her *troisième âge* tours which have replaced the children's drawings and the shells and stones and bits of junk that families collect on vacations and that become totems, intimate and exclusive.

Armande is stubborn about her pottery. She wants it to have its proper place and its own importance. She is especially fond of her ashtrays. They are covered with little risqué Burgundian epigrams and make her clients laugh. She keeps them in the library, with the family treasures—the signed paisley shawl and the green silk Persian prayer rug and the lace bridal gloves from Tenerife and the Baby Jesus, under a bell jar, and the Monthelie family set of the Encyclopédie. The set is priceless. It was the third set off the press—it was ordered when Diderot was selling subscriptions to finance the project, and over the years it was delivered to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Monthelie, book by book, in twenty-eight volumes—and the Monthelie paterfamilias of the moment was so pleased with his purchase that he ordered a second set, as a kind of backup, which Armande keeps hidden in a deep bookcase, behind the first. Armande says that the Monthelie men were Enlightenment men. They made a religion of understanding. They believed in rational man and the perfected mind, and in their own ability to think their way to truth, to *maîtriser* their ignorance, the way the Monthelie women believed in miracles and the power of a wax Jesus strewn with seed pearls and silk flowers under a bell jar, and they put together a library to cover every human "science" from Philosophy to Trigonometry to Justice. The Germans who passed the library every day for four years on their way to the office were too busy looking for secret cellars and hidden wine to pay much attention to Diderot, or to the history of salt, or to the entire chronology of the universe in one volume. As far as Armande can remember, the only book they took was a book of La Fontaine's fables, and, even so, they missed the important La Fontaine, the one with the forty etchings. She says that aside from the La Fontaine the collection has not been altered or expanded in two hundred years, and she is right, from the looks of it. She herself would never think of adding to it. She may keep her ashtrays in the library, and she stores her hip X-rays in a manila envelope on a shelf next to the Encyclopédie, but the books she reads now—the *romans policiers* and the Prix de la Paulée novels and the book about Louis XIV being a Mormon with seventy-two children—are piled on the sideboard in the parlor, where, to her mind, it is "*plus amical*."

In a way, the library is too much of a family shrine for Armande. She visits it with friends, and she likes to show it off to clients, but she is not at home there. She says that it has nothing to do with the rest of the house. It is too perfect. It is a calm, small, beautifully proportioned room, with a parquet floor and pale cherry panelling—a room for the eighteenth century and for browsing through Diderot with a glass of the same Volnay that Thomas Jefferson liked to drink. Armande's great-great-uncle Charles Clément restored it. He was a bibliophile, and a scholar, and a scientist, and he worked in a famous chemistry laboratory in Autun. Armande says that for a while he had the library with him in Autun but that in the end he brought it "home," and the Monthelie women "let in the Jesuits." Letting in the Jesuits meant letting in the Church. The men in Armande's family used to say that if you slammed the door on the Jesuits the women opened the window and they came in anyway. Armande likes to repeat that. It pleases her to think of the Monthelie men now, looking down from their Seat of Reason (which is where she assumes they are) when the priests arrive in Monthelie on a Sunday afternoon for a glass of ratafia and a game of cards and a little cautious conversation about the final disposition of the Monthelie vines.

Until the Revolution, the great Burgundy winegrowers were clerics like the abbots of Cluny and Cîteaux, and the great Burgundy winemaking took place at vineyards like the Cistercian vineyard of Clos de Vougeot, where the monks had the time and the education to experiment. The Church's holdings in Burgundy were enormous. By the fourteen-hundreds, Burgundy's abbots had more land in vine than Burgundy's dukes and all their lords and knights and relatives, and by the fifteen-hundreds—after Louis XI of France had financed a war on Burgundy and taken its "provinces" of Artois, Flanders, Nevers, and Rethel and, of course, the duchy itself and with it all the ducal vineyards—they were the only important winegrowers. Their vineyards, of course, were seized during the Revolution. They ended up as peasant freeholds—bought or claimed or squatted or, sometimes, simply stolen during the distribution of Church land—or as investments for a new town bourgeoisie, eager to *vivre de ses rentes*, like the aristocrats who had fled. They followed the patchwork slopes of the Côte d'Or. They were small to begin with—so small that as often as not they were measured not in hectares but in ares, or fortieths of an acre—and, with the changes in title, some of them got smaller. Burgundy was never like Bordeaux. There were never vineyards in Bordeaux like, say, La Romanée, at eighty-four ares, or Clos de Vougeot, where eighty different growers own strips and pieces of a hundred and fifty acres. The vines of Bordeaux are spread for fifty miles across the Gironde, from Sainte-Foy to the Atlantic coast, and the estates are vast. There is still eight times as much land in vine in Bordeaux as there is in all of Burgundy—and fifteen times as much as on the Côte d'Or. In a good year, the Côte d'Or produces sixteen million bottles—which means only one glass of wine for every Frenchman.

Wine in Bordeaux was an aristocratic, not a monastic, tradition. Most of the big Bordeaux vineyards came with their own château and with an aristocrat attached to the château, and after the Revolution they were not divided. They simply passed into the hands of a rich new merchant class and, after Napoleon started selling titles, into the hands of a rich new nobility. Today, Burgundians like to think of Bordeaux as belonging entirely to foreign consortiums and whiskey empires and tax-shelter investment funds—and to an occasional Rothschild. Not many people besides Rothschilds can afford it. From the Burgundy point of view, Bordeaux is in the business of agribusiness. It is anonymous and commercial, and the winemaking there has nothing to do with the winemaking in Burgundy, which, local mythology has it, is a kind of cottage industry, like knitting in Italy, with every wine as homey and quirky as the family that makes it. When people in Burgundy talk about Bordeaux, they compare it with California, where everyone is in a hurry and ferments too fast and sells too soon and then goes home and counts his money. They like to think of themselves as more like Oregon people. They have an attachment to Oregon. They have Oregon wines in their *caves* and Oregon calendars on their walls, and they send their boys and girls to Oregon to apprentice, and once a year they like to fly to a big Pinot Noir festival in McMinnville, Oregon, and stay in the woods and drink in bars, like cowboys, swapping wine stories and absorbing what they call *le dynamisme américain.* They suspect that no one in Oregon would put up with a Code Napoléon when it came to vineyards. Napoleon abolished primogeniture in France in 1804. The seven-hundred-and-forty-fifth article of the third book of the Code Napoléon revoked the ancient claim of an eldest son to family property, and there are still people on the Côte d'Or who refuse to hear the name "Napoleon" spoken in their houses, and are scandalized when the Hospices invite a woman calling herself the Princess Napoleon to speak at their November wine auction, or when the French professor at the Lycée Viticole assigns "La Chartreuse de Parme" to his class. They know that there is no primogeniture in Oregon, but they also know that in Oregon you can look your children over and choose the one who loves growing grapes and making wine and leave your vineyard to him. In France, every child shares equally in his parents' property. It is hard to imagine anyone complaining about this except, maybe, firstborn sons, but French farmers complain, and especially farmers who are winegrowers, because in places like Burgundy the land is so scarce and costs so much that there is no way for a winemaking child to buy out his brothers and sisters, and the result is that family vineyards are divided and subdivided and eventually sold to strangers, and the children stop talking.

Hervé Gaboreau, who runs the Crédit Agricole in Nuits-Saint-Georges, says that the Côte d'Or is the only place he knows where no one—absolutely no one—wants to leave the land. In Poitou, where he was born,

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there is a kind of attrition, but in Burgundy every generation of winegrowers settles down on top of the generation before it, and Gaboreau says it reminds him of a court society that hasn't prepared its succession. He figures that ninety-five per cent of the young winegrowers on the Côte d'Or are living on their parents' land or their wives' parents' land, or have income from a second profession, and that the rest are marginal, with nothing to guarantee their future. Death taxes are progressive in France. They go up quickly, and it is unlikely that a young man, having paid them, will have money left for buying land from the rest of his family. It is more likely that he will have sold his own land, or part of his land, to pay those taxes in the first place. The young don't buy in Burgundy anymore—banks, even agricultural banks like Crédit Agricole, do not lend money to young people any more willingly than they lend money to poor people—and this is one reason everybody is interested in the disposition of the Domaine Monthelie-Douhairet. In the past, good vineyards were often contested, but they rarely left a family entirely. Great vineyards were almost never sold. Three years ago, a tiny parcel of Richebourg and Échézeaux went on the market, and a vintner named Jean Grivot, from Vosne-Romanée, bought it, and the newspapers said it was the first sale of a piece of Richebourg in fifty-three years.

Today, the Burgundians are buying *out* of Burgundy—into Oregon and Australia. They say that they support their Burgundy "habit" with their vineyards abroad. They love the kangaroos in Australia, and they love *le dynamisme américain*, but the truth is they do not expect to find anything so particular and so satisfying as their life at home. They want to share their villages with a dozen other winegrowers whose vines have a different age from theirs, and whose *caves* have a different yeast, and whose barrels have a different flavor, and whose winemaking books have a different family secret. The formulas that interest them lately have less to do with enzymes and malolactic fermentation than with payment schedules and credit sources and investment capital that will somehow make their thirty miles of limestone and marlstone extend forever. They can put out a nice Grand Cru for thirty francs a bottle and sell it at once for a hundred and fifty (and their bankers say that most of them do, and that the ones with no entailments on their land are making fortunes). But if that wine has what is called a "difficult adolescence"—if it sits, pallid, for its first six or seven months in bottle—and buyers and writers taste it during those months and word gets around, its price can drop, just like that, and Burgundy suffers.

Armande says that the trouble with Burgundy, and the beauty of Burgundy, is that everything depends on what happens to a few grapes on their way down a very small slope that is exposed and barren on the top and sodden on the bottom. Some people would dispute that Burgundy. There are people who still like to think of Burgundy as circling France—stretching all the way east to Switzerland and north to Belgium and Holland, the way it did in the days of the dukes and Chancellor Rolin. There are people who say that you have to start in Chablis and go south to Beaujolais, and that everything in between is Burgundy—which, from the point of view of the wine, is true. But the heart of Burgundy is really that small slope called the Côte d'Or. Everyone in the wine business wants a piece of it, and there isn't enough of it for the families that are already there.

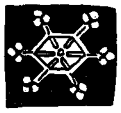
ARMANDE and her sister stopped talking once. It was in 1980. Armande was running the land she had inherited and the land her sister had inherited as one estate, and giving her sister half the profits, and the two of them had just agreed to save taxes by turning the estate into what the French call a *société d'exploitation*, with Armande renting the vineyard, in effect, from their company. She was ready to sign the papers—she was in fact on her way to Beaune to sign them—when her sister changed her mind. She offered her land to Armande for ten million francs, which at the time was two million dollars, and gave Armande twenty-four hours to reply. Armande says that she took a piece of paper and did some calculating and decided that, with loans at the bank costing about eight per cent, and the income from two million dollars' worth of the Côte d'Or running, at best, four per cent, it would take her twenty years even to be able to meet her interest payments—and she said no. Her sister sold most of the land to a speculator from Meursault (who turned it around a few months later for a big profit), and for a while Armande and her sister stopped talking. It was the first argument over land in the family, but, then, as Armande says, the family was lucky. No one before had had to make a living from it. It was only Armande who lived, as the French say, *de ses vignes*.

Today, Armande is land rich. Her parcels of Pommard alone are worth about eighty-five thousand francs an *ouvrée*—an *ouvrée* is the yield in wine from one day's work by one man, and Burgundians use it when they talk land prices, despite the fact that the yield on any estate varies with the year and the age of the vines and the technology—and that means that if she were buying right now they would cost her more than a hundred and thirty thousand dollars an acre. Armande makes a lot of money. It is the local habit to deny it, but most people in Burgundy with family land make a lot of money. They do not make nearly enough, though, to buy more land at today's prices. (An *ouvrée* of Grand Cru on the Côte de Nuits costs sixty-five thousand dollars, which makes the land worth more than half a million dollars an acre, and winegrowers say that the only way to break even buying land like that is to find customers stupid enough to pay you five or six times what your neighbor charges for the same wine.) When Armande talks about her sister now, she shrugs and says, "My sister doesn't love the land." Her sister was a disappointment, like any other disappointment. It was the surprise that hurt her. Once the surprise was gone, she got over it. She regrets, sometimes, that she didn't try to buy her sister's parcel of Volnay-Frémiets, because she likes Volnay, but she is not bitter. She knows that Burgundians are venal, and in a way she approves, and, then, too, she is proud of having been decisive, of having settled the question of two million dollars' worth of land in—by her own reckoning—six or seven minutes.

Living so long alone, Armande is used to making difficult decisions by herself. She was the first person to produce a Monthelie white. None of the neighbors tried before her. The neighbors thought that she was being foolish. But she had read in *Le Bien Public*, the Dijon paper, that white wines were getting fashionable, and she noticed that her best clients—the ones she always invited to sit down in the parlor for a glass of ratafia—were beginning to ask if perhaps she had some white open, so she thought she would do well with a Monthelie white, and she was right. Every year now, she goes to the *mairie* in Monthelie and declares thirty-five barrels of white and eighty-five barrels of red, which is what the *appellation* board allows her to produce, and stashes a few more barrels for "personal emergencies," and she says that the Monthelie white starts selling right away. She counts her new white wine among the important decisions she has taken, on a level with her latest Renault and her freight elevator and the air-conditioner she installed in her *caves* four years ago and the pale-gray blouse, with dark-gray insets in the sleeves, that she bought for too much money at the Louis Féraud boutique in Beaune and wore to the 1988 Paulée. She has never had trouble making decisions before, but she is having trouble now. She thinks about her sister's land, chopped up and in the hands of strangers, and it makes her uneasy. She does not much mind what happens to the Monthelie house. The library is already willed, and she has presented her wooden press—it is a huge old squirrel-wheel press—to the Hospices. But she minds what happens to the Domaine Monthelie-Douhairet. She does not want her vineyard to die when she does.

THE people who work for Armande are known in the neighborhood as "Mademoiselle's team," and they are an odd lot, assembled over time and bound mainly by their affection for her and a determination to protect her from each other. She has special arrangements with them all. She says it is a matter of old ties and responsibilities, and of keeping the state out of her affairs, but it is clear that she is jealous of her arrangements. She likes the complicity. Everyone connected to the vineyard has a secret, or thinks he has a secret, and everyone enjoys, or thinks he enjoys, her confidence. Armande believes that it gives her staff a lively interest in the business.

Her old *caviste* was called Fernand. He lived in the courtyard from 1956 until he moved to Bresse, a month after the vinification this year, and he and his wife, Denise, raised six children and several litters of Brittany spaniels in the rooms next to the garage, but twenty-two years ago Fernand had a heart attack and officially retired, and for twenty-two years everyone in Monthelie pretended that Fernand and Denise were simply camped in the courtyard, waiting for their house in Bresse to be painted. Fernand came from Bresse. He used to be a chicken farmer, raising *poulets de Bresse*, on a diet of milk and corn. It broke his heart when people in Paris and Lyons started buying cheap, feed-yard chickens instead of fine, fat, farm chickens like his, and he sold his coops and moved to Burgundy, with a letter from his parish priest to a priest in Volnay who knew that Armande was looking for somebody to run her cellars. Armande says that Fernand was a very handsome young man. He pressed the grapes himself. He would take off his clothes and lower himself into a smelly vat and jump for hours on a crust of crushed, fermenting grapes, until he was exhausted and the crust broken and the grapes pressed back into their juices, and Armande would always come down to the barn to watch him, because she liked the sight of such a fine, *interesting* male body at work. He gave up pressing five years ago—ordered a fancy vat for the *pigeage* and an automatic *pigeur* to crush the pips and electric pumps to bring the juices to the surface. He says he had to stop, because of his bad heart, but Armande likes to say she made him stop because he was getting old and a little flabby and not so handsome naked. She lost interest, and replaced him with a machine.



Fernand preferred the old ways of making wine. He said that a pair of feet were better than any pump—that feet pressed better and mixed better and added a tang that no oenologist could reproduce—and that a pair of hands were better than any machine for sorting labels and pasting them on bottles. He was always wandering around in the winery, in his slippers and his blue overalls and a floppy poplin hat that he had bought for shooting, looking for something his hands could do. Up to the end, he would still "fine" wine by beating four egg whites and putting them in the wine barrel and letting the impurities adhere, and he would still clean barrels with an old iron tool that looked like a pitted scythe, and he would still mend a forty-year-old wooden vat rather than ferment his wine in an expensive new steel one.

Armande has eight fermenting vats, and by now two of them are steel—lined with enamel and warmed and cooled by circulating water. There is a new Swiss Grand Cru press, which works by air pressure (next to the old press, which worked on oil pressure, like a furnace), and there is a new bottling machine, and, of course, the air-conditioner. Fernand didn't like them much, but Francis likes them. Francis is twenty-two and holds practical views—which are that steel vats are easier to maintain than wooden vats, and that air-conditioners are useful in the heat and the cold, and that the only thing to be said for jumping up and down in a vat of fermenting grapes is that it keeps you in shape for rugby. Francis used to play rugby for Beaune. He played in a fourth-division team and was trying so hard for a third-division team that by the time he met Armande he had broken his leg twice and injured his knee three times. Just after he started working, he injured it again. He tore the cruciate ligament and couldn't get back on his tractor for the next nine months, and Armande bought a new tractor—a funny-looking vineyard tractor that grips the soil and can turn like a motorcycle—to make him feel better. Armande and Francis get along. Armande likes Francis's good nature and his red cheeks and his eager face. She likes the fact that he works in the *caves* on Saturdays, receiving clients, because Fernand would never work Saturdays after he retired. And she especially likes it that Francis is moving to Monthelie with his girlfriend, because to Armande's mind a "*union libre*" will add some spice to village life.

Francis says he never expected anyone as old as Armande. He worried that Armande, being old and Catholic, would disapprove of a *caviste* with a girlfriend, but Armande said right away that given what she had seen of marriage she was "for free love," and that was when Francis knew that "*le courant passait entre nous*"—which is a way of saying there were good vibrations—and he took the job. He loves the vineyard. There is no land in his family—his father was a car mechanic, and his mother works as a secretary at the Beaune Ponts et Chaussées—but there was no business in the family, either. He enrolled at the Lycée Viticole in Beaune, and stayed for three years, and then he worked in a vineyard and winery in Saint-Romain. Working like that—working a little on the land, then a little in the *caves*—he started to distinguish between the people who liked growing grapes and the people who liked making wine. He started to distinguish, he says, between the cultivators and the cooks. Right now, the job of cultivating vines absorbs him. He says if your graft is weak, or your subsoil, or if you cheat on the trimming to get a bigger harvest, there is not much you can do in a winery—even a winery full of fancy machines and fancy wine scientists—to produce a decent bottle.

Francis's mentor in wine is Armande's friend André Porcheret. Porcheret worked for ten years as *maître des vignes* and chief winemaker for the Hospices, which have a hundred and twenty-five acres in vine on the Côte de Beaune, and now he works for Lalou Bize-Leroy, of the Domaine de La Romanée Conti, who bought a neglected estate on the Côte de Nuits last year and turned it over to Porcheret to nurture. Porcheret comes from a village near Saint-Romain. His parents were sharecroppers. They rented vines *en métayage*, and never made any money, and every one of their seven children left the land except him. He says that for a while he thought he would rather see the world than stay in Burgundy. He was twenty-four and working for a wine company called Clerget, and when a chance came to drive the company truck to Paris he took off with a consignment of wine and stopped at a *routier* bar and started drinking and playing pinball and looking at the Paris girls, and the next thing he knew it was eight days later and the truck was lost and the wine with it and he thought that the Champs-Élysées was the Avenue de la République in Beaune. He is fifty-two now, a big, impatient, opinionated, exuberant man who speaks his mind with a roaring Burgundy accent and has a lot of local authority and is devoted to Armande. He has been working with Armande in his free time for over ten years. They met one day to settle some boundary markers between Armande's Volnay-Champans and a parcel of Volnay that belonged to the Hospices, and after that he started stopping by, after work on Thursdays, to advise her. Once you talk to her, you want to help her, is the way he explains it. Soon he was looking after Armande's vines.

Porcheret says that after the Hospices it was a relief to work with Armande. The Hospices are a Burgundy institution. They run two old-age homes, a convalescent center, and a hospital on the legacies of Burgundy winegrowers who have paid their way to Heaven with their best vines, and on the extravagant proceeds of the yearly wine auction, and they are rife with wine politics. The directors are local *notables* whom Porcheret, at his kindest, describes as banana peels, whereas Armande has a good head, he says, with a lot of love and humor—which is how some people would describe him. He respects Armande as much as he does anyone in the wine trade. He has never forgiven the men who approached her a couple of years ago and tried to get her to sign an "agreement" that in the end would have given them her vineyard. He told them they were *buveurs de sueur*, and stopped their visits, and after that Armande formed the sort of company she had planned to form with her sister, and she made Porcheret a minor partner. It is their particular open secret. Porcheret still stands in her presence (until she sits him down), and he always refers to her as Mademoiselle. "*C'est une femme d'affaires, Mademoiselle*," he says, or "*Mademoiselle et moi, nous sommes amis par les vignes*." But he fights her in her own interest. He had wanted her to buy her sister's Volnay-Clos des Chênes and her Volnay-Frémiets. He thought she should have gone into debt, or sold some ordinary parcels, to have those vines. Right now, he wants her to "balance" her production. He wants her to go through the vineyard with him, vine by vine, to decide which vines are profitable and which vines have to go, and then he wants her to throw away those old vats Fernand was so fond of, and replace them with clean new vats. He wants her to dig another *cave*, deeper and warmer than the others, and to change her old *égrappoir* for a new, rubber machine—one that destems cleanly.

d.ehrenberg

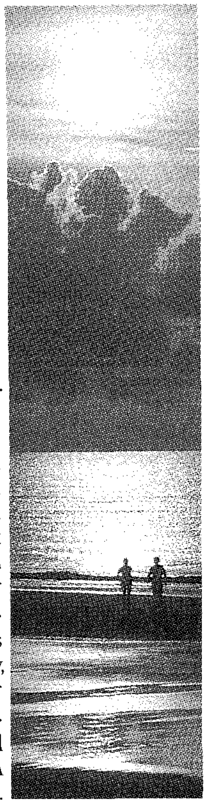
There is not much that Porcheret doesn't know about wine after ten years at the Hospices, with twenty-three *vignerons* and a couple of oenologists working for him, and it is his conviction that a vineyard is better served if you eliminate a bad vintage—if you sell it cheap, as ordinary Burgundy—than if you push it as a pricey *vin d'appellation*. He is proud of his Burgundies, and is uneasy selling one that does not live up to its reputation. He says that his scruples did not sit well with the Hospices board, which never really knew what to make of a winemaker who announced on his very first day at work that he had looked over the Hospices vines and the Hospices *caves* and decided that the auction should be cancelled for the next nine years. He left when Lalou Bize-Leroy offered him a big salary and a free hand.

The estate where Porcheret works now used to be called Charles Noëllat. It is an important property—fifty acres of vines like Richebourg and Vosne-Romanée and Clos de Vougeot—and to buy it Mme. Bize-Leroy sold part of Leroy, the family wine-shipping business, to the Japanese holding company Takashimaya. She is the most powerful woman in Burgundy, and the most glamorous. She wears Chanel suits and has a reputation for adventure—in her office in Auxey-Duresses, there is a famous picture of Lalou Bize-Leroy hanging by a rope from the ice face of one of the French Alps—in a neighborhood where most of the women stay at home until their *troisième âge* tours. Wine writers court her, because her artful talk about "the archeological and complex soil of Burgundy" and "the grave and nourishing soil of Burgundy" and "the profound humility that comes from letting the soil speak" makes copy. But she is a shrewd and exacting winegrower, with some of the world's best vines on her estates. Armande worried about her patience, sharing Porcheret. She worried that maybe Mme. Bize-Leroy would be jealous of the time her *vigneron* spent on the vines of an old mademoiselle with a strong character of her own. Porcheret never worried. His interest in Monthelie-Douhairet gives him something of his own, and he is passionate about it. He says that when a busload of pieceworkers arrives at Noëllat to harvest grapes or work the bottling line, he thinks about the harvest at Armande's—about how everybody, even the pieceworkers, makes a family for Mademoiselle. The harvest this year was early and dry, and the grapes were heavy and sweet, and Porcheret brought in a fortune in grapes and sent them through his new steel chute onto his new sorting table and pressed them with his new automatic press—the one with "three-dimensional drainage"—and part of him wished he were at Monthelie, bossing everyone around, while Fernand beat the egg whites and Francis raced all over the place on his tractor and Mademoiselle sat upstairs, with a *petit cocktail*, entering each truckload of grapes in the 1989 ledger.

The man who supervises the harvest at Armande's is an old friend of hers, whom I will call Claude. Claude has been vinifying for Armande for nearly twenty years, and Porcheret is equivocal about him, because Claude has a degree, and Porcheret does not think much of people who learn their winemaking from textbooks. Porcheret says that the "experts" produced by wine schools like the Lycée Viticole in Beaune and wine-science departments like the one at the University of Dijon or Montpellier are "like the doctors who give you twelve shots in the ass after you've got better"—by which he means that when your soil is good and your summer has been hot and it has not rained at the harvest there is not much for an oenologist to do except to say that the wine needs work, and hope that his clients believe him. Claude once worked for a big shipper on the Côte d'Or. He was *maître des chais*—a kind of warehouse production manager. He had hundreds of thousands of bottles of stock to account for, and two hours of tasting every day, and an assembly line that could turn out eight or ten thousand bottles an hour during the bottling season, and he started coming to Armande's "for the human scale." It was good for his nerves, he says, and good for his morale, to work in a *cuverie* where you didn't have to rush the wine—where you could say that the wine was too *mou*, that it had to wait for another few months in barrel.

Claude was always having to rush the wine at his shipper's. It frustrated what he calls his oenological interest in the things you can do for a wine when it is in a vat or a barrel, or even in a bottle. He likes to think of himself, making wine, as a father watching over a sleeping child, or a child who has just left home for a pitiless world. "The wine is out in the world, all alone," he says whenever he has an audience. "We are not there to defend it, but we are *morally* responsible." Claude is a smooth man and a smooth talker, and, like Mme. Bize-Leroy and a lot of wine people, he has invented a vocabulary for his self-interest. He loves to talk what Burgundians call serious wine talk when he visits Armande, with his white hair groomed and his corduroys pressed and a V-neck pullover that makes him look like an aging blind date—and Armande loves to torment him. When Claude sighs and tells her that her village wine is "artisanal and true," she says that her wine was meant to be "drunk and pissed in a single day." When he talks about "*l'élevage du vin*," she says that the word "*élevage*" reminds her of a cow. But she depends on him. She says he is fussy about corks—Armande still frets about the Volnay-Champans that popped its corks—and fussy about grafting. Burgundians have been grafting since phylloxera arrived on the Côte d'Or, in 1878. They use American rootstock and graft it with Burgundy clones, and then they plant the graft in soil that has been "disinfected" and analyzed to a depth of two or three feet. Claude is fond of the process. He likes running into the laboratory in Beaune to choose the clones and discuss the magnesium reports. He says it keeps him in the avant-garde.

Claude used to visit Armande on



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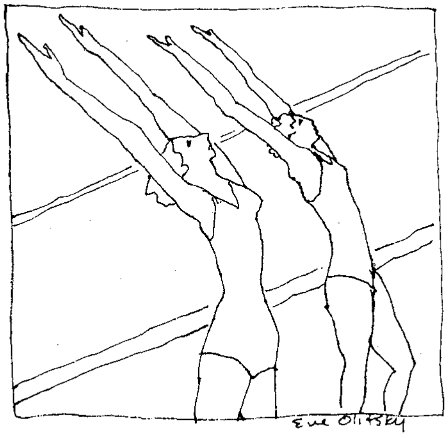
Friday, after work, and come back for the day on Saturday, but he is restless, now that he has retired from the wine shipper and has no warehouse to inspect, and he tends to drop in on odd days and at odd hours. It distresses Armande, who likes to stagger the visits of her admirers. Armande preferred it when she could count on a visit from Porcheret on Thursday night and a visit from Claude on Friday and a visit from one of the Beaune priests on Sunday, and knew that nobody would overlap. She worries that Claude will find out about Porcheret's interest in the estate (which, of course, he has), or that Porcheret will tell people that Claude is working for her (which, of course, they know already), and that somehow she will lose control. People in the wine trade used to tell Armande that with Claude doing the winemaking and Fernand looking after the wine in barrel it was safe to say that her wines "made themselves," from vintage to vintage. But Armande is fond of Claude, and she understands his disappointments. He had wanted to be a winegrower himself. His parents were winegrowers. They were brave people—*résistants*. There were always three or four *résistants* hiding in their house during the Occupation, and Claude, who was a boy when the Germans came, carried messages for the *résistants* and brought them food. The Germans put him to work as a field hand, and then they sent him as a laborer to Germany. He says that all he thought about during those years was coming home to his parents' vineyard. They had twenty acres in vine—twenty acres and four children—and by the time Claude had finished the *lycée* and apprenticed in town, washing bottles and cleaning barrels, it was clear that four children couldn't live off twenty acres, not if they wanted families of their own. He ceded his part to his oldest brother, and went to college to earn a diploma that would let him work for someone else.

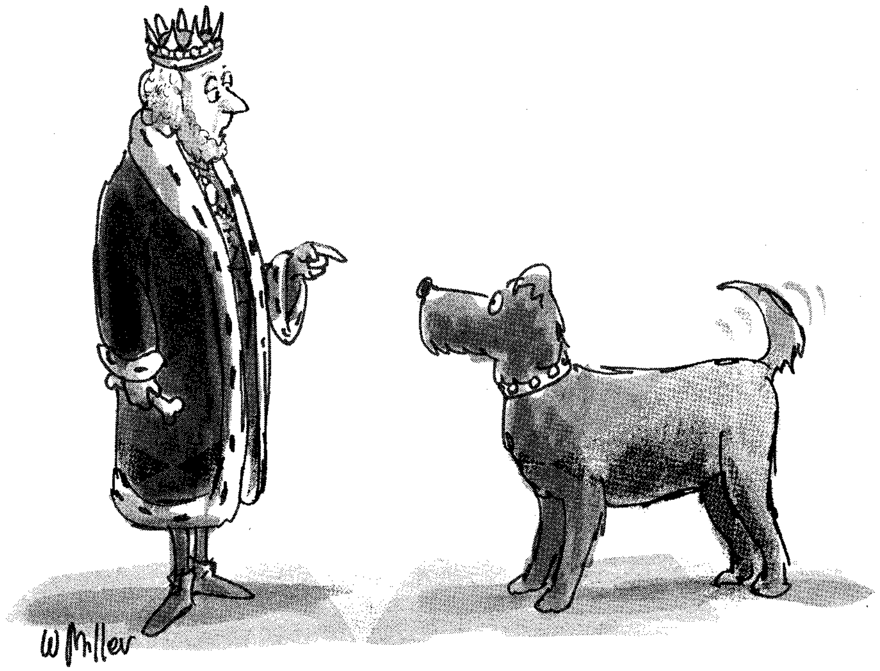
IN the old days, only a few, famous Burgundy winegrowers bottled and sold their own wine. The business of Burgundy was in the hands of the *négociants*—the wine shippers—who bought wholesale, in grapes or barrel, from the various estates, and did the bottling and the marketing, and made the profits. They were a merchant class that had thrived in Beaune and Nuits-Saint-Georges after the Revolution, and eventually they became the *notables* of the Côte d'Or—families with great local power and great local fortunes. Some of them had vineyards of their own, under their own names (with the result that clients often confused the vineyard wines and the company wines, and ended up with wine mixed from the stock of a number of estates, and occasionally with wine that had got its "sun and color" from grapes picked in the Midi). Some of them had no vineyards. Some were honest, some were shady, some were pioneers. Some stabilized the market by covering for growers in a bad year. Some refused to buy anything from growers in a bad year unless the growers obliged them with low prices in a good one. At one time, they had the power to define a vintage to their own advantage. They went to the Hospices auction and bid high on the kinds of wine they wanted to push and the kinds of wine they wanted to unload, and even though the auction was a charity potlatch, with the bids opening at two or three times market value, they easily made up their expenses with the high prices they could then command.

In the nineteen-thirties, when the first *appellation* laws went into effect on the Côte d'Or—the laws that classified its Pinot Noir into village wines, Premier Cru wines, and Grand Cru wines and fixed the boundaries of its various vineyards and the number of vines in those vineyards and the number of barrels from those vines—the Burgundy winegrowers with important *appellations* started bottling and selling on their own. Some of them bottled only their best wines, and sold the rest in barrel to shippers. Some decided not to deal with shippers at all. The growers on the Côte de Nuits tended to bottle first—the ones with Grands Crus like Richebourg and Clos de Vougeot, the ones whose soil was so particular that you could taste the wine from their piece of a vineyard and distinguish it from their neighbor's wine, produced from vines a couple of feet away. There were twenty-two Grand Cru reds on the Côte de Nuits—vineyards that could be broken up and sold in rows to different owners but could never, by law, be extended—whereas the only Grand Cru red on the Côte de Beaune was Corton, from the village of Aloxe-Corton, six miles from Armande's. Each side had its explanations. Winegrowers from the Côte de Nuits said that their wine was better. They had a story about how on the Côte de Nuits women pruned and men tied (on the Côte de Beaune, men pruned and women tied) and how that produced a different *robe*. Winegrowers from the Côte de Beaune accused those winegrowers of breaking into their *mairies* late at night and tampering with the list of *appellations*, while their own great reds—their Volnay-Clos des Chênes and their Pommard-Rugiens—went relatively unrewarded with a Premier Cru. The truth was that the politicians from the Côte de Nuits pushed harder than the politicians from the Côte de Beaune, and had better connections, and put their money in more effective pockets.



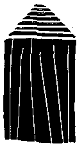
There were eighteen hundred growers on the Côte d'Or, and by the war the ones who were not shippers themselves, or owned by shippers, or attached to shippers, were all bottling to sell. They liked the freedom, despite the fact that bottling anything more than the family reserve meant bigger *caves* and a lot of expensive equipment, and time and money spent marketing and soliciting clients only a few years after the Depression had nearly put the growers *and* the clients out of business. Armande's uncle was one of the first growers on the Côte de Beaune to commercialize his wines. He started bottling to sell in 1934. He had mainly French clients, and never a big production. He kept his red wines for three years—two in barrel and one in bottle—before he sold them, and he put a lot away for himself, but he had a following, and it included a New York wine importer who started buying the family's wine. Armande inherited a couple of private Swiss and Belgian clients but no important foreign connection to replace what she called "my uncle's American," and she liked most foreigners, because foreigners liked buying. She especially liked Americans. She liked the way they did business. (Claude had told her that if you went bankrupt in America all you had to do was change your company name and you could start over.) Americans took getting used to, she said, but over the long term they were amusing.

The fact that Armande was alone and available gave her what the French would call a *fidèle clientèle.* Most winegrowers didn't open their doors from Saturday noon to Monday morning—weekends in the French provinces are private, family times, and not for business—but Armande had no family to fill her weekends, and she would open *her* doors at any hour of the day or night, and word got around. She says that once she bought her elevator her weekends were "bathroom to cellar." She was always shouting into the courtyard at eleven on a Saturday night to tell some German stockbroker or honeymooning American couple to wait a minute, she would be right down, and then rushing into the bathroom to change from her nightgown into a skirt and sweater. She says that she had no choice, that whenever she turned anyone away he would simply appear again, at six in the morning, ready to taste. Her favorite American was a Mormon plastic surgeon who specialized in grafting big toes onto fingers that had lost a joint. She met him through one of his French colleagues—an old Monthelie client who brought him to her—and he started coming every year, and Armande says that every year he came with a different wife. He told Armande that he liked to find a wife and keep her for a few years and a few children and then "retire" her and take a new one—someone younger and fertile. Armande claims that by the time he met her he had seven wives at home and seventeen children and a proscribed fondness for good Burgundy. He got her interested in Mormons. "*Ce n'est pas une mauvaise idée, sept femmes,*" she says. "*C'est pour leur race.*" Whenever he appears now, with a new wife, she takes him aside and tells him to come alone next time. She says if he comes alone he can find a French wife—and that way he will have saved on airfare.



"No, wait a minute. I'm King. You're Rex."

FIVE years ago, Armande met Russell Hone and started exporting seriously. Russell is a forty-five-year-old Scot in the wine trade. He made his reputation in Burgundy in the seventies—he was working for a Bordeaux wine broker who wanted to expand into Burgundy—when he discovered a cellar of rare wines in the town of Gueugnon, bought them up at a couple of dollars a bottle, and sold them at Christie's for his firm at roughly fifty times the price. By the time Armande got to know him, he had settled in Burgundy. He was divorced and living in Bouilland, a half hour from Monthelie, with an American woman named Rebecca Wasserman, who had a wine-brokerage business and bought from growers like Armande on behalf of stores and clients and importers abroad. Becky Wasserman ran her business out of an old stone farmhouse, and she was someone unique to the Burgundy wine trade, someone "in the American style," people said. She was a small, pretty woman with a soft voice and a mop of curly hair and a kind of assurance about wine that nobody expected in a foreigner. She had an enormous influence in Burgundy, despite the fact that she was not only American and a woman but a divorced American woman, raising two boys on her own. She was known for her "nose." She sought out the good, small, independent Burgundy *vignerons* who had been selling mainly to old family clients, and introduced them abroad to people who would never have tasted their wines without her, people whose Burgundy had been the famous vintages and the famous names. Russell had heard about Armande from a friend in Becky's office—had heard that a Mlle. Douhairet had some very nice 1982s and that he ought to try them. When he finally met her—"met this very old lady with a lot of humor," Russell says—he remembered the name and the year and asked to visit her in Monthelie. Armande was delighted with Russell. He was a dry, shy, courteous, compassionate man—and he took to her. He liked her company. She was unpretentious and direct, like the people in Scotland. He wished her well, and he worried about her wine and her future, and so he began stopping by, trying not to interfere, trading wine gossip and advice and listening while she sorted out whatever problems were on her mind and needed solving. At first, whenever he came to see her Armande would call the neighbors and show him off. "Come see my tall Scotsman," she would say, and the neighbors would come, because there was no one in Monthelie nearly as tall as Russell Hone, and never had been, and the neighbors were hoping he would roar or howl or do something ferocious, like the warriors in "Macbeth." Once—it was after she broke her hip and was in the orthopedic hospital in Dracy-le-Fort—she asked him to wear his kilt for a visit. All the women on the ward came to her room to see Russell in his hunting Duncan, and oohed and aahed and said how big he was and how hairy and tried to look underneath his sporran and listened, rapt, when he told them that the knife sheathed and strapped under his sock was for hand combat with his enemies.



By now, there is a great bond between Russell and Armande. Armande stood up for him last spring when he and Becky Wasserman got married—she bought two new dresses, one for the *mairie* and one for the wedding lunch—and in a way it made them family. Russell and Becky keep an eye on her. They take her to the Burgundy parties, and see to it that she is in the foreign wine catalogues and that the foreign buyers taste her wines—and if the buyers have no time for Monthelie they arrange tastings at their own house. They like her wines. Becky says that years of making tough, radical decisions are in those wines. People are buying them now in Washington and San Francisco and London and Tokyo, and Armande wonders if they are satisfied, if they wouldn't be just as happy with some good Belgian beer and an occasional white from Alsace—like her. She worries about her Japanese clients, because she knows there is not much room in Japan, and she has no idea where they are going to store their bottles. She worries about all her clients. She says it is part of the service. She knows that there are days when a wine tastes good and days when the same wine tastes awful. You can never predict them. So she worries about her clients, and she worries about the critics who have been coming around, now that she is—as she likes to tell Porcheret—"international." The wine critics make her nervous. They can easily hit the bad day, and, as far as Armande is concerned, they never say the really interesting things anyway. They never sniff the air in her cellar, the way Becky did last spring, and say that the yeast there is like a wonderful interpretation of a Mozart sonata. A wine critic is more apt to say that her cellar is "rustic." Robert Parker, the American wine critic, called it rustic. He came to Burgundy last year and tasted Armande's 1986 reds and gave them a middling score, and then he called her Monthelie "cheesy and musty" and said that her Monthelie Premier Cru smelled like damp chestnuts and her Volnay-Champans like feces—that they were worth trying if you wanted to know how red Burgundies must have tasted eighty years ago. Armande went to the tasting with Porcheret and Claude, and sat through it with her hand on her cane, looking stoic. She says now it was a wonder everything didn't taste like feces, because by the time Mr. Parker got to her wines he must have tasted thirty or forty others.

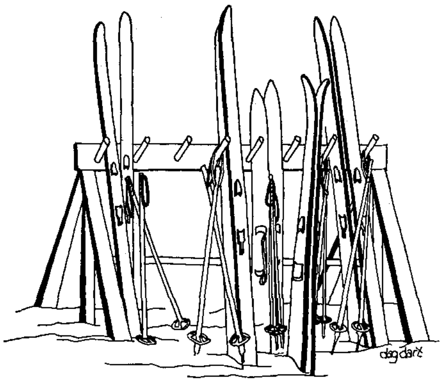
Some people think Armande should hire an oenologist. There have not been many great Burgundy oenologists—the great professional winemakers like Émile Peynaud and Pascal Ribéreau-Gayon worked mainly in Bordeaux—but there is an oenologist on the Côte d'Or now who has been getting a lot of attention. His name is Guy Accad, and he is Lebanese. He left Beirut in 1969 to study oenology in Montpellier, and today he has a little laboratory on the river in Nuits-Saint-Georges, with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar spectrophotometer, and sacks of dirt on the floor, and a lot of gurgling test tubes tied with cotton rags. His ideal is to produce a Savigny the color of a Côte de Nuits—which may be why Armande says that his wines smell like cassis and look "too purple," like a Lebanese rug. Fifteen rich young winegrowers have turned over their vines and their *caves* to Accad. He has promised to "stabilize" their production for them, to give it a common character and a consistent *robe*, like the *robes* of Bordeaux. He thinks that Burgundians are backward when it comes to wine, that they get their oenology from the back of the bags of fertilizers they buy, and don't really understand that without the old organic fertilizers they have ended up with too much potassium in their soil and too little magnesium, and that without the mildew that used to plague them in the days before vine medicines and herbicides their vines are not getting a chance to "rest" every now and then and have to be treated differently. Burgundians like to call their winemaking "traditional," but Accad calls it "ancestral." Armande, for one, does not consider it at all strange that Burgundians fine their wine in barrel with everything from Fernand's egg whites to clay, and even bull's blood, and she would never ferment "scientifically," the way Accad does—slowly, and in a cool *cave*. In fact, Armande thinks that Accad is strange, because she has heard he likes to sprinkle Sun, which is a dishwashing powder, onto his soil, or maybe into his vats, for the benefit of its interesting enzymes. She says that he came to see her once, years ago. He was still at school then, but he was working summers in Burgundy—selling vine medicine door to door for a chemical company. "*Ce n'est pas un crack*" is the way she remembers him. Not snappy. He would have liked to advise her, but she never asked him back, and a few years later he spent a season at the Hospices with Porcheret, and the men were not friends—and, for Armande, that was that. It may be a measure of Accad's success that old winegrowers like Armande disavow him. Burgundians are devious, he says. Even his clients like to hold back a few vats to vinify with their family recipes, and then mix everything together and take the credit if things go well and blame him if things go badly. "We are very *méfiant* in Burgundy," Armande says. Even the young are *méfiant*. They study oenology at the Lycée Viticole and drink at Pickwicks, which is the fashionable Beaune bar, and go to McMinnville on holiday—and, all in all, consider themselves sophisticated—but in the end they are ancestral, like their parents.

ARMANDE has a lot more stories to tell, now that she is international. She has stories about Belgians who will only buy deep-red wine that looks like blood, and stories about Germans who get sick from her Meursault-Santenots, and stories about Englishmen who serve it as an aphrodisiac. She has stories about Japanese businessmen sending Burgundy to their friends so that their friends can calculate, in yen, exactly how much (or how little) the businessmen regard them. She has stories about Americans who shop with a scorecard culled from Robert Parker in their pocket—they want to get the most points, on a scale from fifty to a hundred, for the least money—and stories about Englishmen who don't like to pay their bills. She says you have to watch the English when they start to pretend that paying bills, or even talking about paying bills, is bad manners, something gentlemen don't do. Once, an English importer bought a hundred cases of her Monthelie '85—it was selling for thirty-five francs a bottle then, and everyone wanted it—and liked it so much he ordered more. He came back with a truck, and wanted to drive right off with her last seventy cases, and avoid the broker's fee. Armande said no. She said no that week to the Englishman, and no to the American Embassy, which had ordered fifty cases and wanted Armande to file tax-free forms because the Embassy, on the Avenue Gabriel in Paris, was really the United States, and no to a winegrower from Mercurey who wanted to "let Mademoiselle retire," and to rent her land for one of his children. She was exhausted and cross. She missed the biweekly Saturday-night Mass at the Monthelie church, and had to make do with a television Mass at eleven on Sunday morning, on Antenne 2. She has an invalid's dispensation to worship, as it were, on television. She takes it when she has to, but she doesn't feel right, and she certainly doesn't feel rewarded—only that another duty has been performed. Armande believes that church is for Masses and television is for dirty movies, like the movie that made her trip, changing channels, and caused the problem to begin with. She loves movies. Her favorite movie is "The Bear." She saw it in Beaune with one of Becky's apprentices—a nice young man from New York who had quit investment banking for the wine trade and was in trouble with his girl, who wanted him to come home. He went to Armande's to talk, and Armande said that what they both needed was a movie where you could watch bears playing instead of a couple in bed.

The grower from Mercurey never got very far with Armande. He was what the French call a *gros paysan*—a rich peasant. He had a big family, with a lot of cousins and a lot of vines, and he was very commercial. Armande had heard that he liked to hand out fancy promotion flyers, in four languages, about all the three-star Michelin restaurants that served his wine. His interest in Armande's vines was practical. His son was already working on the family land, and he wanted to settle vineyards on his three daughters, like dowries. He worked it out according to their charm and their prospects, and approached Armande. It wasn't easy to see Armande. No one he asked would introduce him, and when he finally called her it did not go well, because Mlle. Douhairet told him she was going to live forever, and he told her, straight out, "*Ce n'est pas évident.*" Armande repeated the story to her neighbors, who thought that if she was ever going to rent or sell her land she should think of someone close to home, someone like Michel Lafarge, in Volnay, where there were forty winegrowers and all the land was taken. Lafarge had four children, too, and twenty-five acres—some of them touching Armande's parcels of Volnay. Lafarge was a neighbor. He was someone to count on. You could taste the "style" in his wines, and he was sure to understand Armande's style, and the special *robes* that distinguished the wines of Monthelie-Douhairet, and try to preserve them. He would agree with Armande that a real oenologist is someone formed by his own *caves* and his own land and his own family.

Armande added the name to a mental list of people she calls "interested parties," along with the Beaune priests, and the man from Tokyo with the unpronounceable name who had a business importing wine and surfboards, and the Belgian doctors with an investment club, and the Germans who were longing to tell their friends in Stuttgart that they were Burgundy winegrowers, and the three large young men from California who arrived at her house one day—one of them in a ponytail and jeans and earrings—and showed her pictures of their own vineyard, which turned out to be the size of Burgundy.

There are still not many foreigners in Burgundy. There are Becky and Russell, and a German with a vineyard on the Côte de Nuits, and a couple of Swiss, an Englishman, and an American, but so far most of the foreigners are people who have married into the business. The foreigners who buy vineyards tend to do it in partnerships with old Burgundy winegrowers—like the seven Australians who bought into Gérard Potel's Domaine de la Pousse d'Or, in Volnay. They want to profit from their wine more than they want to settle down in a dull village like Volnay or Monthelie and actually make wine. The people who dream of a tiny piece of Burgundy, just enough for, say, a couple of barrels of Richebourg for their private stock ("a wee Grand Cru," Russell calls it), are rarely the people with the time and the money to take one on. People with money are not often the sort of people the French call *terre à terre*. When people with money buy a vineyard for themselves, they usually want something grand—grander, anyway, than a village house and a couple of parcels scattered across the countryside. They buy a ranch "with vines" in California or Australia. Or they go to Bordeaux and look for a property with walls and a park and old chestnut trees that lead down carriage paths to an eighteenth-century château. They want to fly in, weekends, from London or Cologne and play châtelain and entertain.



ALL the attention was invigorating for Armande. It revived her at a time when her hip hurt and her leg was giving her a lot of trouble, and she was having a hard job getting used to the idea that after twenty-two years Fernand's house in Bresse was finally painted—that Fernand was packing up and leaving Monthelie and going home. She went to the hairdresser in Meursault and had a permanent and a henna rinse, and then she started driving the blue Renault for the first time since her operation—and brought in her share of the best harvest on the Côte d'Or in thirty years. Armande's is not a great vineyard—*pas superstar*, they say in Pickwicks—but there are wine people who think that arguing about "great" and "good" on the Côte d'Or in a year like 1989 is splitting hairs, and even Armande had to admit that her 1989 Volnay and her 1989 Pommard, and even her 1989 Mon-

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thelie, were going to be fine. "Nice and scruffy," she called the Monthelie, quoting the one wine writer she approves of, for his manners—an Englishman named Clive Coates, who comes visiting every year and takes notes in her *caves* in such a neat, tiny hand that he reminds Armande of Maître Prélot, the Beaune *notaire.* But once the vinification was over Armande was alone a lot, waiting for winter, waiting for Fernand to go, waiting for Francis to "redecorate" the rooms next to the garage with what she imagined would be rugby posters and the various accessories of a *union libre,* waiting for the doctors to decide if it was worth opening the veins in her bad leg—her eighty-three-year-old bad leg, she said—to ease the pressure. She was looking forward to the Paulée, which is always held in November, the Monday after the Hospices auction. She had reserved places for herself and Porcheret, and for the doctor who fixed her hip in Dracy—and one more place that Russell was going to use for Rusty Staub, the American baseball player, who was coming to Burgundy to be inducted into the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, and wanted to join them—but she never received her tickets, and when she called Meursault a woman at the Paulée office told her that they were cancelling twenty local seats to make room for "important foreigners," and that four of those local seats were hers. The woman said that Armande could always come "next year," and Armande replied that she might be dead next year, and the woman said, well, in that case, she could come the year after. Armande got all her seats, in the end, and Becky and Russell shared her table, and everyone drank a nice 1923 Volnay from her private *cave,* but Armande was dispirited. A few weeks later, Henri Meyer, across the road, noticed that her shutters were closed. It was nine-thirty on a Saturday morning, and Armande always opened her shutters at eight-thirty, even on weekends, and Henri and his wife got worried and broke into the house and found the television on and Armande lying on her orthopedic chair, with a cerebral hemorrhage.

Armande is in the hospital now—a big new hospital on the edge of town which was built by the Hospices de Beaune with money from the wine auctions. It is a practical place. There are no glazed tiles dancing across the roof, the way there are at the Hôtel-Dieu that Chancellor Rolin built inside the Beaune walls. There are no Rogier van der Weyden altarpieces, like the one the Chancellor commissioned to help the Hospices patients "bear their sufferings," and no *bonnes sœurs* gliding through the wards in starched medieval habits. There is a television in Armande's room, and an old woman in the next bed, and there are always a lot of neighbors waiting in the hall to see Armande and bring her the local gossip—and wonder whether a few weeks of Hospices care is going to "let in the Jesuits" in the matter of the disposition of the Domaine Monthelie-Douhairet. In the old days, people who gave their vines to the Hospices got back beds and nursing in their own name. They got the right to assign those beds. It was a kind of trade—wine for care. Armande gets her care through health insurance and social security. Her interest in the Hospices, she always liked to say, was spiritual, and had to do with her "*côté chrétien.*" Maybe it was a way of making her peace with the Baby Jesus under the bell jar, who has never received her wedding token—never received a string of seed pearls or a scrap of lace for luck and babies—and maybe a way of saying "*Je m'en fous*" to the Enlightenment gentlemen who made her library so boring, and maybe a way of confounding all the people who are courting her so strenuously now. Armande is getting better, but she has trouble speaking—so no one really knows.

JUST before the harvest, Armande asked Becky to drive to Joncy with her. She wanted to show her the cemetery where she is going to be buried—the cemetery where her parents are buried, under a big white marble cross. She didn't talk about it. The two of them made the trip a kind of outing, and talked mainly about the harvest, about whether the good weather was going to hold and the grapes would be sugary and fat. When they got to the cemetery, they stopped for a few minutes and looked at the cross, and then they turned the car around and drove home. At the cemetery, Armande repeated something her father had said, not long before he died: "Won't it be nice to spend eternity right here, in Burgundy, with flowers on your belly?"

—JANE KRAMER

THE THEATRE

A Christmas Memory

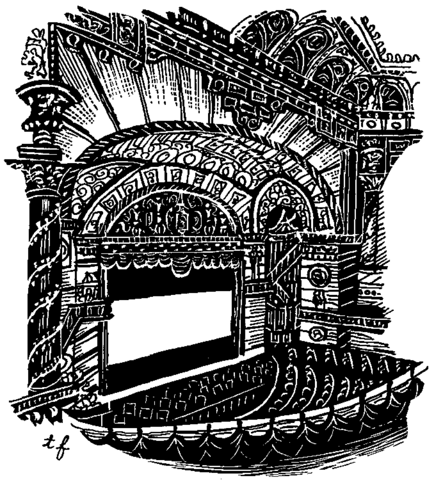
JAY PRESSON ALLEN'S "Tru," with Robert Morse as Truman Capote, at the Booth, was a happy surprise. I'm not particularly hospitable to one-man shows, nor was I, in this instance, to what I thought would be a two-hour impersonation. First off, then, Mr. Morse's Capote is no impersonation but a skillful and a deeply thought-out characterization. The time of the action is Christmas week of 1975, the place Capote's apartment. A decorated Christmas tree stands at stage left, and his revulsion at a "horse trough of unspeakable poinsettias" that he sees when he enters gets him off on the right foot. But things are going badly. The first installment of his "Answered Prayers," a novel about the smart set with whom he has been spending his time, has just been published in *Esquire*, and, to his surprise, he is facing social ostracism by the women who recognize themselves in its pages. He wonders what they expect if they associate with an artist. Some of this talk and that which ensues is over the phone, but most is not. He has always talked to himself, he tells us, and what's wrong with that?

Sometimes he seems to be talking directly to the audience (and what's wrong with that?). By the time the evening is over, he has covered most of his life—discussed his miserable early years, his work, his friends, his lovers—yet Mrs. Allen is such an experienced dramatist (and dispenser of information) that one never feels the victim of straight exposition. The Southern accent, the high-pitched, italicized chatter are immediately convincing, as is the pathetic dry little laugh, in place of a sob, when he has something particularly sad or humiliating to relate or some tiny bitchery to place at our feet. He leaves us (me, at any rate) feeling "What a fascinating, talented man!" and, to a certain extent, "What a dear!"

Mr. Morse has padded himself to portliness for the role, and he has puffed out his cheeks and let wispy white hair droop on his bald pate. His elaborate, painstaking makeup is a total success. He is a ringer for Edmund Wilson.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY'S "The Tenth Man," which was first done here thirty years ago, is being given a lively revival at the Vivian Beaumont, under the direction of Ulu Grosbard. The setting is a down-at-heel synagogue on Long Island, to which a member of the congregation brings his granddaughter of eighteen, a diagnosed schizophrenic. He is convinced that the girl is possessed by a dybbuk. When the action begins, the synagogue is short one man of the ten needed for morning service. A double search begins—for a rabbi who can exorcise the demon and for a man to fill the quorum. The second is easier than the first: the sexton takes to the street, stops a man, asks whether he is Jewish, and, receiving a rather puzzled yes, drafts him into service. He is a youngish fellow named Arthur Brooks, miles away by temperament and training from the Orthodox Jews of this congregation; he is also extremely neurotic. He is being treated by a psychiatrist, and has tried to commit suicide. Two members of the congregation go off to find the right exorcist—a long and futile search by train and subway. Meanwhile, Brooks and the girl, who are attracted to each other, converse in the rabbi's office. He is concerned that she get the best medical treatment, but she knows that she is possessed by some demon from Kiev, and every now and then suddenly stiffens and speaks in a throaty Russian accent. An exorcism is finally performed, with (sort of) surprising results. Brooks and girl go off together and presumably (not by me) live happily ever after.

I missed "The Tenth Man" in its original production, but had such a good time at this one—rich in episodes and character and, above all, humor—that I kept forgetting I was there to opine. I enjoyed the play, that is, but the byplay even more. The mystical or religious aspect is almost neglected, but it is there all the same. The casting is excellent: Bob Dishy, as a busy member of the synagogue, is as funny here as he was in "Cafe Crown." Among the others are that impeccable actor Peter Friedman, as Brooks; Joseph Wiseman, as a cabalist; Phoebe Cates, as the girl; and Michael Mantell, Ron Rifkin, Jack Weston, and David Berman, as the rabbi and some of his congregation. The set, by Santo Loquasto; costumes, by Jane Greenwood; and lighting, by Dennis Parichy, are all admirable. —EDITH OLIVER



The Company He Keeps

IS successful matrimony a reasonable thing to hope for in an imperfect world, or are men so unworthy of women's devotion that life with them is a constant tradeoff, with women constantly refashioning themselves in men's image but ultimately forced to accept men's infidelity for the pleasure of their company? This seems to me the primary question asked by "The Merchant of Venice," a play in which all of the principal women dress up as men and most of the men end up betraying their wives. The center of the piece, of course, is not Shylock but Antonio, the Venetian merchant who hazards his fortune for love of a friend and comes close to dying for it; and it's Antonio who bridges the play's two plots—the story of Portia and the three caskets and that of Shylock's Jessica. For Bassanio (Portia's sweetheart), Antonio becomes indebted to Shylock for "a pound of flesh"—that is, his life, which Portia saves when she outwits Shylock during the trial scene. The ruse with which Portia and Nerissa induce Bassanio and Gratiano to betray them is provoked by the two men's declarations that for Antonio's sake they would willingly sacrifice Portia and Nerissa. Antonio's significance is plain: he represents that thing which men love more than they love their wives. But what of Shylock, who links the two stories thematically, if not structurally? What does the Jew represent?

According to Peter Hall's production, which opened December 19th at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, with Dustin Hoffman in the role of Shylock,

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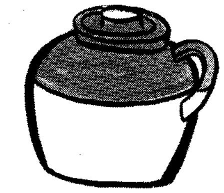
the Jew's essential characteristic is his Jewishness, which isn't quite as tautological as it sounds. Hoffman's Shylock might have stepped out of a Central Park West consulting room. He's witty and urbane, with a penchant for musing irony, but with none of the savagery that punctuates Shakespeare's text. A tendency to embody a long tradition of dignified suffering is just about the only unassimilated aspect of Hoffman's Shylock, but his most modern and immediately recognizable feature is his relationship with his daughter. Hall makes the central fact of Shylock's situation the ambivalence of his overprotected child. Jessica's distaste for Shylock set against his essential niceness (and Hoffman's performance seems largely informed by a reluctance to play a character unsympathetically) makes you feel very sad, and once or twice, toward the beginning of the evening, there are moments when you feel your heart could break.



If this version of Shylock doesn't lead anywhere in particular (and it doesn't: at the most crucial points—the "Hath not a Jew" speech and the trial scene—Shylock always seems the least vital force), the production is no less rife with instances of what it is that makes Hall great as a director of Shakespeare. Hall is a master at bringing subtext to life onstage—finding it out or creating it where none exists. He invests a throwaway line like Lorenzo's parting shot to Bassanio ("I pray you have in mind where we must meet") with a quality that somehow makes it clear to us how Bassanio fell into debt in the first place. Hall looks at a line or an exchange, a strain of imagery or circumstance, and draws conclusions from it. He looks at the opening conversation between Antonio and Bassanio and notices that the latter couches his courtship of Portia in terms of money. He looks at the description of Antonio and Bassanio's parting ("I think he only loves the world for him . . .") and notices that much more is being suggested than a Sunday-football friendship. He looks at the famous string of similes exchanged between Jessica and Lorenzo ("In such a night stood Dido with a willow in her hand . . .") and notices that all the love affairs alluded to end badly. And from these observations (among others) Hall emerges with a "Merchant" that is almost more about male bonding than about love and marriage.

This exploration of subtext (an approach to Shakespeare of which Hall is as much an inventor as a practitioner) is highly vulnerable to perverse interpretation. There is, of course, no reason in the world for that scene between Jessica and Lorenzo to be played as though the two were having a bitter fight, just one of a long series in a disastrous marriage quite obviously on the rocks; no reason to dress Bassanio up like a figure in a Mannerist painting, as though to belie his rejection of surface beauty; no reason to have Shylock's turncoat servant, Launcelot Gobbo, treat Jessica with hostility and contempt, or to transform Jessica herself into a kind of Amanda Plummer creation—all darting looks and quasi-psychotic glances—so that we're less concerned with the general fate of true love than with the specific fact that poor Lorenzo has his hands full. Those ambivalences about fathers, about women and men, about Christians and Jews are there in the text: we don't need to be hit over the head with them.

Fortunately, the experience of seeing this "Merchant" turns out not to be about either Hall's interpretative quirks or Hoffman's Shylock. It's about seeing and hearing Shakespeare performed without fanfare or flummery, in a setless, Lincoln's Inn Fields-type Jacobean playing area (designed by Chris Dyer), by a company of schooled Shakespearean actors—actors like Leigh Lawson, Nathaniel Parker, Richard Garnett, Donald Burton, Gordon Gould, Peter-Hugo Daly, Leo Leyden, Julia Swift, Michael Carter, and, most particularly, Michael Siberry and Geraldine James, who, as Gratiano and Portia, give tour-de-force performances. As for Hoffman, you learn nothing from him about fathers, Shylock, or the quality of mercy; but, knowing that in the imperfect world of Broadway this production probably couldn't exist without a star, you admire what he does that's moving, and respect the grace with which he seems willing to eclipse himself for the general good. And you leave exhilarated and uplifted, feeling that it was a worthwhile tradeoff: Hoffman and some minor infidelities in exchange for the pleasure of Hall's company.

—MIMI KRAMER

REFLECTIONS

AFTER THE COLD WAR

As the decade draws to a close, the globe seems to be spinning faster than at any time in forty years, blurring long-familiar landscapes. The surprises of the past two years have been breathtaking: The Soviet Union, dropping its elaborate mask, displays the weakness and discontent of seventy years of rule under the Communist Party, withdraws its troops from Afghanistan, and opens up an exciting but perilous process of debate and reform. Poland has a free election, and a leader of Solidarity becomes Prime Minister. Hungary announces that it is a People's Republic no more, stops calling its ruling party Communist, and proclaims Imre Nagy, the symbol of the struggle against Soviet tanks in Budapest in 1956, a national hero. Todor Zhivkov, the Stalinist leader of Bulgaria for thirty-five years, is ousted. In one long weekend in November, East German soldiers bulldoze parts of the Berlin Wall and announce that everybody is free to go to the West. The hard-liners in Czechoslovakia capitulate to a week of massive demonstrations, and the Czech Communist Party gives up its claim to play "the leading role." Alexander Dubček, who twenty-one years ago tried to create "socialism with a human face" and was crushed by Soviet tanks, returns in triumph. Even within the Soviet Union itself Mikhail Gorbachev's uncertain strategy for maintaining control of the non-Russian republics encounters defiance in Lithuania and results in bloody clashes in Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Uzbekistan. In the heady atmosphere of *glasnost*, the failures and disappointments of *perestroika* are undisguised. Officials and pundits in the West, unable to comprehend, much less to predict, the speed and magnitude of these changes, routinely assert that Gorbachev will fall. Some assume that the breakup of the Soviet Union is inevitable.

The nations of Western Europe agree to open a highly integrated regional super-market and trading bloc in 1992—an event no less stunning than the dissolution of Communism in Eastern Europe. The leaders of the Soviet Union and China meet and announce a rapprochement, but the massacre in Tiananmen Square is a sober reminder that dramatic changes can be dramatically reversed. Japan becomes the world's most successful trading nation, the world's greatest exporter of capital, the leading supplier of foreign aid, and the financier of the United States budget deficit. As pressures build on both sides of the Atlantic for withdrawals of American troops from Europe, the United States and West Germany artfully downplay their deepening split over the future of nuclear weapons on the Continent. But within half a year the dispute over whether to have a new generation of short-range nuclear missiles in West Germany aimed at East Germany is overwhelmed by the dramatic events in the German Democratic Republic. Suddenly, an issue that most non-Germans and many Germans would like to avoid—the reunification of the two Germanys—is on the table.

Thus, many of the long-declared aims of Cold War policies over more than forty years—a "mellowing" of the Soviet system, a tempering of revolutionary zeal, support of United Nations peacekeeping efforts, improvements in human rights, greater respect for religion in the Soviet Union, a willingness to negotiate a less threatening military posture, reductions in Soviet military spending, encouragement of greater democracy and diversity in Eastern Europe—are, to a remarkable extent, moving toward realization. The conversion of the Soviet Union from a revolutionary power seeking to replace the world capitalist system into a traditional nation-state seeking membership in that system is proceeding with great rapidity.

For almost forty-five years, the Cold War has served as the organizing principle of United States strategy. Virtually every foreign relationship has been viewed as an aspect of the global struggle with Communism. The Cold War has defined American priorities and American purposes, and its approaching end offers a historic opportunity for the United States to take stock of what has happened, to reëxamine its foreign-policy goals and strategies, and to rede-

Victoria Roberts

"I'm all faux and loving it!"

fine its role in world affairs. For the first time since 1946, this country is being forced by events to rethink the meaning of national security in a basic way. It is a time, like the end of the Second World War, for Americans to revive old dreams of a world at peace, stabilized not by military force and hostile alliances but by political, economic, and legal institutions that respond to the cry for democracy now heard around the world. Prudence, pragmatism, and caution are admirable watchwords for confronting a time of upheaval, but if there is no larger American vision of a new world order Americans will have little choice but to accommodate or to resist the visions of others. It may now be possible to transcend the politics of the past, and to marshal resources in new ways to face the very different sorts of security problems of the future. The United States has a major role to play in the great transformations that lie ahead, but a different role, surely, from the one it played two generations ago.

So far, however, this country, the prime architect of the postwar world, is moving slowly in response to the end of the Cold War, content to let the nations of Europe take the initiative. After the months of tumultuous change that have taken place in his first year in office, President Bush has adopted a rhetoric that has begun to acknowledge the waning of the Cold War, but the impact on United States policy is as yet far from clear. The President presents the astonishing events of recent weeks as a well-earned reward for maintaining "steady" Cold War policies all these years. He sounds as though the ideas, institutional arrangements, and spending priorities that won the long war needed only to be modified to serve equally well in a post-Cold War world. Such a response to the rush of unanticipated events could have been predicted. The United States, like all the other players, was unprepared for this moment. There are file drawers of contingency plans in the Pentagon for fighting all kinds of wars that can never be fought, but the White House clearly had no contingency plans for what to do in the face of Cold War victory. President Bush was curiously low-key in his first reactions to the dramatic developments in Germany last November, giving the impression that he didn't know quite what to do but was determined to do it prudently. The contours of the new world in the making are murky, and there are no maps. As the new decade begins, the Administration seems elated by its sense of Cold War victory, careful not to press its advantage in Eastern Europe too far, and anxious about venturing into the uncharted waters of the post-Cold War world.

THE United States of the early postwar years, rich beyond measure and invulnerable to attack, entered the era of its supreme power with both euphoria and apprehension. The men around President Truman, though aware of the power of the United States and the weakness of the Soviet Union, wondered whether public opinion in the United States would support a permanent global mission or whether the economy could sustain it. Fears of a revived Depression were widespread. The choices then seemed clear, and stark. Stalin's despotism, secrecy, and cruelty gave credibility to "worst case" thinking. The fateful underestimation of Hitler in the nineteen-thirties made the most pessimistic assumptions about Stalin's expansionist plans seem nothing more than elementary good sense.

The atmosphere of fear generated by the atomic bomb and by the spread of Soviet influence in Europe served American leaders as a license—even an obligation—to organize the non-Communist world under American leadership and to prepare for nuclear war. The obvious course was to adapt the strategies that had been used against Hitler to defeat the next totalitarian threat. The United States stepped easily into Britain's role of leadership as the exhausted British Empire dropped its mantle, and within months the traditionally isolationist continental nation had become the world's first truly global power. In the world of 1945, ideology offered a clear benchmark for distinguishing friend from foe: on the creed of anti-Communism and the "lessons" of Munich, Pearl Harbor, and Hiroshima, a global strategy was built.

Of all the perquisites of office, the one that bureaucracies are most reluctant to give up is the world view on which their existence depends. Political rhetoric is more easily changed than the unstated assumptions on which national-security establishments operate. If, as John Maynard Keynes lamented, modern society is in the grip of defunct economists, it is equally in the thrall of early-twentieth-century geopoliticians. In the prism of geopolitics, the Soviet Union, however profound its reforms, remains a permanent enemy of the United States by virtue of its size, its history, its huge military potential, and, above all, its geographical position. All these factors give it the opportunity—which has never been realized—to dominate the heartland of Europe. The United States fought two world wars to prevent another aspiring power from achieving such a goal. Those who look at the world through the traditional geopolitical prism view with considerable apprehension the conversion of the Soviet Union from an enemy of West Germany into an economic collaborator.

It was thus hardly surprising that the initial policy review of the Bush Administration came up with a clarion call for "the status quo plus." But the pressure of events—Gorbachev's steady stream of intriguing offers and beguiling statements, the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, and the domestic pressures to cut the United States military budget—has impelled the Administration toward a complex and comprehensive negotiation with the Soviet Union over the direction of the arms race, the future of Europe, and the redefinition of United States–Soviet relations. Such negotiations, as Ronald Reagan discovered, have a momentum of their own, and without a clearly articulated set of goals the United States will find it hard to keep control of the process. The Soviet Union today is a far more tractable negotiating partner than it was in the late nineteen-forties, when the pillars of United States postwar foreign policy were implanted, but the United States no longer enjoys the overwhelming power it had then to convert other nations to the American view of reality. Some of President Bush's caution reflects an awareness that whatever new American vision is proclaimed will not be easily sold.

Bureaucracies with a heavy investment in the world view of the Cold War have an inexhaustible supply of arguments for clinging to something called the status quo even as it disappears. Not so long ago, the argument for avoiding a political settlement of the Cold War rested on the absence of leadership in the U.S.S.R. Soviet leaders were dying every fifteen months or so. Before that chain of events started, Soviet leaders were seen as too fanatical (Stalin), too mercurial (Khrushchev), or too euphoric about their own historical prospects (Brezhnev in the post-Vietnam years) to make acceptable negotiating partners. (Only in the years when the United States was embroiled in the Vietnam War did it feel sufficient pressure to make negotiations with the Soviet Union an essential part of its security strategy. The result was the Nixon-Kissinger détente, a managed arms race, and a formal recognition of the division of Europe.) For most of Bush's first year in office, Soviet weakness provided as good a reason to keep to the old course as Soviet strength once did.

At the beginning of the process of *perestroika*, the reflex response in Washington was to dismiss it as a media campaign. When it became clear that it was much more than that, a second response was to cast doubt on Gorbachev's survival, as if it were axiomatic that the democratization process inside the Soviet Union and the "new thinking" on foreign policy could not survive this remarkable personality. But as Gorbachev appeared to consolidate his power over an increasingly exposed and troubled empire the case for United States passivity shifted again. Why take the political and military risks of negotiating fundamental changes in the relationship with an adversary in crisis?

During the 1988 Presidential campaign, George Bush vigorously resisted the notion that the Cold War was over. His closest advisers at the time believed that Ronald Reagan's embrace of Mikhail Gorbachev was the naïve response of an old man in a hurry to make history. For most of its first year in office, the Bush Administration was divided on how to confront the radical new world in the making. The majority position was that nothing was to be lost by proceeding with great caution, for events were moving America's way. The Administration greeted the accelerating changes with a series of politically adept gestures, mostly rhetoric, that seemed calculated to slow the call for a significant response from the United States. But in the last weeks of 1989 the Administration began to take friendlier note of Gorbachev's lavish menu of reforms. In its annual report, "Soviet Military Power," the Pentagon downgraded the Soviet military threat, and the Central Intelligence Agency has estimated that last year the Soviet Union cut its military expenditures by perhaps as much as two per cent of its gross national product. In the last four years, the United States military budget, under the pressures of the national budget deficit, has been about seven per cent lower than what the Pentagon requested. After the December summit, in Malta, President Bush discouraged the notion that a sizable "peace dividend" was in the offing. Under-Secretary of Defense for Policy Paul Wolfowitz testified last month that, despite the reduction in the United States' assessment of the Soviet threat, "the fundamental unpredictability" of the political situation in Eastern Europe precludes anything more than modest cuts in defense spending.

Gorbachev's eagerness to make a deal, Administration officials believe, is the best reason not to be rushed into making one. The more severely Gorbachev is pressed by a growing awareness of the gravity of the Soviet situation, the more favorable the negotiating climate becomes. After all, it is the Soviet Union that wants basic changes. Gorbachev and his advisers believe that only increased productivity can meet the demands of the Soviet people for more goods and better services. The legitimacy and the survival of Communist Party rule are at stake, yet the achievement of those economic goals requires changing the incentive system and integrating a private-enterprise sector into an essentially state-managed economy. It is not clear that such radical shifts can be achieved without unleashing considerable conflict within the Soviet Union—or, indeed, that they can be achieved at all. Why should the United States exchange the global security system—the set of political and military relationships around the world—that has brought it victory in the Cold War for the risks and uncertainties of Gorbachev's "new thinking"? Even as the Secretary of State and the President issue upbeat statements about improved United States–Soviet relations, Vice-President Quayle expresses doubt that much has changed in Soviet foreign policy. Cold War diehards dream of unconditional surrender. The Soviet leader, they point out, is asking for quarter in an arms race he cannot afford. The forty-year effort of his predecessors to achieve true superpower status has failed. He wants time to reform his distressed economy, to increase Soviet influence by deëmphasizing military power and acting in non-threatening ways, and to integrate the Soviet Union into the world economy. But why should the United States settle for this? Why not push Gorbachev or his successors to the wall and enjoy a lasting victory: not only the collapse of the Communist system but the disintegration of the Soviet Union itself?

By contrast, Gorbachev's grand strategy has become clearer. He is undertaking the risks of a thoroughgoing reconstruction of the Soviet system and a reshaping of the Soviet role in the world because nothing less will rescue the Soviet Union from decline and decay. Domestic reform requires a major shift in energy and resources. The recapitalization of the Soviet economy can be accomplished, he believes, only by a significantly greater integration of it into the world economy, and that cannot be achieved without radical changes in foreign policy. Contrary to the prevailing assumptions from Lenin to Chernenko, neither the ideological mission of spreading socialism nor the game of great-power politics is useful either for rebuilding Soviet society or for achieving national security. Neither is affordable. Almost seventy-five years after the Bolshevik Revolution, the Soviet people are impatient with making endless sacrifices for the class struggle, "internationalist duty," and the building of socialism in faraway places. "Now we have parity with the United States," goes a bitter remark currently making the rounds in Moscow, "and you can see the results in the shops." Gorbachev has spelled out a long-term vision of "common security" which is mostly borrowed from intellectuals and critics in the West. He articulates it with a knowledge and a passion unmatched by any other world leader. At the heart of Gorbachev's world view is the conviction that war in Europe is implausible, and permanent mobilization for such a war weakens the Soviet Union. Stalin seized Eastern Europe as a buffer zone, to keep any future European war from Soviet territory, but Gorbachev understands that trying to hold on to it by force would doom *perestroika* and preclude advantageous political and economic relations with the West.

His ultimate goal, it must be assumed, is to make socialism work under a regenerated Soviet Communist Party: to the extent that that happens, the power and influence of the Soviet Union in the world will increase. His tactics are not mysterious. He is bent on removing the threatening image of the Soviet Union and on breaking out of the isolation of the late Brezhnev years. "We are going to deprive you of the enemy," Georgi Arbatov, the leading Soviet Americanologist, tells American audiences. Polls show that the strategy is working. At the same time, Gorbachev is busy repairing relations not only with the United States but with Japan, China, Iran, and Western Europe—most significantly, West Germany.

When I visited Moscow last February, a senior foreign-policy analyst told me that Germany—by which he meant the Federal Republic—was "the natural partner of the Soviet Union in Europe." My mind flashed back to my last visit, four years earlier, in the final days of the Chernenko regime, when more than one Soviet researcher spoke hysterically about a "revanchist" Germany locked in a secret nuclear embrace with Mitterrand's France. Now some Moscow academics mention West Germany (right after Sweden) as a possible model for a reconstructed socialism in the Soviet Union. But as these ideas make their way into the press, increasing numbers of Soviet workers worry that the "coöperative sector"—restaurants, small businesses, and private farms—is creating a new class of entrepreneurs and hucksters, thereby threatening the achievements of the revolution while providing no assurance that *perestroika* will improve the standard of living of the majority.

THE contrast between the intellectual ferment of the new thinking in Moscow and the sober, cautious reshuffling of old thoughts in Washington over the past year is striking. The differences in approach reflect differences in outlook. The crisis of the Soviet system is too profound to ignore, and Gorbachev's *glasnost* has stimulated an astonishing process of self-examination and self-criticism. The United States, on the other hand, is in a relatively buoyant mood. Inflation is down. Employment is up. The stock market has been booming. It is widely believed in official circles that the spurt of military spending in the nineteen-eighties increased the respect of other nations for the United States, and despite the evidence that public opinion imposes sharp limits on the actual use of military power, the national-security establishment of the United States feels vindicated by events and shows no enthusiasm for making major reductions in force levels and expenditures.

The second major difference between the superpowers flows from the first. There is a great disparity in the importance each attaches to its relationship with the other. Both the United States and the Soviet Union, judged by their recent histories, their problems, and their rhetoric, are in decline, but, just as they were never equal in power or reach during the brief "American Century," their declines differ from each other sharply. The word "superpower" has always had a hyperbolic ring to it, as if large stockpiles of nuclear weapons could be translated into world hegemony. The history of the last forty-five years suggests that this was never the case—not even when the United States had a monopoly on nuclear weapons, for those were the years of Soviet expansion in Eastern Europe and maximum Soviet influence in Western Europe. As the weapons stockpiles of the superpowers mounted, both the United States and the Soviet Union lost much of the extraordinary power they had briefly wielded over their allies and clients. The phenomenal influence that the United States exerted all over the world in the early postwar years was due primarily to its undamaged economy, its reputation as a successful democracy, its brilliantly conceived foreign-assistance programs in Europe, its economic dynamism and political stability, and, most important, the unique circumstances of that historic moment. The United States was the *only* nation with a global vision and the economic and military means to bring it into being. The Soviet Union under Stalin had to content itself with the consolidation of its dominion over Eastern Europe.

Under Khrushchev, the Soviet Union sought recognition as a superpower through boasts, threats, and promises. It also discovered the Third World, which Stalin had largely dismissed, and the worldwide battles for decolonization and independence became the arena for United States–Soviet confrontations. Under Brezhnev, the Soviet Union asserted a "parity" built upon a large increase of nuclear missiles and an unprecedented investment in an oceangoing Navy. The Politburo tried to dramatize its new status by actively aiding struggling revolutionary movements around the world, fourteen of which came to power in the latter half of the nineteen-seventies.

A central feature of Gorbachev's "new thinking" is that the Soviet Union is not a "superpower," either in the sense that it can afford to install, buy, or prop up governments around the world or in the sense that it has the resources to maintain military and naval forces with a global reach. Numerous articles in Soviet journals and statements of Soviet diplomats and academics make the point that supporting regimes and revolutionary movements is expensive, that client governments not only drain resources needed in the domestic economy but contribute little to Soviet power or prestige. Gorbachev knows that he must alter the relationship with the United States if he is to break free of failed Cold War policies. Unless the United States coöperates, he cannot cut the military budget below a certain figure or stabilize a more heterogeneous and independent Eastern Europe—a state of affairs he has done much to encourage. Nor can he court the Federal Republic of Germany without creating dangerous tensions. Above all, the United States, as President Bush noted last May, holds the

Soviet Union's ticket of admission to the "community of nations," symbolized by membership in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund.

The leaders of the United States, on the other hand, see the Cold War with the Soviet Union, despite its risks and costs, as a success on many levels. For the West, the Cold War years have been a period of phenomenal growth, prosperity, and commanding power. The Cold War prism has served to simplify and explain world events, to set limits on undesired domestic social spending—especially in the nineteen-eighties—and to shift the domestic political consensus to the right. The preoccupation with the United States–Soviet relationship has provided the justification for investing in the arms race rather than in the solution of urgent global economic and ecological problems—the latter a course that involves hard decisions and prickly dealings with banks, industry, and foreign governments. Serious attention to the world-debt crisis has been little and late. During the nineteen-eighties, more dollars have been sucked from poor countries through interest payments and flights of capital than have flowed into them. Despite all the infusions by private investors, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank, and from various national aid programs, the world has been witnessing a Marshall Plan in reverse.

Other critical "north-south problems," relating to trade and development, were swept from the agenda in the Reagan years. The accumulating hazards to the earth's atmosphere which threaten the continuation of human life itself were given the barest fraction of White House attention, which was reserved for Soviet missile production and tank maneuvers. Even as aging military alliances have crumbled and economic competition has intensified, little has actually been done to restructure relationships within the industrial world or to address in a fundamental way either the transformation of United States–European relations or the worsening of United States–Japanese relations or the crisis of underdevelopment. Instead, progress is asserted in upbeat communiqués after largely inconclusive high-level meetings. The Soviet Union is showing a new interest in using the United Na-

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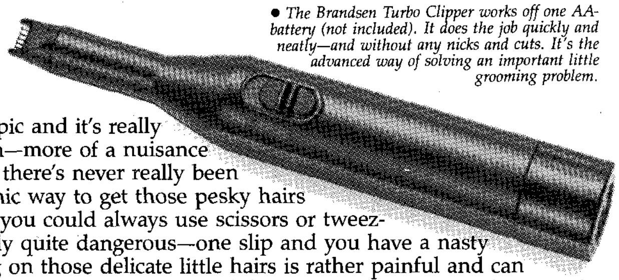

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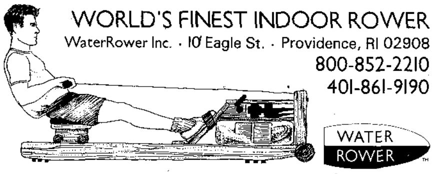

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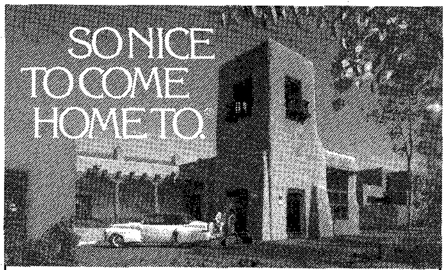

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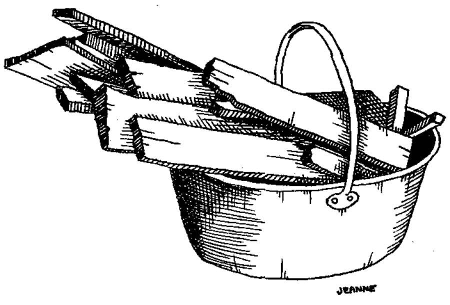
tions as an instrument of diplomacy, rather than just a propaganda forum, but the United States, after a decade and a half of U.N.-bashing, has yet to design a strategy for developing international organizations as practical vehicles of coöperation in a radically new world, where global institutions are indispensable.

In the 1980 election campaign, Ronald Reagan attacked Jimmy Carter for being obsessed with vague notions of world order and environmental concerns to the neglect of the real security threat from the Soviet Union. For eight years, he made the United States–Soviet relationship once again the centerpiece of United States foreign policy. But in truth the mounting economic and social problems faced by the United States in the nineteen-eighties have had almost nothing to do with the Soviet Union, except for the crushing costs of the arms race.

The Soviet Union continues to serve the United States as the organizing principle of world politics, while Gorbachev is trying with almost frantic haste to fashion a strategy that does not depend so heavily on the bilateral relationship with the United States. But he realizes that he must alter the relationship with the United States in order to escape the grip of military spending and to be able to divert capital to invigorate the Soviet economy. The United States feels no similar need for escape. The idea of a "peace dividend" is popular. But the proposition that the national security requires a vast shift in spending priorities is still a minority position in both political parties, even though polls show that the American people rank the Soviet Union far down in the list of national-security threats. (Drugs, the economic future, Japan, and environmental disaster are viewed with greater concern.) Despite the American military-budget cuts in the offing, the Soviet adversary continues to serve as the prime rationale for keeping the present national-security arrangements intact.

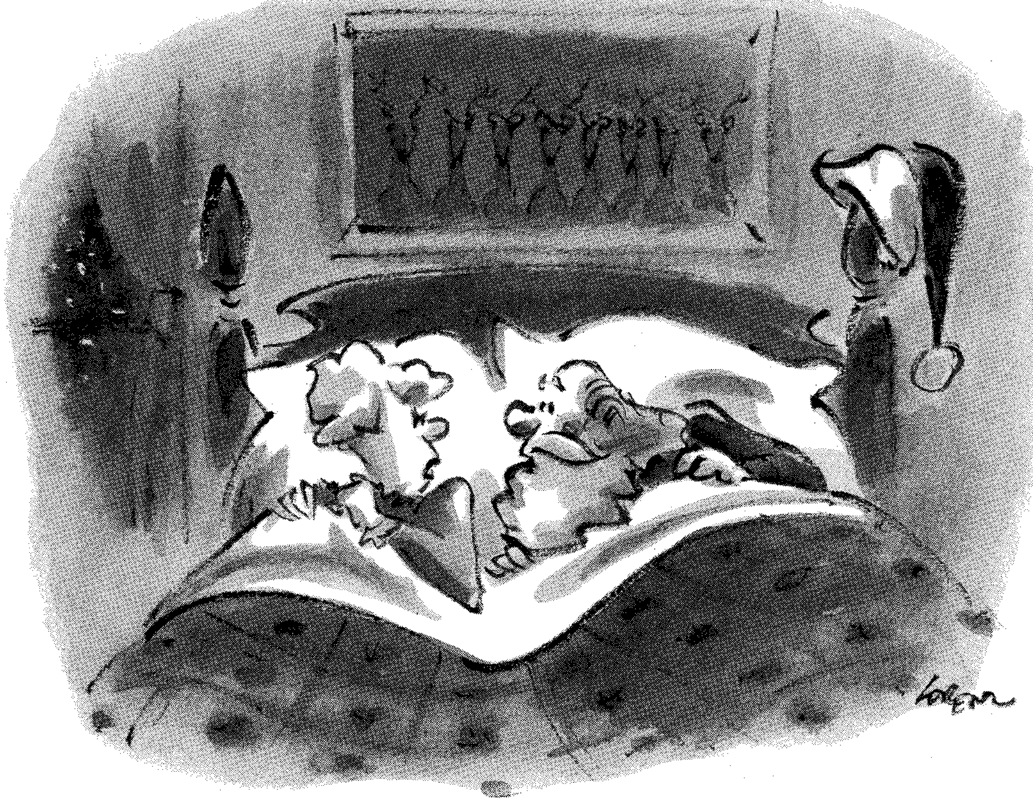
A post-Cold War military budget based on a fundamental reassessment of the threats facing the United States and on what the military forces can and cannot do to reduce those threats is needed. If war in Europe is no longer plausible, if Europe can once again take primary responsibility for its own defense, and if the Cold War rationale for unilateral United States military intervention in the Third World is gone, it should be possible to make major shifts in strategic thinking. And those shifts should yield substantial amounts of money and energy for reinvestment in American society. A shift in resources to invigorate education and to encourage the restructuring of American industry would make a crucial difference to the United States in facing increasingly tough commercial competition from Europe and Japan. But a significant transfer of resources from military production to nonmilitary purposes requires a national policy on industrial conversion. Without such a policy, communities, corporations, workers, scientists, engineers, and millions of other Americans who are dependent, directly or indirectly, on Cold War spending will oppose a massive change in spending priorities and end up as a powerful constituency in favor of continuing Cold War priorities—even if at somewhat reduced levels. Conversion of industrial, technological, and educational institutions from military to civilian pursuits is not an insurmountable task, as the experience immediately after the Second World War reminds us. But the problem is harder than it was then, because now the American people are not starved for more consumer goods. The major shift of resources to post-Cold War purposes requires more interventionist federal policies than the Bush Administration would welcome.

As old enemies are transformed, new enemies float into view. National-security bureaucrats, no less than generals, tend to prepare for the last war, and so it is not surprising that they view the post-Cold War world through the Cold War prism. Old assumptions, old war plans, and old force structures remain essentially undisturbed as politicians and strategists around the globe turn their attention to new threats. Welcome though the peaceful rhetoric emanating from so many world leaders may be, peace is not yet breaking out.



There have been, to be sure, a series of ceasefire agreements on a number of battlefields across the world. Major military engagements in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East have ended or are winding down. Yet for millions of people around the world there is no peace. More than twenty wars still rage across the planet. The economic and paramilitary war against the Sandinistas in Nicaragua continues even as the Contras have been pensioned. The carefully cultivated myths of moderation and democracy have lapsed in El Salvador, and violence and repression are escalating in that brutalized country. Peru is dissolving, partly under the attacks of the Shining Path guerrilla movement. The Philippines are the locale of another protracted war, with increasing involvement by the United States.

Leading military officers argue that the major challenges to the armed forces of the United States in the coming century are revolutionary strife, random violence, nuclear terrorism, and drug-running—all of them primarily in the Third World, which has been the only actual theatre of combat over the last forty years. As the Cold War mold breaks, nations, tribes, and religious sects take up centuries-old battles once more, free at last to be full participants in their own histories. And as these newly emerging or reëmerging forces in world politics jockey for position, jump at new opportunities, and rethink their security needs, the world as it is seen from Washington and Moscow in some ways looks more dangerous: high-technology weaponry is being distributed at an ever faster pace as more and more nations seek to profit from the arms trade, and nuclear proliferation, an issue that has been largely ignored over the last twenty years, is now a reality. With the shadow of nuclear weapons hovering over the conflicts of the Middle East, the Indian subcontinent, and Southern Africa, the case for increasing deterrent forces, covert operations, and actual military intervention can be made to sound plausible in the absence of more sensible approaches. Military forces are being drawn into "the war on drugs," and "narco-terrorists" are replacing the Marxist variety. Both the United States and the Soviet Union are well aware that political struggles in



"You have cookie breath again."

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faraway places can be contagious. The rise of Islamic consciousness in the Middle East has contributed to the unrest in the Muslim republics of the U.S.S.R. War and brutality in Indo-China, the regional war in Central America, and the deepening crisis in Mexico have triggered a huge migration, which has already transformed the demography of the United States and will have a steadily increasing impact on its politics and its culture.

In the nineteen-eighties, the United States stepped up its military intervention in the Third World. It introduced the concept of "low-intensity conflict"—a global approach to what war planners call "ambiguous" military activities in the Third World, which range from drug-running to revolutionary guerrilla wars. "Low-intensity conflict" is a curiously callous description of what is a most intense experience for those caught in the cross fire—fifty thousand of whom have been killed in Nicaragua over the last dozen years, and more than seventy thousand in El Salvador. "Ambiguous warfare has exposed a chink in our armor," Secretary of State George Shultz declared at the National Defense University in 1986. Low-intensity conflict borrows heavily from the counter-insurgency doctrines of the early Vietnam War era. Conflict is protracted. The hope is not quick victory but the avoidance of defeat through wars of attrition. Defeat means either that undesirable—usually leftist—guerrillas come to power or, if they are already in power, that they succeed in establishing a viable government. Low-intensity conflict is fought with political, economic, and cultural weapons as well as specially designed military technology.

In the plans developed by the Reagan Administration for fighting low-intensity conflicts, there were two critical new elements, and they have achieved certain successes. The first has been the "covert" but highly publicized support of insurgents against target governments designated "Marxist-Leninist." Thus, the supplying of Stinger missiles to the Mujahideen in Afghanistan raised the cost of Soviet intervention and helped persuade the Soviet Union to withdraw its troops. As the late C.I.A. director William Casey put it, "whereas in the nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies anti-western causes attracted recruits throughout the third world, this decade has emerged as the decade of freedom fighters resisting communist regimes."

The second innovation of the Reagan years was "public diplomacy"—greatly increased attention to the mobilization of domestic support for foreign intervention. The mobilization was carried out by using on the American people sophisticated propaganda techniques that had hitherto been reserved for foreign countries. United States public opinion continues to oppose a military operation of the size and duration needed to overthrow the government of Nicaragua, and no evidence has come to light that the Reagan Administration ever intended to undertake such an operation, for the opposition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was implacable. But the American people acquiesced in a large-scale war of harassment, which continues to this day.

THE end of the Cold War offers a unique moment for rethinking the meaning of national security in the light of two closely related historic developments. One is the growing global consciousness that nonmilitary concerns now affect the freedom, well-being, and physical safety of people more profoundly and more dramatically that any military development in any nation. The threat to human life posed by man's destruction of the environment far surpasses any threat posed by increases in the weapons stockpiles. For inner-city Americans and suburban families, the narcotics economy poses an immediate threat to physical security for which no adequate system of deterrence, let alone defense, exists. It is increasingly evident that this nation's future is more imperilled by its own improvident economic decisions, by its permissiveness with respect to environmental destruction, and by its neglect of health and education than by the warmaking power of any other nations.

The second development is the

transformation of consciousness about war. Since the early years of the century, a long process of rethinking has been under way about the uses of military power to advance national political and economic interests. Gorbachev's "new thinking" is grounded in some of the obvious lessons of the twentieth century. The First World War nearly obliterated the distinction between victor and vanquished; Britain and France suffered such grievous casualties and economic costs that they could sustain neither their empires nor stable economies and robust democracies at home. The Second World War made it clear that high-technology "conventional warfare," however noble the cause, could not be repeated without reducing whole continents to rubble. It was immediately apparent that the atomic bomb was not a weapon in the strict sense, because it could be effectively used only by *not* using it. Today, there is a growing consensus that a large-scale nuclear war would destroy all that was to be defended. Even smaller wars produce few triumphs. The long, bitter war between Iran and Iraq exacted a heavy price from both societies and resulted in victory for neither. The United States, despite its huge investment in the military, has not had a clear-cut tactical victory since General Douglas MacArthur's triumphant landing at Inchon in the summer of 1950, during the Korean War, and, that victory notwithstanding, the war ended in stalemate. The pressures of public opinion now exact political costs on adventurous, desperate leaders, even in the Soviet Union. The anger and disillusionment of Soviet citizens over the Afghanistan invasion was a significant factor in Gorbachev's decision to end it. In the Reagan Administration, the Secretary of Defense, speaking for the uniformed military, proclaimed the "Weinberger Doctrine": the armed forces will not willingly fight wars that the political leaders cannot induce the American people to support. Since Americans quickly sour on wars, even when they are successful, the doctrine is a recognition that public opinion now sets real limits on United States military operations.

But, as the United States' Panama operation last month shows, war has not become obsolete. All that can be said is that the nature, the function, and the scope of war have radically changed. The only politically successful wars are limited operations, short in duration, against small and weak nations. Britain's war for the Falkland Islands and the United States invasion of Grenada are prime examples. Politicians are still tempted to use a splendid little war as a piece of political theatre, provided the risks appear minor. Whenever public frustration runs high about a challenge to public order and individual security, as in the case of terrorism or drug-running, there is a strong temptation to find a military solution. The involvement of the United States military in the "war on drugs" is increasing, even though there is no prospect of victory.

Even as the utility of fighting wars has sharply declined, the political and economic advantages of preparing for them are widely perceived to have risen. Military budgets have themselves become weapons. Members of the Bush Administration believe that Ronald Reagan's decision to challenge the Soviets to a spending race helped stimulate Gorbachev's new thinking. It may have been a factor, but the crises of political legitimacy at home and diplomatic isolation abroad were the prime considerations. Under those pressures, the Soviet élite were forced to reassess what their expensive military buildup was buying them.

Today, the most compelling arguments for military spending are psychological. The advantageous impact that such spending will have on adversaries, allies, and clients is simply asserted, since it can be neither reliably predicted nor proved. As the future wars in the voluminous Pentagon contingency plans come to look increasingly unlikely and unwinnable, and the political dividends of protracted low-intensity conflicts appear more and more problematical, the maintenance of large, mobile military establishments and the production, stockpiling, and deployment of advanced weapons will be justified on the ground that they deter (or encourage) a wide variety of political behavior.

The degree and kind of military power required to protect United States security in this world of new and decentralized threats is not easily measured. Such old benchmarks as the missile tally and the conventional-arms "balance" seem beside the point. Unlike old-fashioned strategies for fighting wars, the new strategies for deterring conflicts and challenges are seldom put to the test. Victory is easily proclaimed whenever the fearful contingencies in the war plans do not materialize. The irrelevance of the forces to most of the wars, violence, dissolutions of nations, and acts of terrorism that do occur is not a matter for discussion.

There are, to be sure, certain short-term economic and political interests to be served by the production of weapons and the maintenance of large military forces. As every nation becomes more and more integrated into the world economy and hence more dependent on exports, many feel increasing pressure to participate in the global arms trade to earn hard currency. The Soviet Union, for example, which was the world's largest supplier of arms in 1987, the most recent year for which figures are available, is reëxamining the *political* benefits of spreading high-technology arms around the planet, but the *economic* pressures to export weapons to finance needed imports of civilian technology are stronger than ever.

WHILE some national-security thinkers triumphantly proclaim the impending death of Communism as America's supreme Cold War victory, a better case can be made that the real winners in this long struggle are the defeated enemies of the Second World War, Germany and Japan. Both contestants in the superpower arms race have been losers. After spending more than four trillion dollars on its global security system, the United States is much less secure and much less in command than it was in 1945. The most serious national-security problems facing the country are economic, and the source of the problems is capitalist nations, not the Communist world. Like the Soviet Union but unlike Japan and Germany, the United States has systematically sacrificed economic strength to the accumulation and projection of military power. In the process, the sinews of nationhood have become frayed. Neither the neglected education system of the United States nor the country's weakened industrial base can support the global role to which our national-security élites have aspired. However, Germany and Japan, thanks in large part to their catastrophic experience in the Second

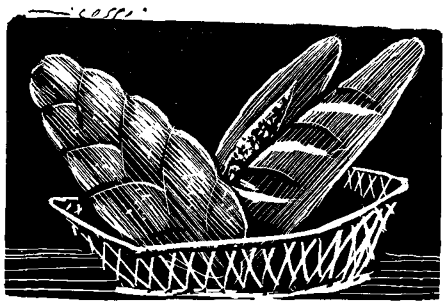
World War, and the disarmament imposed upon them at its end, have built their recovery on economic power and subtle diplomacy rather than on military aspirations. Both now have impressive military establishments, more than capable of deterring any plausible military threat, but their growing influence in the world rests on an understanding of technological development, a skill in managing the character and pace of the integration of their economies into the world economy, and a discipline in husbanding resources for long-term investment which surpasses anything demonstrated in recent years by the United States.

Ironically, Japan and, to a lesser extent, the Federal Republic of Germany have become formidable economic competitors by willingly taking the path to which the early postwar leaders of the United States beckoned them. Both have denounced their militarist pasts and have become successful trading nations. The irony is a source of bitterness. The Japanese feel victimized when they catch glimpses of Japan-bashing in the United States. They are delivering a blunt message, in words that have lost some of the tact for which their nation is famous: "You made the rules. We did as you wished. What right do you have to be angry that we are beating you at your own game?" But people in the United States feel victimized as well. "We rebuilt your country," they say. "We fed you at the end of the war more generously than we did the surrounding peoples of Asia, whom you ravaged. For forty years we have defended you, and in the process of fighting in Korea and Indo-China in behalf of the free world to which we have admitted you, we made you rich." Japan was the staging area in both wars, and the huge inflow of dollars was an important contributor to the Japanese economic miracle. "We sacrificed our own economy to carry your defense burden, and you repaid us by closing your markets to us and by creating Japan, Inc., an ingenious capitalist mutation that turns the huge Japanese trading corporations into weapons of economic warfare."

The end of the Cold War greatly increases the risks of serious confrontation between the United States and its Pacific ally. The two nations are locked in a potentially dangerous embrace: each is now extremely dependent on the other. The United States market is crucial for Japan, and the United States finances its government deficit in significant part with Japanese capital. This sort of interdependence does not augur good relations. To resolve the growing economic confrontation requires major changes in cultural habits in both countries. The United States needs to husband resources for tomorrow, and Japan is under growing pressure to raise consumption levels today.

Both societies are beset by problems of national identity as each finds itself increasingly integrated into a world system that is new and in many ways mysterious. The very concept of nationhood is changing radically, and the confused response is nationalist nostalgia. The manifest revival of nationalism in both societies is evidenced in a variety of ways, but none is more disconcerting than the reappearance in Japan of militaristic textbooks that gloss over Japanese responsibility for the war in Asia. The United States has recently been caught up in flag hysteria, the trampling of cloth calling forth more passions than can be aroused by the trampling of lives.

United States–Japanese relations are at a turning point. The United States has overemphasized the military relationship with Japan and underestimated the seriousness of the economic and technological competition. Japan plays a critical role in United States plans for fighting a future war in the Pacific against the Soviet Union. For years, the United States has been urging Japan to shoulder more of the "burden" of defense, on the ground that it was unfair for Japan to use its "free ride" under the nuclear umbrella to surge ahead of the United States in the competition over exports and finance. The world awoke not so long ago to the realization that Japan, long famous in the West for producing junk, had become the master of advanced technology, and now the Japanese are handing the world another surprise: not only is Japan the third-largest military power in the world, as measured by military budget, but it has become evident in recent years that Japan's edge in such civilian technologies as semiconductors, data processing, and telecommunications has important military implications. Even as United States–Japanese economic friction has intensified over the past decade, the United States has grown more dependent on access to Japanese technology for military purposes. Former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown has predicted that Japanese achievements in high-temperature ceramics could be "the stepping stone to a Japanese lead in military aircraft engine design and development." In 1987, the Reagan Administration blocked the Japanese computer firm Fujitsu from acquiring Fairchild Semiconductor, a firm that produces both nuclear-missile components and superconductors, on the ground of national security.



The Japanese are in a position to be major players in the high-technology-arms trade. The only restraints are the vestiges of the political culture imposed upon the Japanese under General MacArthur's "peace constitution." For more than thirty years, American leaders have been pushing the Japanese to play a larger military role, and, with United States encouragement, the Japanese government has been chipping away at the spirit of the postwar constitution. Japan's impatience at not having a political role commensurate with its economic might appears to be increasing along with its historic feelings of vulnerability and isolation.

In the United States, verbal attacks on Japan make good politics. In Japan, America-bashing is at least as popular, especially after clips of United States congressmen taking sledgehammers to a Toshiba cassette player were relentlessly rerun on Japanese television. "While one can always find an American voice of reason to counter every act of Japan-bashing in Washington," the Washington correspondent for the Japan *Times* Ayako Doi writes, "it is hard to find a Japanese who would publicly counter America-bashing in Japan." The new focus on the United States–Japanese relationship is feeding hostility in both countries, because the problems underlying the relationship are not being adequately addressed. A prominent United States business leader, a Democrat of liberal persuasion, recently observed that the United States could not afford to take Gorbachev up on his offer to demilitarize the Pacific, because it would mean abandoning the region to the Japanese. Some public-opinion polls already show that popular sentiment in the United States is more concerned with the economic threat posed by Japan than with the military threat posed by the Soviet Union.

There is a danger that the United States and Japan will slip into a new sort of Cold War. The original Cold War was a global ideological and geopolitical contest with a powerful emotional appeal, but, for all the thundering rhetoric that has continued ever since, the great issues that gave rise to the Cold War were settled by the late nineteen-forties, and the de-facto division of Europe was accepted by both the United States and the Soviet Union. All during that period, despite two Asian wars and frightening moments like the Cuban missile crisis and the crises over Berlin, the Cold War was remote from the day-to-day experience of most Americans. The wars in Korea and Indo-China and the back-alley duels of the rival intelligence agencies were fought in the name of that great crusade, but the wars were unpopular in the United States and the duels were largely unknown. (Curiously, the high point of United States–Soviet relations before Gorbachev was 1974, when Soviet arms were pouring into Vietnam to assure the final defeat of the United States in Indo-China.) The bilateral disputes between the United States and the Soviet Union were trivial. The Cold War rested on the implicit premise that there were no life-or-death issues dividing the superpowers, and thus each could take its victories and defeats in stride. For the overwhelming majority of the American people, the Cold War was a spectator's contest that generated jobs and money but required little sacrifice. On the other hand, the economic, technological, and psychological issues dividing the United States and Japan and—depending on what happens in the next few years—dividing the United States and Europe, too, affect the fundamental development strategies of the advanced industrial nations. These disputes could well touch the populations of the contending nations more deeply than the Cold War did because settling them, or even managing them, might require painful domestic changes. The current drift in United States–Japanese relations is dangerous.

DESPITE these shadows, the possibilities for making hopeful changes in the international system are greater than they have been at any time since 1945. The Soviet Union under Gorbachev appears eager to call off the ideological Holy War. The common security concerns of all humanity, and not class struggle, are the moving force of history, the Soviet President says. The Soviet Union has announced a freeze on aid to Cuba and a cutoff in military aid to Nicaragua, and Gorbachev is signalling in many other ways that he intends to fulfill his "internationalist duty" by promoting coöperation rather than conflict. As yet, the United States has shown no interest in shifting to a less ideological policy in Latin America. There has been no suggestion that either a non-Communist Eastern Europe or an end to Soviet support for guerrilla movements would be met by a non-interventionist policy in Washington. The United States continues a contradictory policy in El Salvador, supporting political compromise in theory while supplying hundreds of millions of dollars in arms to a right-wing government that came to power threatening "total war" and is now seeking a military victory over the guerrillas using American high-technology weapons to bomb and strafe civilian neighborhoods. The United States is openly intervening in the forthcoming Nicaraguan elections: the President received the opposition candidate at the White House, and everyone assumes that American money is flowing freely in Nicaragua to defeat the Sandinistas at the polls.

The muting of the Holy War offers a historic opportunity for curbing the numbers and mitigating the destructiveness of wars in the Third World, which have so often been encouraged and supplied by both the United States and the Soviet Union. The primary rationale for the United States policy of engaging in counter-guerrilla warfare has been that the fall of governments to "Marxism-Leninism" strengthens the hand of the Soviet Union as a global power. It would be difficult to see how Nicaragua, a desperately poor country of under four million people, could otherwise pose a threat to the United States, however it organized its economy and whatever rhetoric it chose to adopt. The arguments for military interventions will now be harder to make, but this in itself does not mean that they will cease. There can be no real development in poor countries, however, until the superpowers stop using them as Cold War battlefields. Beleaguered landowners in Central America who face armed political movements for redistribution and social justice have a strong interest in keeping the Cold War going, for United States aid offers them their only chance of survival, but the real interest of the United States is to negotiate an end to the warfare that is reducing a neighboring region to a shambles.

The idea that human progress can be achieved by ideological warfare is a dangerous reactionary notion. Perhaps more than any other factor, the dogmatic faith that military power can be used to fight, defend, or establish ideas created the conditions under which nuclear war could actually happen. (It is difficult to explain the 1962 Cuban missile crisis in any other terms.) All over Latin America, political élites, having experimented with socialism, military dictatorship, and faltering efforts to reëstablish viable democracies, are deeply pessimistic about their societies' ever evolving into stable political communities under any of the old formulas. The realization that the nostrums of both the right and the left work badly leads, on the one hand, to extremist movements such as the Shining Path, in Peru, and, on the other, to a strong desire for compromise, pragmatism, and moderation. Of all the nations of the hemisphere, Cuba and the United States seem the most inextricably caught in the time warp of the Cold War.

It is ironic and disturbing that as the Soviet Union mutes the cries of ideological warfare and tries to come to terms with the failures of socialism, the United States finds itself in a complacent—even congratulatory—mood.

(That the United States ever felt deeply threatened by revolutionary ideology and experiments in the Soviet Union and other underdeveloped countries reflected a failure of confidence rather than a realistic assessment of the competition.) There is in fact no ideological victory to celebrate. The revival of unfettered free enterprise in Great Britain and the United States seems to have run its course, and the pressures to deal with the wreckage of the new capitalist prosperity—the ravaging of the environment; the abuse, waste, and neglect of what we now call human resources, principally our children; the potentially explosive increase in inequality—will eventually force another swing of the pendulum in market economies. The influence and leadership of the United States are measured not by Soviet failure but by American success.

The Cold War was about many things, but, despite the extravagant claims on both sides, it was never “a clash of two systems.” Both United States-style “capitalism” and Soviet-style “socialism” are the legacies of nineteenth-century dogmas, and both are in continuous, profound transformation. The differences between “capitalism” in Japan and “capitalism” in the United States are as significant as the similarities. For the past forty years, there has been only one “system” that has expanded throughout the world, not two. (The Soviet Union was unable to permanently impose its “system” even on Eastern Europe, despite military occupation.) That system is the product of a process of global integration which exerts unrelenting pressure on every country. The product of a series of mutations in early-twentieth-century capitalism, it is fuelled by profits and the accumulation of private property. But it borrows heavily from socialism—indeed, from one of its most discredited features, which is to say, highly centralized planning by anonymous bureaucrats. The bureaucrats are servants of global corporations and banks, which by convention we call “private,” and of international financial institutions such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, which we call “public.” These planners operate largely beyond the reach of the electorate in any nation, and mostly out of the public view.

This system is not controlled by the United States, and indeed the United States finds its own options narrowed by an increasingly integrated world economy, over which it exercises less and less control. Everywhere on the planet, the same twin processes appear to be at work—rapid economic integration accompanied by accelerating social and political disintegration. For some farmers, workers, regions, and city blocks all around the world, there is unparalleled prosperity, and for many others there is crushing poverty. This growing disparity at every level—neighborhoods, cities, continents—is promoting the dissolution of political communities, and especially of nation-states.

These same processes of change—what the economist Joseph Schumpeter called “a gale of creative destruction”—are also at work in developed countries, including the United States, where the gap between rich and poor, between cities or regions with a future and those with memories of a once prosperous past, has widened dramatically in the nineteen-eighties. It was such wrenching effects of technological and economic change that gave rise to the political, economic, and spiritual impulses out of which socialism was born. Running nations by dictatorship, whether of the left or the right, offers no way out of poverty, but the yearning for a decent society in which people can build communities without gross exploitation, without worshipping money and defiling nature, and without creating walls between a few rich and many poor is as powerful a human impulse as it ever was. Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century road maps to the good society, however, are not much help.

The highly publicized failures of socialism in underdeveloped countries and the extraordinary prosperity within the United States in recent years make the idea of an American *perestroika* seem preposterous. Yet the United States is squandering capital to maintain an ephemeral prosperity that is politically unstable, because it is based on increasing inequality. Consider the cumulative consequences of these conditions, which the United States finds itself facing: a unique dependence on foreign financing of its debt; the paucity of long-term investment in industrial production, the modernization of services, or public infrastructure; the lack of a coherent policy on technological development, which puts the country at a serious competitive disadvantage; a frenzied, “get rich quick” economy, in the grip of takeovers, leveraged buyouts, and other manifestations of what Keynes called the “casino” economy; the descent into poverty of almost a fifth of the nation’s children; the growing disparity between cities and regions with rising prospects and the large areas of the nation that are being abandoned by both government and industry; and a seeming inability to reduce significantly a military establishment much of which is increasingly irrelevant to real security needs. Still used to thinking of ourselves as “the No. 1 nation,” as President Lyndon Johnson did twenty-two years ago, the people of the United States have actually fallen behind the people in other leading industrial countries with respect to maternal health, literacy, infant mortality, drug dependence, and education. We are five per cent of the world’s population, and it appears that we consume more than half the hard drugs on the global market. By these crucial measures, the security of the United States is eroding.

A truce in the ideological war between mythic systems may now make it possible to redirect energy from crusades and propaganda wars to the resolution of urgent problems. Instead of mindless attacks on “government”—the rhetoric of Thatcherism and Reaganism—it may now be possible to ask, What are the proper functions of the nation-state in the world waiting to be born, and how can they be performed most efficiently and humanely? Instead of celebrating “the market,” it may now be possible to ask how it could be made to work better in the service of social goals, and what should be done when it does not work. Instead of talking about “incentives” as if they were a sort of miracle drug, we may be able to look at how incentives actually operate under our system, and to strengthen those that produce desirable results, and seek to change those that produce perverse results.

A global understanding of national security is now essential, for the United States is organically connected to societies across the planet which are in a

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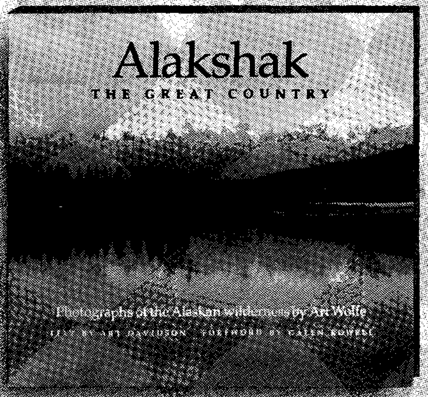
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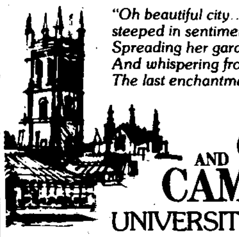

"Oh beautiful city...
steeped in sentiment as she lies,
Spreading her gardens to the moonlight,
And whispering from her towers
The last enchantments of the Middle Ages."
—Matthew Arnold

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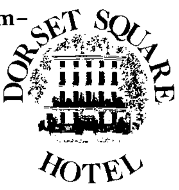

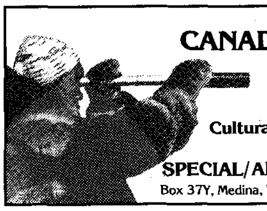

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position to export considerable misery to our shores. In the nineteen-nineties the revenge of the poor, unintended though it may be, is likely to be far more devastating than either the fiery rhetoric of the guerrilla movements of the nineteen-sixties or the challenge of the abortive oil cartel of the nineteen-seventies. Communist regimes export refugees, but military dictatorships, poverty, and war in Central America have been responsible for many more immigrants into the United States, most of them unwelcome. The effects of the worldwide boom in the narcotics industry, the spread of ozone-depleting agriculture, and the public-health crises in distant, poor countries cannot be kept from American shores by military means or, it seems, by any other—except the building of stable economies and a more equitable social order within those societies.

During the decades of the Cold War, domestic political, economic, and technological decisions made by the United States have had such an impact on other countries that foreign leaders sometimes facetiously suggest that they should have a vote in United States elections. Now it is becoming clear that the choices of underdeveloped countries can have a profound impact on life in the United States. Brazil's decisions on the rain forest affect the air quality in Chicago. Public-health policies in Zaire may have been responsible for the most serious epidemic in the history of the United States. The real security problems are global in character, and the solutions are global.

The long joust we call the Cold War no longer serves the interest of either the United States or the Soviet Union. But both societies have organized themselves on the basis of the Cold War and remain heavily dependent on the mind-set and the structures of the Cold War—large military forces, espionage, secrecy, and military production. The institutions of the Cold War will survive the normalization of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union and will set limits on the process unless the transformation of domestic institutions in both countries becomes the central focus of the process. The great challenge of the next decades is to make the domestic institutions of nations reflect the political, economic, and ecological realities of the post-Cold War world.

—Richard J. Barnet

MUSICAL EVENTS

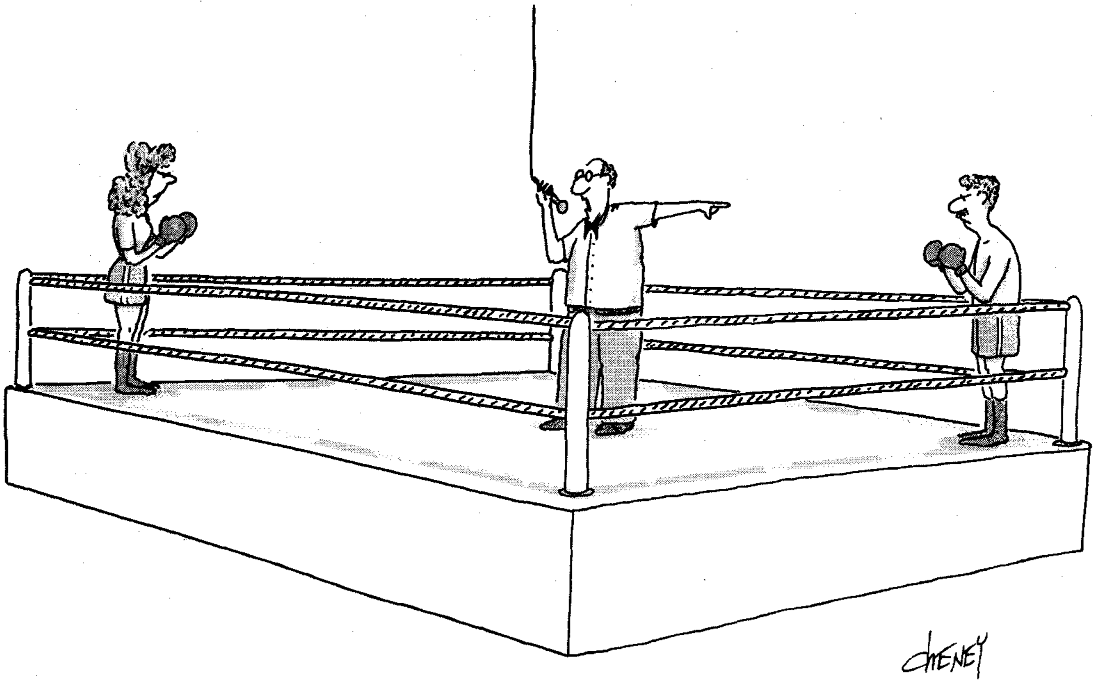
Stravinsky and Others

“The Rake’s Progress” (1951), the latest opera to enter the international repertory, has been missing from the Met for thirty-six seasons and from the City Opera for two. But the Manhattan School of Music gave three performances of the “Rake” last month, and it was one of the best of the many productions of the opera, in many manners, that I have enjoyed. Miguel Romero’s décor placed the singers on a Piscator-type platform, which for each scene was economically but attractively and amply decked. Eighteenth-century London and contemporary New York were in witty equilibrium. Martha Hally’s well-stocked, century-spanning wardrobe turned to modishness only when a black-coated chorus, in the second scene of Act II, donned dark glasses. Under Jackie Manassee’s lanterns and gobos, the sets took on strange, affecting colors and textures. The smoke of the brothel scene lingered on as a swirl of country mists, pierced by shafts of moonlight, which wraithed around Anne’s aria; the brothel clock became a moon; in the cemetery scene, at Shadow’s command, the moon magically became a clock again. Lou Galterio, the director, drew the stage devices together into a focussed presentation of the Stravinsky-Auden masterpiece. High among his merits was an ability to throw attention onto what the orchestra says while nobody sings—in, for example, the fifteen instrumental measures between the arioso and the terzettino of the first scene. The prelude, in the tiresome modern manner, was enacted—the curtain did not go up where Stravinsky wrote (and composed) “Curtain”—but once that was over Mr. Galterio worked precisely and potently, as a director who trusts and understands his score.

There were alternate casts. I preferred the gentler: Leigh Adoff sang Anne purely and truly; the timbre and naturalness of Christian Fletcher, as Tom, were touching. Nina Warren and Kip Wilborn were louder; they pushed harder and were a shade less moving; but they, too, were admirable. Shuler Hensley’s Shadow was the more sinister for being subtly understated; Russell Cusick’s carried a touch of Broadway slickness. There were good Babas (Lisa Willson, Elizabeth Grohowski) and good Auctioneers (James Worley, Peter Austin Schamel)—but neither Auctioneer had consulted Webster to learn the pronunciation of “Ne plus ultra.” Louis Salemno conducted the Manhattan Philharmonia. Some of his tempi were on the fast side, and the playing was less than ideally lean and exact. But, all in all, this “Rake” continued the line of imaginatively conceived and deftly executed productions—others have been Haydn’s “Fedeltà Premiata,” Massenet’s “Chérubin,” Poulenc’s “Dialogues of the Carmelites,” the bill of Busoni’s “Arlecchino” and Stravinsky’s “Nightingale”—that give the Manhattan School a leading place in the city’s operatic life.

The Met has five new productions this season. Four are of standard nineteenth-century works; the fifth is of “Don Giovanni.” The first was the Zeffirelli “Traviata.” The second was another Verdi—a “Rigoletto” handsomely designed by Zack Brown and conventionally, innocuously staged by Otto Schenk. The only eccentricities were the outdoor, courtyard settings of the first and third scenes. The only difficulties that later singers who walk into the show may encounter are the gradients of the final set, where Gilda’s and Rigoletto’s acting areas are confined to some steps and a jetty out over the Mincio. On the first night, the three principals were those of the new London recording. As Gilda, June Anderson made her Met début, and in “Caro nome” she offered such full, beautiful sounds and such exact moves from note to note that any lack of emotion in her portrayal could be forgiven. Vocal mastery brings its own rewards. But verbal mastery matters, too; Miss Anderson’s mushy Italian, her reluctance to sound a clear “d” in a role where “padre” is the dominant word, told against her.

Luciano Pavarotti’s Duke could be winning if it were refined and brought



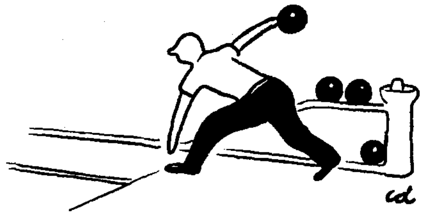
“And in this corner, wearing the blue trunks, weighing in at a hundred and seventy pounds and insisting that the dining room should not be decorated in lime and oak tones but, rather, with a pastel canary-yellow and walnut trim . . .”

closer to Verdi's score. A touch of brusqueness, even brutality, in his delivery of the early scenes gave a touch of character to the libertine. To "La donna è mobile" he lent both charm and grace, and in the quartet he was seductive. The performer who held attention most securely was Leo Nucci, in the title role. Voice fanciers may not care for him: he was cavalier about pitch, and he did not fill the big vocal demands of the role. But everything he did was interesting, and much was arresting. Sergei Koptchak was a big, beery Sparafucile. Marcello Panni conducted, briskly; ensemble was sometimes awry. The critical score, edited by Martin Chusid, was billed, but the Duke, still submissive to 1851 Venetian censorship, continued to place his order, to Sparafucile, for "a room" rather than "your sister."

Then came "Der Fliegende Holländer," designed by Hans Schavernoch and directed by August Everding. Mr. Everding, as in his Met "Khovanshchina" and "Lohengrin," shunned visual attraction and picturesqueness, preferring starkness, so it seems, in a determination to be "strong." Wagner's "romantic opera" was presented in sets of black and gray. The approach of the Dutchman's ship, with its black mast and blood-red sails, has long been an exciting moment, in productions traditional or (like Wieland Wagner's at Bayreuth) untraditional. At the Met, the lights are simply turned off and a cutout of a great gray hull, reaching up into the flies, is dropped into place; then the lights are turned on again. The liner—or is it a giant tanker?—has stopped just short of ramming Daland's tramp steamer. A barnacled Meccano ladder swings down toward Daland's deck. Perched upon it, in midair, the Dutchman sings "Die Frist ist um"—without having set foot on land, which action is an essential part of the legend and is graphically depicted in the score. The liner has powerful searchlights; the spinning room of Act II is lit by electric lights, but beneath them women sew sails by hand while a few primitive sewing machines motivate the merry chorus about the merry hum of spinning wheels. When Mary (in a wheelchair, since every modern production—of "Pelléas," "Rusalka," "Calisto," the "Dutchman," or whatever—sports a wheelchair) cries "I'll go on spinning," she resumes work on her gros point. Act III echoes Act I, with a dock replacing the deck. It does, however, contain a coup de théâtre, which I would leave as a surprise, undescribed, had Mr. Everding not already employed it in his 1969 Bayreuth production: the hull becomes transparent, and the vessel is revealed as a prison ship or slave ship, with deck upon deck of cells in which tortured souls are writhing. The ship "sinks"—is hauled up into the flies—behind a show of snow flurries, white on black.

The casting was not careless. James Morris, who sings the Dutchman all over the world, has the voice for the role, grand and commanding, but he will not command its eloquence until he acquires a sense of line, observes Wagner's slurs, and notices that at the start of "Wie aus die ferne" the composer wrote not only "mezza voce" but also "con portamento." Mechthild Gessendorf, the Senta, has done decent work in the house before, and she did decent work in this "Dutchman" when the director and the conductor allowed it. But during Erik's dream narration she stroked her thighs and, unbecomingly, mimed an orgasm. And whenever the music grew loud the orchestra became so very loud that she had no chance to sing beautifully but had to scream if she was to be heard at all. James Levine's conduct of the opera seemed to me shockingly unmusical. The orchestra blew its top before the overture was done. Through the rest of the evening, Mr. Levine kept urging ever-greater volume from the players. In any heavily scored passage, the brasses and the drums were painfully loud while the strings, for all the conductor's flailing at them, remained largely inaudible. It was the sort of performance that makes listeners wonder why singers consent to appear if Mr. Levine is to be their conductor. The final trio—Gary Lakes was the Erik—became a hideous screaming match.

IN November, Absolut Vodka presented a long American-music concert in Fisher Hall: five new orchestra pieces, four of them commissioned for the occasion by the vodka's importers. It amounted to little more than a demonstration of the kind of "contemporary music" that figures increasingly on American symphony programs: unchallenging works built to formulas of the past or stalely exploiting newer formulas once fresh.



Joan Tower's "Second Fanfare for the Uncommon Woman," which opened the evening, was well composed, if unmemorable. (A "Third Fanfare" has been promised.) Michael Torke's "Rust" followed. To make it, the composer's note told us, "the components of the drum track of a rap song were taken apart and assigned to each of the sections of the wind ensembles: the saxophones, the trumpets, and the trombones." There are three of each instrument; also a prominent piano part (it was played by Christopher O'Riley), and roles for flute, horn, and electric bass. For fifteen minutes, in an unchanging 4/4, an eight-part chord is strummed out, with incident supplied by textures and metrical ingenuity. Four years ago, Torke's "Bright Blue Music"—nine minutes of big-orchestra D major—seemed ingenious and animated. We hailed—even Elliott Carter hailed—a young composer whose thought was energetic and whose workings were lively. Before "Bright Blue Music" there had been "The Yellow Pages" and "Ecstatic Orange"; after it there came "Verdant Music," "Purple," "Black & White," "Copper," "Ash," "Slate." And now "Rust." (The title "means nothing except the tarnished color I associate with the main chord chosen for the piece.") More than mere shifts in the spectrum have been involved, it is true: in "Copper" and "Ash" there are some simple modulations, and the chord of "Rust" is more complicated than any Torke has used before. But he is being slow to build on the promise of those early works.

John Adams' "The Wound-Dresser" followed. This Whitman setting, for baritone and orchestra, had its first performance in St. Paul in February, has already been recorded on Nonesuch, and was heard in London a few days before the New York concert, along with Adams' "Eros Piano," for piano and orchestra (not yet played in this country), at one of two London Sinfonietta concerts that Adams conducted. The *Financial Times* critic wrote:

> Neither [work] could be called "minimal" in anything other than artistic interest. Laying hands on the Whitman poem, a sternly honest and shocking piece of close observation on the ways of human response to human suffering, Adams makes a small amount of squashy romantic harmony and texturing do a large amount of artistic duty—the music adds nothing to the words, and detracts from their dignity.

My admiration of Adams' "Nixon in China" has not faded: scenes, sounds, long stretches of that opera, and the impact of the whole live on in memory. But "The Wound-Dresser" seemed too easy. Whitman's poem—a climax in the "Drum-Taps" sequence of "Leaves of Grass"—renders realism in classical metres ("From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,/ I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and blood,/ Back on his pillow the soldier bends with curv'd neck and side-falling head") and aims at Homeric directness and grandeur. The response of Adams the man is not in question. And there can have been few in the New York audience who are not—or are not close to others who are—caring, like Whitman, for young men who are dying. But the response of Adams the composer is inadequate: too ready a recourse to his conventional harmonies, and a vocal part that cuts the long, weighted lines into declamatory segments. (One might try to imagine how Benjamin Britten, composing for Fischer-Dieskau, would have set "The Wound-Dresser." One can hear how simply and nobly Ned Rorem, in his "War Scenes," set related passages from "Specimen Days.") The soloist, as on the record and in the St. Paul and the London performances, was Sanford Sylvan. Beautiful but soft-grained, he is more pleasing than baritones who bark, but a touch of bite, of incisiveness, would not come amiss.

The concert continued with two travelogues. Lukas Foss's long guitar concerto "American Landscapes," employing country and bluegrass tunes, had a lively first movement. John Duffy's three-movement "Symphony No. 1: Utah," commissioned by the Utah chapter of the Sierra Club, was movie music, but it was competent in its use of many procedures—including some, it seemed, from "Nixon in China." The band was the Orchestra of St. Luke's. Adams and Foss conducted their own pieces, and the other works were conducted by Paul Connelly.

THE 20th-Century Classics Ensemble, a new orchestra—at any rate, a new grouping of expert players from the city's free-lance pool (fourteen of them had played in the Absolut concert)—made its début last month in Alice Tully Hall. The ensemble was formed and is conducted by Robert Craft. The classics it played were Varèse's "Ionisation," Carter's Double Concerto, Schoenberg's "Herzgewächse," and Stravinsky's Pastorale for Five Instruments, Concertino for Twelve Instruments, "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto, and "Pulcinella" Suite. The Varèse was as impressive as ever. The Carter—Thomas Schultz the harpsichordist, Mark Wait the pianist—suffered from amplified harpsichord tone that sounded whiny, but Mr. Craft's direction was dramatic. The Schoenberg had a soprano, Rebecca Sherburn, able to compass with ease the immense range of the piece; she sang from the book. The Stravinsky performances were excellently poised, beautifully paced, a delight to hear. The contributions of Rolf Schulte—concertmaster, soloist in the Pastorale, leader of the string quintet within the "Pulcinella" orchestra—were especially striking. Mr. Craft plans a second concert in April, with Second Viennese School music followed by a "Rite of Spring."

SPECULUM MUSICAE was back in peak form for its first program of the season, given in Merkin Hall last month. The playing was fresh and communicative. Two pieces on the bill were Stravinskian. Indeed, Charles Wuorinen's "Spinoff" (1983), a trio for violin, double-bass, and conga drums, pays specific tribute to "The Soldier's Tale." It is high-spirited in its inventions. (The violinist, Benjamin Hudson, played a blue instrument trimmed in red and white.) In Peter Lieberson's sextet "Raising the Gaze" (1988), Stravinskian episodes are one element in an eclectic, exhilarating score that is also touched by jazz and by Eastern evocations. York Höller's "Pas de Trois" (1982), for viola, cello, and double-bass, seemed a bit dour. The second half was a rich, lilting performance of Schoenberg's Suite, Opus 29.

—ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

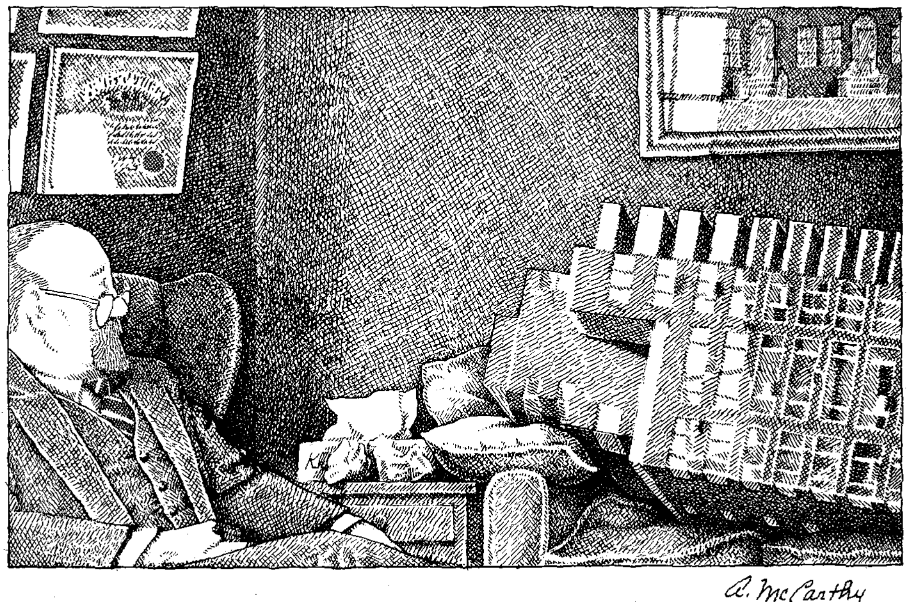
DECEMBER 20

GEORGE BUSH has had extraordinary luck—and is facing an extraordinary challenge—in the momentous events that have been taking place in Eastern Europe. In domestic affairs, the first year of his Presidency has been mediocre; were it not for the foreign developments, the verdict would have been—and with respect to domestic policy should still be—that he had largely squandered his first year, the year that a Presidency is presumably at its most potent. The invasion of Panama is important, but essentially a sideshow compared to what is happening elsewhere in the world. Now Bush and his top foreign-policy advisers are trying both to ride the forces of freedom that have broken loose in Eastern Europe and to contain them—to keep them from setting off unwelcome forms of instability and stirring old hostilities. The Malta summit, in early December, marked an attempt by both Bush and Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev to establish a new relationship between the two superpowers, but the helplessness of the two leaders' ships in the huge waves set off by a sudden storm may have been illustrative of their actual power to affect events. After the meeting, Bush and his top advisers resisted reporters' invitations to declare the Cold War over, but the meeting still marked an important point in the relationship between the superpowers. Bush used the opportunity to set forth what he meant by a policy toward the Soviet Union which would move "beyond containment"—a phrase he had first used in a speech in May—and to demonstrate that he was in earnest when he said he supported *perestroika*.

At the same time, Bush had to demonstrate that he is a world leader, since, once again, he had been slow, almost phlegmatic, in responding to the major events in Eastern Europe. So, as in the case of the NATO summit in late May, Bush's agenda at Malta was part policy and part P.R. As in the case of the NATO summit, the President's proposals were formulated by a small group in great secrecy, were not finally decided upon until very shortly before the scheduled meeting, and expanded in response to outside events. Between the time that the "feet up" summit (Bush, of course, didn't even want it referred to as a summit) was announced and the time it took place, among other things the Berlin Wall was opened and there were the remarkable events in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria.

Meanwhile, in Washington, the emphasis in the planning for the summit was at first on a "red team" exercise in trying to anticipate every gambit Gorbachev might come up with and figuring out the appropriate response by Bush. Gradually, as the events in Eastern Europe unfolded, the emphasis was more on formulating a list of offers and proposals that Bush might make to Gorbachev. The list, prepared by a very few National Security Counci staff members and top advisers to Secretary of State James Baker, was to encompass all possible ideas in the area of economics and arms control (without getting into negotiations), with some proposals on such issues as human rights and the environment—to demonstrate that Bush wanted to engage with Gorbachev across the board—and without prejudice as to whether top officials might ultimately approve them. It was assumed that many of the proposals would be knocked off the list, but as the summit approached and the Communist governments in Eastern Europe fell like dominoes (they were the ones with the dominoes)—with Gorbachev, largely because he had no choice, giving them a push—the policymakers began to think more expansively about how to help Gorbachev out. A senior Administration official says, "Early on, we were thinking in terms of counterpunching—if he did this, what do we do? As things unfolded in Eastern Europe, we moved from counterpunching to 'What can we offer?' " Gorbachev's survival, and the success of *perestroika*, which policymakers here connect with the liberation of Eastern Europe and liberalization within the Soviet Union, which they in turn connect with a less threatening Soviet foreign policy, had become the paramount goal of United States policy. And, should Gorbachev fail, the Bush Administration could escape being pinned with not having tried to help him, and might have "locked in" as much progress as possible. Baker had spelled out this policy in two speeches in October. So, in the last week before the meeting—in what one summit planner calls "the critical period"—as decisions were made about which proposals should remain on the list, with final decisions to be made on the American cruiser the Belknap the night before the summit opened, a great many more remained (if sometimes in modified form) than many planners had at first thought possible, or, in some cases, even wise.

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX



THE proposals, even by the admission of some officials, were largely symbolic: a smorgasbord of a little this and a little that, none of which would make a tremendous difference within the Soviet Union, but which Gorbachev himself accepted as an earnest of Bush's intent. (As it turned out, Gorbachev didn't spring surprises at the summit, because he was smart enough not to try to throw Bush, whose help he wanted, off balance.) When Gorbachev responded to Bush's proposals, he skipped over the suggestion that the 2004 Olympics be held in Berlin. A senior Administration official says, "Berlin glows in the dark for him." (The Administration wanted to make some gesture about Berlin, and 2004 was the first available Olympic date. Reagan had proposed a Berlin Olympics.) Bush's proposals went further than Baker had indicated was feasible in his speeches and in testimony in early October (he had stressed the need for the Soviets to reform their economy first) and than some of Baker's aides thought advisable. For example, State officials had felt that there was little point—and some downside risk—in supporting observer status for the Soviet Union in GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), but the President ended up offering such support, after the current round of trade talks is completed, and urging that in the meantime the Soviet Union move toward a market economy to make it "more compatible" with the GATT system. In an earlier form, the proposal had made support for observer status contingent upon the Soviet Union's making such a move. The GATT proposal was one of the most controversial, and the last to be decided upon. In Malta, Bush raised the possibility of lifting various trade restrictions, such as on export credits and guarantees. (Granting Export-Import Bank credits would involve United States funds, and is potentially a controversial issue in Congress.) However, the Administration's "forward-leaning" approach—the latest diplomatic jargon—received a setback last week when it was announced in Moscow that moves toward a market economy were being postponed. Officials here say this will not affect our policy.

There weren't, apparently, flaming rows between the N.S.C. staff and the State Department people over these proposals, just differences in perspective (over arms control as well), based on their relative experiences—the non-experts challenging the experts on why something couldn't be done—and judgments about political viability. The President is said to have favored a positive approach as the proposals were considered. Such was the penchant for secrecy that, while the views of Cabinet officers were solicited, those of their subordinates were not. The absence of interagency papers and the involvement of as few people as possible were supposed to, and did, prevent leaks. But such an approach, generally favored by Bush, also carries risks of boneheaded policies: if more people had been consulted on the idea of the recent trip to China by Brent Scowcroft, the national-security adviser, and Lawrence Eagleburger, the Deputy Secretary of State, the President might have been better off. The post-facto explanation that the trip was essential to prevent China from being "isolated" was specious, because we have a working Ambassador in China, and Baker has met with the Chinese Foreign Minister twice, despite the Administration's ban on high-level contacts with the Chinese. Even if some trip to China was a good idea, the aesthetics, such as Scowcroft's effusive toast, could have been improved. The White House's acknowledgment on Monday that this was actually Scowcroft and Eagleburger's second trip to China—that the first was in July, a month after the massacre in Tiananmen Square—did little to assuage the President's critics.

Judith Shahn

So Bush, who is becoming the Stealth President, while telling reporters three days before he departed for Malta not to expect any surprises—that "the surprise will be, if you're looking for a surprise, there won't be a surprise"—was planning a surprise at Malta. Baker proposed that the President make his proposals at the outset, so as to appear to be taking the lead, and not reacting to Gorbachev. There was some uncertainty as to whether this would be possible, but the thinking was that since the first meeting was to take place on the Soviet ship the Slava, Bush would be invited to go first. When the first meeting was moved to the larger cruise ship the Maxim Gorky, which Gorbachev had brought along, and which was docked in the somewhat more peaceful harbor, Gorbachev did invite Bush to go first, and Bush got his P.R. coup.

A NUMBER of people within the Administration—and not just recalcitrant "bureaucrats"—were uneasy about Bush's proposals, agreed to by Gorbachev, that a START agreement be ready, "if possible," for signing by the next, formal summit, to take place in June, and that a treaty on reducing conventional forces in Europe (C.F.E.) be completed by next year. These had been the President's stated goals all along, even if some thought them unrealistic. On the Sunday talk shows from Malta, Baker and Scowcroft "walked back" the START decision, saying that the hope was to get the big decisions made by June, with final drafting taking a few more months. This is what policymakers had thought possible all along. Bush, attempting to look the dynamic leader, said in Malta, "I'm going to be driving our bureaucracy," and in Brussels the next day he said he would "kick our bureaucracy and push it as fast as I possibly can." However, according to some officials, the problem, to the extent there is one, lies less with the bureaucracy than with the top officials—including the President and the Secretaries of State and Defense—who haven't made getting arms-control agreements a top priority. As one official puts it, "it's a bit of a false dichotomy to say, 'Here's the bureaucracy, here's the leadership.' If the bureaucracy has reason to think the leaders are not engaged, the bureaucracy's not engaged in spades."

Though the timetables stated at Malta for arms-control agreements weren't new, they have had the effect, officials say, of accelerating the process within the government, with the bureaucracy being told to narrow the options so that the President can make the final decisions. Before that, an official says, "the work was intense, but we weren't making much progress." The key unresolved issues in the START negotiations are quite familiar by now; it remains for the political decisions to be made at the top. A C.F.E. agreement isn't really subjected to bureaucratic drag; it's just a complicated set of issues that must be worked out among the NATO allies as well as between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Yet, because the C.F.E. positions of the two alliances are being overtaken by events—and the Warsaw Pact may be unravelling—there is already talk of a C.F.E. II, to begin shortly after the first agreement is reached, and to make far deeper reductions. The problem with setting deadlines, some officials as well as members of Congress who are all for arms control say, is that it puts pressure on an official who for very good reason might be holding out on an important point to get with the program, not do anything that might interfere with the President's goal. A President shouldn't need a summit in order to run his own Administration.

THE prospect of arms-control agreements, and, more important, the events in Eastern Europe, have, of course, set off expectations here of vast amounts of defense money quickly becoming available for other purposes. A lot of people have ideas about how to utilize such a "peace dividend." What few people seem to understand is that there isn't going to be much of one, at least for a while, if the Administration's plans hold up. It is now planning to propose that funds for the Pentagon for the next year actually increase; the "cut" that so many seem to think is coming soon is in what the Administration had *projected* for Pentagon spending for next year. So, rather than ask, as earlier planned, for an increase of two per cent over inflation, the Administration will ask for an increase, but one that is two per cent less than inflation—a "saving" of about twelve to fifteen billion dollars. Furthermore, the defense budget has already been declining—since 1985, there have been cuts adding up to about twelve to fourteen per cent (depending upon how you count) in real terms (after inflation). In November, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, who had been arguing that Soviet defense spending had been increasing and that the Soviets were continuing to modernize their strategic weapons, suddenly reversed course and let it be known in the press that he would support a substantial cut in defense spending for next year, and further cuts in the following five years. It was disclosed that Cheney had asked the military services to tell him what would be the effect of an over-all reduction in spending of a hundred and eighty billion dollars over four years. This didn't necessarily mean, Pentagon officials say, that Cheney would support such a cut, and, anyway, it, too, would be a cut in projected growth, which was to be greater. Defense officials have said, further, that though there may come other dramatic changes in Eastern Europe, the Soviet and other Warsaw Pact troops are still there, and the President has made a commitment that United States troops will remain in Europe (though their number will undoubtedly decrease by more than the ten per cent the President proposed to NATO last May). "We don't need a new strategy" for next year's budget, a Defense official says. Studies are now going on in the Pentagon about a longer-range program—which could call for significantly greater cuts in light of the changes in Eastern Europe—to be offered in the spring.

While Cheney's about-face was dressed in verbiage about the changes in Eastern Europe, it was also caused by budget constraints clamped on the Pentagon by budget director Richard Darman. A budget official says, "Darman was telling Cheney, and others, that Congress is going to cut, no matter what—that if you think these numbers will hold up over time, you're out of touch with reality." Still, Defense officials were surprised when Darman, with the President's backing, lowered the boom. A Defense official says, "Perhaps we should have seen it coming, but it happened precipitately." Further, it was becoming publicly known (apparently as a result of leaks out of the C.I.A.) that, contrary to what Pentagon officials—as well as Bush and Vice-President Dan Quayle—had been saying, Soviet military spending had been decreasing. Angry members of Congress feel that officials were being misleading on this and other questions about Soviet capabilities. Cheney's letting it be known that the defense budget would be decreasing (after inflation) was an attempt on his part to get out in front of the now inevitable reduction, and to manage it. Cheney's concern, which is not unfounded, is that there will be a stampede in Congress to reduce our forces and weapons, and, in Europe as well as here, to precipitately cut the number of troops in Western Europe. He hasn't abandoned his concern about the reversibility of Soviet policy. But Les Aspin, Democrat of Wisconsin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, says that the Pentagon budget is in a "political free-fall." It will undoubtedly be difficult to persuade Congress next year that the Pentagon needs all the weaponry Chene will argue is needed. Bush says tha any defense savings should go to reducing the deficit; world events will hel him keep to his pledge of cutting th deficit without raising taxes (he ma propose "user fees"), but there will be mad scramble in Congress next yea for the Pentagon savings, howeve large they turn out to be.

THE most difficult question facin policymakers, in terms of all th sensibilities involved, is what is to become of Germany. Of course, th policymakers may end up having littl to do with the answer to that question The idea of a reunified Germany perturbs Gorbachev greatly—as he indicated in his remarks to Bush at Malt—as well as our major European allies The nations both to the east and to th west of Germany have historical memories that make them most unenthusiastic about a reunified nation—no only because of military fears but als because of the effect of a reunifie Germany's industrial and economi strength on the balance of relationship within the European Community and Central Europe. American policymakers seem less concerned but are taking into account the worries of the European allies—and Gorbachev. In freeing Eastern Europe, Gorbachev could face a situation where there is no protection from Germany beyond the western border of the Ukraine. As East Germany went through its own revolution, rejecting one Communist leader after another, facing a possible breakdown of authority, and as our allies became increasingly concerned, United States policymakers could no longer take refuge behind the boilerplate declaration that we support a unified Germany in NATO.

Some of our Western Europe allies were perturbed by a speech at the end of November by West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, spelling out his own ten-point plan for German reunification—the allies took no comfort from the explanation that Kohl had done this for reasons of domestic politics—and the Administration has taken various steps to calm them. It disavowed a recent statement by our Ambassador to West Germany, Vernon Walters, that he expected German reunification within five years. Before leaving for

Malta, Baker set forth four points that he said now form the United States policy on Germany, and Bush spelled them out further in Brussels. The four points are essentially hortatory, stating that reunification of Germany must be on the basis of self-determination, must be within the context of NATO and the European Community and "with due regard for the legal role and responsibilities" of the four major powers who had been victors in the Second World War, that it must be carried out on a gradual and peaceful basis, and that any decisions on borders must be in accordance with the Helsinki Final Act of 1975. The flourish about the "role and responsibilities" of the four powers was added by Baker in Brussels in an attempt to assuage our allies and the Soviet Union—but it could be a sensitive matter within Germany. The last point, referring to the Helsinki Final Act, is a clever way of finessing the sensitive border issues—within Germany as well as between Germany and its neighbors, such as Poland—since the Helsinki agreement says that the frontiers of all European states are "inviolable" but also says that frontiers can be changed "by peaceful means." (This was the result of a compromise between the Soviet Union and the Western nations.) Furthermore, to calm the allies the four powers held a meeting in Berlin a week ago Monday; it was such a throwback that one half expected to see black-and-white films of people riding around in jeeps.

The insistence that a unified Germany be part of NATO has always seemed at odds with reality, hardly something the Soviet Union would sit still for, but Administration officials now say—perhaps just for public consumption—they believe that Gorbachev would prefer a unified Germany anchored to NATO to one neutral and free-floating. Baker's speech in Berlin last week was an attempt to flesh out vague thoughts that State Department officials had been expressing about a new United States–European order, to encompass a reunified Germany. Since the Administration was still somewhat on the defensive about not appearing pleased enough by the developments in Eastern Europe (officials have been most concerned to not appear to "gloat"), Baker essayed some rhetoric about the dramatic change, but the real point of his speech was to spell out a framework for dealing with the German issue. He outlined a "new architecture"—a phrase not likely to send spirits soaring—which, however realistic it may turn out to be, was a worthy try. The American Secretary of State doesn't have the option of saying there's little we can do about all this. His "new architecture" is a bit baroque: he proposed numerous new arrangements, including a voice for the United States in the European Community; and new roles for NATO, such as monitoring arms-control treaties, dealing with regional conflicts, and building economic and political ties with the East. He also urged a continuation of the Helsinki process, through the thirty-five-nation Conference on Security and Coöperation in Europe, to push for economic development and political rights. Baker's surprise trip to East Germany, meeting with both the latest Communist leader and opposition members, was a way of both going one better those (such as Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell) who had said Bush should go to the Berlin Wall (not a great idea) and trying to shore up the East German entity—as many East German leaders want—against an implosion that could quickly lead to de-facto reunification. The theory behind Baker's speech goes back to the postwar vision of Jean Monnet, who saw such entities as a European Coal and Steel Community and a European Common Market as ways of tying Germany to Western institutions and restraints. An Administration official says, "We keep saying NATO, because it's the only structural answer to this. All the talk about structures is because you have to plan it this way—you have to pretend that there's a road map you're following, and hope that you can channel some of this." Even if Germany is now going to do what it is going to do—without the advice or consent of the nations east or west of it—the Baker speech was an effort to, if not stop it, slow it down and maybe make some moves to modify the result, make it less dangerous. Yet the real danger may lie in the great powers trying—once again—to tell Germany what to do. Even if the "new architecture" is building sandcastles, policymakers have to, in the midst of stupefying and probably unmanageable events, try something.

BY the time it came, the United States invasion of Panama last night seemed inevitable: the Bush Administration had been especially spoiling for Panamanian leader Manuel Noriega ever since it had come under strong criticism for failing to support the abortive coup against him in October, and had sought his overthrow before that. Now a number of people here say they would have preferred an assisted coup to an invasion. U.S. policy toward Panama has been irrational for some time, largely as a result of the shortsighted indictments for drug dealing brought against Noriega last year, but it shouldn't have come to this. The pretext for the invasion was provided by Noriega himself, who until recently had been careful not to take actions to provoke the United States into military action. But on Friday his handpicked legislature named him "maximum leader" and went on to declare that Panama was in a "state of war" with the United States. Though such a sentiment wasn't new and the Administration at first dismissed it, these actions later appeared to United States policymakers to have given the green light to Noriega's goons to harass Americans stationed in Panama. An American serviceman was killed and another serviceman and his wife were roughed up. Top policymakers here felt that Noriega, always an erratic but usually a careful man, had gone over the edge—how regretfully they came to this conclusion isn't clear now. We were aware of United States troop movements yesterday, and the possibility of an invasion had already been the subject of jokey remarks at the numerous Christmas parties here. For now, the President's action is receiving strong political support (privately, members of Congress have doubts); the ultimate judgment on the invasion will be heavily affected by how it turns out—how long it takes for the United States troops to complete their mission, how many blunders may have been committed. Those are things we can't know at this point.

—Elizabeth Drew

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

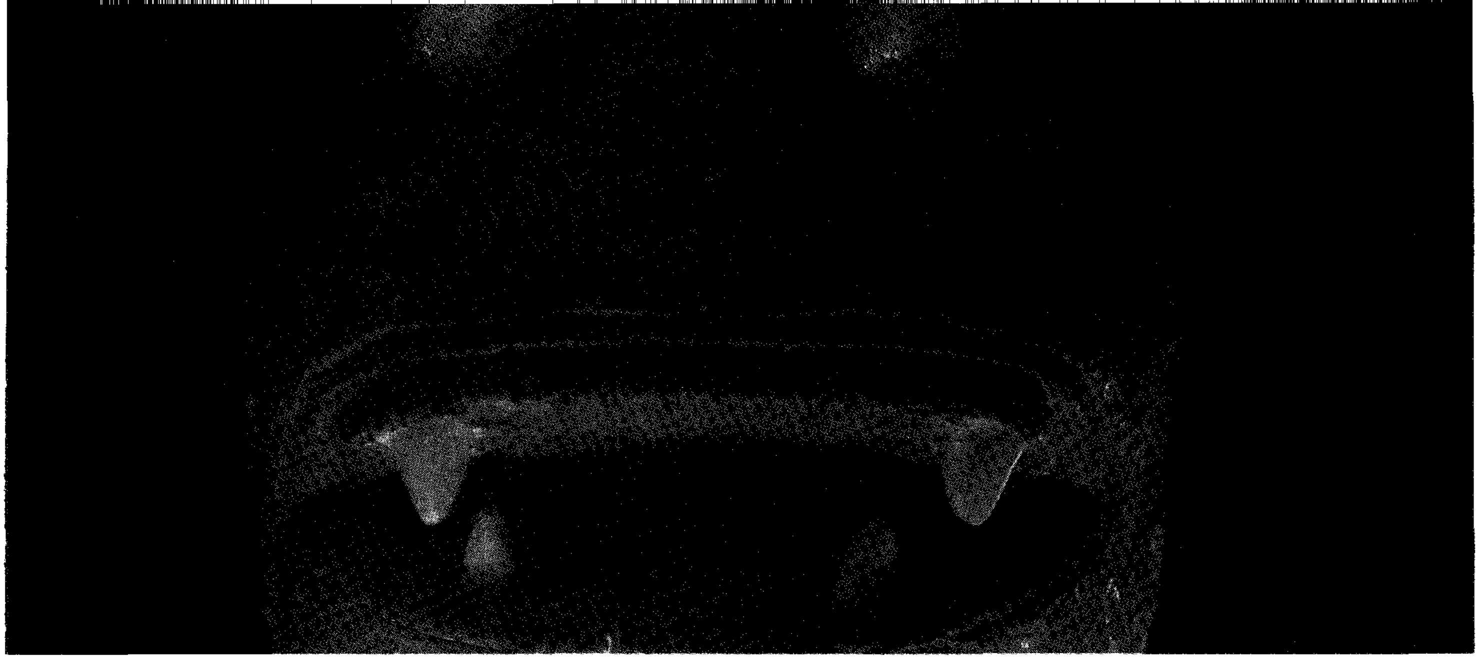
AFTER ROY, by Mary Tannen (Knopf; $18.95). Here, as in her earlier novel, "Second Sight," the author's tantalizing preoccupation with coincidence and design is in ample evidence. It's been ten years since the popular rock band Abiding Light broke up, and only Roy is still a big name in the music business. Eddie has become a coke addict; Sparks is living rich and easy in Southern California; Yolanda is running a bookstore on New York's Upper West Side; and Maggie is working in a small African country, attempting to introduce a band of domesticated chimpanzees into the wild. These once close friends have become strangers to one another, out of sight but not out of mind; then—as the reader watches with anticipation and misgiving—events conspire to bring them together again. This is a riskier and more reflective novel than the first, in keeping with its exploration of the costs of adaptation and survival.

RONDO, by Kazimierz Brandys, translated from the Polish by Jaroslaw Anders (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $19.95). The melody of this narrative rondo is the story of a man who is at the service of love and justice, two principles not always at peace with one another. The narrator is a law student who abandons his studies during the Nazi occupation of Poland to make a living and to work in the underground. Further underground, he invents a fictional movement that he calls Rondo, to give the actress with whom he has fallen in love a part to play that will not endanger her, after the theatre she lives for has been taken over by the enemy. The actress is in love with the theatre director, who, in turn, is obsessed by his Nazi-collaborator wife. An ironic meditation on thought and action, the novel is archetypally Eastern European in the way characters are mutable to the point of disappearance. Better than more conventionally descriptive or dramatic novels and memoirs, it gives a sense of what existence feels like under a terrorist, propagandist regime, Fascist or Communist, where thinking, however subversive, is not sufficient to the moral task.

GENERAL

THE AMBITION AND THE POWER, by John M. Barry (Viking; $22.95). This generally sympathetic account of the career of Jim Wright, the Speaker of the House of Representatives who was driven from office in the spring of 1989, offers a college course in the workings of our national legislature as it tells a story about conflicts of personality and power. Wright, a Democratic representative from Texas, was convinced that his party, with a majority in both Houses of Congress, had the right and the duty to act positively—to propose and pass legislation—rather than merely to oppose the Reagan Administration's initiatives. Wright was exceptionally successful—he was able even to mobilize the votes to override Presidential vetoes—and his success attracted the undeviating enmity of Newt Gingrich, a right-wing Republican from Georgia. Gingrich set out to destroy the Speaker, and pursued him with a skill at manipulation that few Democrats understood and none could duplicate.

THE KISS OF LAMOURETTE: REFLECTIONS ON CULTURAL HISTORY, by Robert Darnton (Norton; $19.95). Learned and lively essays by an American specialist in the French Revolution. Mr. Darnton considers the ways that the present uses and misuses the past and historians understand and misunderstand it. He is both inquisitive and skeptical, qualities fostered by his earlier career as a newspaper reporter, which he recalls in an essay demonstrating how current events—the raw material of history—are tailored for publication. Each subject he investigates—from the history of reading to Andrzej Wajda's film "Danton"—has its own fascination.



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Cancún nights have always been filled with exciting possibilities—from ancient jaguar-gods of the darkness to modern Cancún's glittering club scene. From local lobster at midnight to margaritas under stars. So if you're a creature of the night, come watch the sun go down in Cancún. For a free brochure, write: P.O. Box 9018, East Setauket, NY 11733-3453.

Come. Feel the warmth of México.

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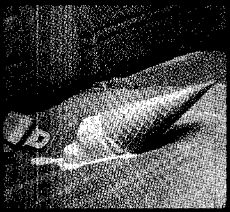
The Caribbean island of legendary pleasures

Lumina Sedan. What's Become of the Family Car.

You're about to see a big difference in running the family chauffeur service. It's a lot easier now that Lumina's here. And that's just for starters.

Easier.

Lumina's front drive and power steering make driving easy come, easy go. The rear doors open wide, so getting in and out's easier. And only Chevrolet gives you standard Scotchgard™ Fabric Protector on seats and doors,* so spills are easy as pie to clean up.

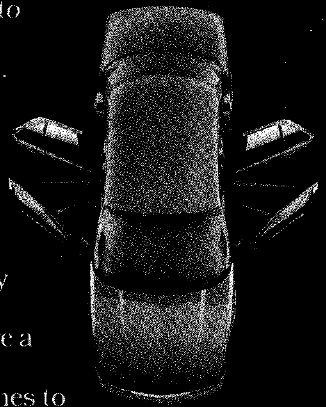


More Confidence.

Lumina comes with a 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty+ covering everything but tires. (Tires are covered by their manufacturer.) And its corrosion protection is so effective, we back it for 6 years or 100,000 miles against body rust-through.

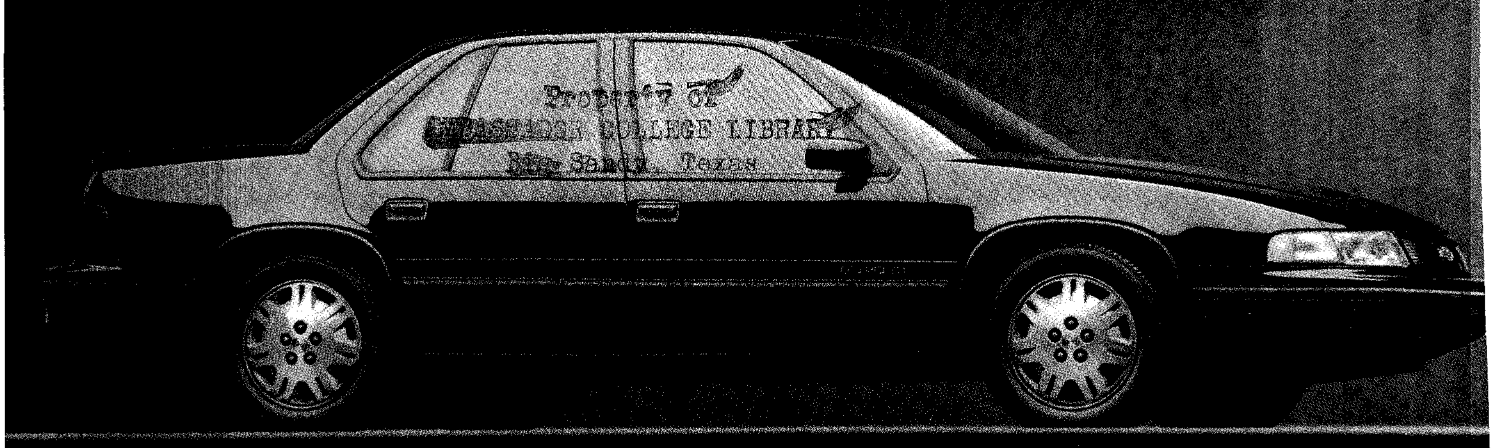
Bigger, More Comfortable.

Six family members enjoy Lumina's large capacity for comfort. And the new comfort of full-suspension seats. Its large 15.7-cu.-ft. trunk holds enough to keep one family — or teen — fed for a week. And its all-season radials help give you a comfortable feeling, rain or shine.



Well, now that you know what the family car has become, we invite you to test drive a new Lumina Sedan. Because, when it comes to new ideas for you and your family, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA IS WINNING.
TODAY'S CHEVROLET



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Let's get it together...buckle up.